

5 Cents

July 1919

THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE





MENU

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit

CREAM of
WHEAT

Muffins - Honey - Toast

Bacon

Coffee



Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company.

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Mahogany or oak



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Canadian Price, \$72

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We can assure all subscribers that their copies are being mailed as early as heretofore, in fact, earlier; any delay in delivery will, therefore, result from causes entirely beyond our control, which not only affect magazine deliveries but delivery of shipments of every description.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
Vol. XXXIII, No. 3

THE REDBOOK MAGAZINE

JULY
1919

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin. Art Section, Beautiful Women

The Best Serial Novels of the Year

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is issued on the twenty-third of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all news-dealers after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news-stands, or on railway trains, a notification to the Publisher will be appreciated.



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Educational Guide



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PEDDIE a school that educates the boy on all sides



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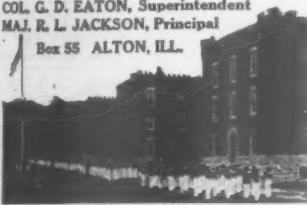
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Forty-seventh Year Opens Sept. 23, 1919
2nd Quarter, Dec. 16, 1919 3rd Quarter, Mar. 9, 1920 4th Quarter, June 1, 1920

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FOR BOYS

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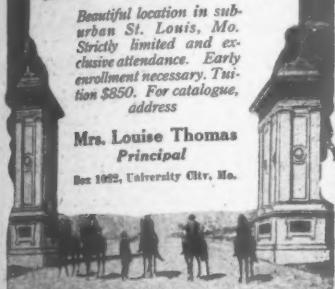
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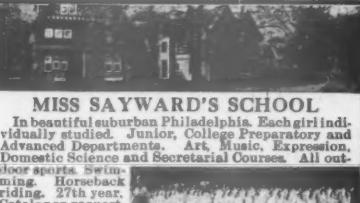
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The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

• • • • •

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowed me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it is names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Any one with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory" continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Gleott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefit. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

What the Course Did for Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how

her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

"Enclosed please find check for \$5.00 for Roth Course forwarded me. This course to my mind is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly."

"As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of men and women with whom little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION BLANK

Independent Corporation

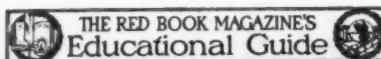
Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. R-367, 119 W. 40th St., N.Y.

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5 in full payment of the course.

Name.....

Address.....



Select the Right School

The School and College Bureau
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Will give full information
about the best schools and
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Check from the lists below the kind of
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Give exact age..... This is important

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The Chicago Daily News School and College Bureau

Will Tell You the Best School

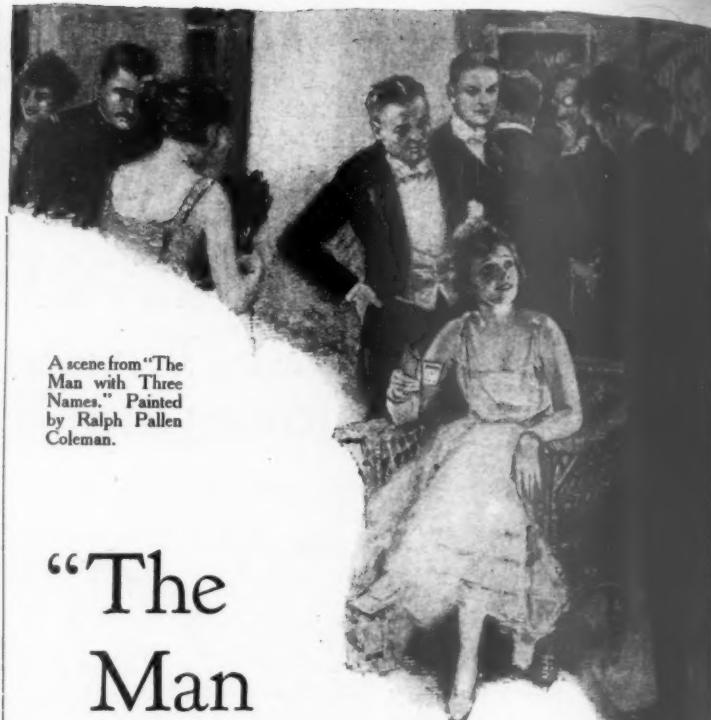
for your boy or girl, if you will write us (1) the kind of schooling desired, (2) location preferred, (3) amount you expect to spend.

Our School and College Bureau knows the leading schools and colleges of the country and will be glad to advise you. It has carefully compiled information at hand, and its recommendations may be helpful to you.

The Daily News renders this service without charge, and readers may either telephone, write, or call for a personal interview.

The Chicago Daily News School and College Bureau

15 N. Wells St., CHICAGO
Telephone Franklin 1



"The Man With Three Names"

By

HAROLD MAC GRATH

A Serial Story written
out of the very heart
of the life all about us
to-day in America—

WILL BEGIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



"I was astounded at my new power over men and women. People actually went out of their way to do things for me—they seemed EAGER TO PLEASE ME"

The Secret of Making People Like You

"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability," says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly

ALL the office was talking about it and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man.

There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year.

The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it, too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningfully, handed me a bulletin, and said, "Mr. Frazer, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely it couldn't be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. . . . *Personality!* Why, he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he'd look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and didn't exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition didn't seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that, despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn't long before we all buried our little hatchets and palled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I

never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and phone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made you dizzy to look at. And offers of positions!—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I couldn't quite get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters could make such a big hit with every one—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of today was an altogether different man from the commonplace Peters I had first met years ago. I couldn't quite make it out, nor could the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he wasn't afraid to do it as there always was plenty of room at the top. What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Lots of things which I couldn't see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. I had suddenly become popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. I could not only get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to please me.

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showing me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I don't take any personal credit for what I've done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We've both told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It's simply this: You know that everyone doesn't think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends

another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there's your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they'll not only like you, and believe in you, but will literally take the shirt off their back to PLEASE YOU. You can do it easily if you know the certain simple signs. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them, to get them to believe what you want them to believe, anything as you think to do exactly what you want them to do.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he is a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you'll surely want to use it for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

WHAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this: Get Dr. Blackford's "Reading Character at Sight." I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I've told you about.

You've heard of Dr. Blackford. She is a Master Character analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Washington Electric and Manufacturing Company, Bakelite, Vaseline Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay her large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for her services that she could not even begin to fill all her engagements. So she has explained her method in a simple seven-lesson course entitled "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half-hour's reading of this remarkable course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

So great was the demand for her services that she could not even begin to fill all her engagements. So she has explained her method in a simple seven-lesson course entitled "Reading Character at Sight," that she will gladly send it to you on approval. Send me money. Merely fill in and mail the coupon. The complete course will go to you instantly, on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if you like it, then mail it back for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it, and the money will be closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation. The entire course goes to you on approval. You've everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, while this remarkable offer remains open.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. B-367, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

You may send me Dr. Blackford's Course of seven lessons entitled "Reading Character at Sight." I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you \$5 in full payment of the course.

Name

Address

Red Book—7-19

THREE stars appearing in "East is West," at the Astor Theatre: Fay Bainter, Hassard Short and Packer's Tar Soap.



Photograph by White, New York

FAY BAITER and PACKER'S TAR SOAP

IN that engaging comedy, "East is West," Fay Bainter as Ming Toy, the Chinese heroine, adores three things above all others: White man's God, peanuts and *tar soap*.

Miss Bainter doesn't specify "Packer's"—but the "property" soap used in the second act of the play is the original and inimitable product known to two generations of Americans.

Ming Toy, being a "heathen Chinee" and unused to occidental ways, uses Packer's Tar Soap as a perfume. She is captivated by its pleasant, piney fragrance.

She marries "Mist' Billy Benson," whose privilege it becomes to explain to his charming wife

the real benefits to be obtained from the proper use of "tar soap" in shampooing.

Mrs. Billy Benson, and Billy too, for the matter of that, can have nice-looking, healthy hair years from now, if they are careful to use Packer's Tar Soap regularly, and this applies to everybody—East and West.

Send 10c for sample half-cake of "Packer's." You cannot begin too early.

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information. Sent free on request.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. *Liberal sample bottle 10c.*

Packer products are sold by druggists

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Pure as the Pines

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Department 87Y, 116-120 West 32nd St., NEW YORK CITY

Beautiful Women

Laura Hamilton
Marilyn Miller
Harriette Rempel
Betty Allen
Constance Binney
Muriel Ostriche
Clara Kimball Young





LAURA HAMILTON
in "The Rainbow Girl"
Photograph by Hixon-Connelly, Kansas City



MARILYN MILLER
in "The Ziegfeld Follies"
Photograph by Hixon-Connelly, Kansas City



HARRIETTE REMPEL

in Vaudeville

Photograph by Hixon-Connelly, Kansas City



BETTY ALLEN
in "Century Midnight Whirl"
Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, N. Y.



CONSTANCE BINNEY

in "39 East"

Photograph by Apeda Studio, New York



MURIEL OSTRICHE
Film Play Star
Photograph by Apeda Studio, New York



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
Film Play Star
Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

The Greatest Sporting Proposition In the World

A Common-sense Editorial by BRUCE BARTON

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was one of the ablest and most attractive men of his time. Yet he made this fundamental mistake: *he picked out the wrong thing to live for.*

Looking about to see what was most worth while in life, he decided for fame and fortune and thought they might most surely be secured through the favor of Queen Elizabeth. For her favor he demeaned himself, and neglected his wife, and was constantly in petty intrigues unbecoming his talents.

At the end the fickle queen turned upon him and cast him into London Tower. And her successor sent him to the block.

Every age has its quota of Sir Walters: strong men who trade their lives for this or that, and at the close have traded themselves empty-handed.

And no man has more important business than to determine very early what is really worth having—being sure that the object he selects is one that can be depended upon to satisfy him not merely through his full-blooded years, but up through the testing hours at the last.

What is such an object? Money?

I WISH that every young man in the world could see, as I once saw, a man who had bartered his soul for money, and who woke one morning to discover that it had vanished overnight. Surely a possession that can so quickly fly away, and that leaves such shriveled souls behind it, cannot be the supreme good.

Fame? Political preferment? Horace Greeley was as famous as any man of his period; he let his ambition carry him into the race for the Presidency, and losing the race, died of a broken heart.

There is a finer formula than either of these. Plato stated it, centuries ago:

I therefore, Callicles, am persuaded by these accounts, and consider how I may exhibit my soul before the judge in a healthy condition. Wherefore, disregarding the honors that most men value, and looking to the truth, I shall endeavor to live as virtuously as I can; and when I die, to die so. And I invite all other men, to the utmost of my power; and you too I in turn invite to this contest, which I affirm surpasses all contests here.

A great game in which the player is a man's best self on the one side, and on the other all the temptations and the disappointments and the buffetings of circumstance.

The game of making yourself the best you can be, let Fate say what it will; of so investing the years and the talents you have as to cause the largest number of people to be glad, the fewest to be sorry, and coming to the end with the least regret.

"BE diligent," wrote Polycarp to Ignatius. "Be diligent. Be sober as God's athlete. Stand like a beaten anvil."

I do not know how any man can stand like a beaten anvil who has only money to stand upon; or only a reputation that may vanish as quickly as it came; or a ribbon which is pinned on his coat to-day and may be taken off to-morrow.

But let him have invested his life in the mastery and the cultivation of his own best self, and he has laid up riches that cannot be lost.

Whatever obstacles, whatever disappointments may come are merely added chances against him, contributing to the zest of the contest.

And in the end he has this surpassing reward, a clear conscience and a vision unafraid—the prize of the victor in the greatest sporting proposition in the world.

In his editorial on this page next month Mr. Barton will make a practical modern application of the Old Testament story of Joseph.



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BABY'S yawns turn into gurgles of delight when he is dipped into the fragrant, bubbling lather of his Ivory Soap bath.

He enjoys the cleansing suds from the top of his yellow curls to the tips of his crinkly pink toes. Ivory always is mild, pure, gentle—never irritates. It is so free from harsh, drying materials that it feels cool and soothing to the most sensitive skin.

You will find Ivory Soap in the bath-tubs of the best cared for babies everywhere—in beautiful nurseries, in spotless, sanitary hospitals, and in modest homes where tenderness and good sense prevail. It is the pure, safe soap for young—and old.

IVORY SOAP... 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



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JULY, 1919
Vol. XXXIII, Number 3

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THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor

"TAKE it by and large and both ways from the middle," said the old man, "this milk of human kindness business can be made to pay. For instance, there's the case of Charley Clemens—"

The
**MAN WHO
SOLD HIMSELF**

By

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

GOOD mornin', gentlemen!" A young man of medium height and symmetrical figure, with the tan of hot suns upon his cheek, and the soft, Southern drawl upon his words, had delivered the salutation. The brothers Marcy looked up sharply, annoyed that a stranger should have slipped past the outer guard of clerks and bookkeepers and through the entanglements of glass partitions, even though the said stranger addressed them with the agreeable assurance of the gentleman born.

"What can I do for you?"

This inquiry was coldly propounded by Jim, the elder and taller Marcy, a person with long hooked beak, thin lips and a congealing eye, whose age was somewhere in the late thirties.

"Lookin' for a job, suh!" smiled the young man, and it was obviously of no use for Jim to turn loose the battery of his frowns against that smile.

"What's your name?"

This interrogation was contributed by the younger and shorter Marcy, Joe, to whom Nature had also dealt a nose that curved, lips that adhered closely and an eye that was like the glitter of an ice-chip.

"Charles Clemens—of Texas, suh!" responded the petitioner, his smile still more irresistible.

The sour, cold Marcy's looked up and down this strange young man of sunny nature, evaluating his personal assets swiftly. They noted the full, liquid eye, the olive skin, the frank, open features and the youthful contour of a well-knit frame. Neither was it lost upon them that the stiffness of the short-cropped stubble



Illustrated by
J. J. GOULD

upon his upper lip indicated a certain maturity, nor that the appealing light in the eye was not without its gleam of shrewdness.

"Ever buy wheat?" inquired Jim Marcy with awakening interest.

"Reckon I can, if you-all give me money enough. Reckon it aint so different from buyin' cotton," purled Mr. Clemens of Texas in that soft, well-bred voice of his.

"Ever sold flour?" speculated Joe Marcy, for his was the selling end.

"Sold a right smart of cotton-seed meal, suh," ventured the young man hopefully. "Allow I can sell anything you-all can make that's good enough to sell." This sweeping assumption was accompanied by another ingratiating gleam of white teeth; then Mr. Clemens astutely gave the two brothers time to look him over further and to think.



"What salary do you want?" "Evah cent you-all are willin' to pay me," replied Charles with a playful smile and enlarging emphasis.

"What you been used to doing?" inquired Joe after a moment. "Last job was cashier of the Short Cotton Bank of Elbridge, Texas," replied Clemens, who had rolled and lighted a cigarette. "Sure it wasn't a faro-bank?" demanded Jim Marcy with sudden harshness.

"Not so blamed sure!" laughed Charles with commendable candor and a reminiscent gleam. "But it certain'y didn't make any money for the dealuh!"

"That why you quit?" This was Joe Marcy's cut-in.

"Yes—just got plumb tired of handlin' other people's money. Allowed I'd come off up here and make some of my own."

"Think the money's in flour?" Jim Marcy was an anxious soul, always seeking confirmation of his hopes.

"I had two guesses," explained the Texan, blowing reflective rings. "In a pinch, folks'll eat before they'll wear clothes, I says to myself; so I took the trail for the wheat-country, pickin' Montana because I heard this was the fastest-growin' State, and the wheat industry was new here."

"Got any notion of buying us out?" inquired Joe Marcy, partly in humor and partly because it was his turn to relieve the pent-up acid of his system.

"Not now, suh!" was the categorical reply.

"What salary do you want?" This was Jim Marcy's guarded query.

"Evah cent you-all are willin' to pay me," replied Charles with a playful smile and enlarging emphasis. "I'm not a-goin' to exile myself permanently from the great State of Texas for no small change; but I'm willin' to try out for a month before we settle that, because when we come to fixin' the emoluments, I just naturally want to make sure that we fix 'em high enough."

This was both fair enough, and fair warning. The Marcy's exchanged glances of mutual assurance that they would not get the worst of the bargain whenever it was made.

"We'll let you break in on the buying end," announced Jim. "And after that, if you make good, we'll let you take a whirl at selling," encouraged Joe.

"Sounds good to me!" confessed the young man as a sigh of satisfaction and relief pursed his lips, showing that after all, he had been under a certain strain. "I sure am ambidextrous when it comes to doin' business. It's just my natural talent, you might say."

As Clemens delivered himself of this, it was not a boastful speech; it was like the mere frank revelation of certain details his experience had discovered to himself. Joe tried weakly to throw on the brakes.

"No objections to furnishing a few references, I suppose?"

"No suh," was the easy response. "I reckon I could mention the names of a few gentlemen who would probably be willin' to answer inquiries concernin' my standin' in that great empire of business—and politics." With this the young man began casually to recall the names of the Governor, the two United States Senators, half a dozen Congressmen, some bank presidents, oil-operates and cotton merchants, winding up with a few ranchers of princely possessions.

"Hold on!" said Joe Marcy, overwhelmed. "When do you want to go to work?"

"To-day," replied Charles with an eager light in his eyes. "I'm powerful anxious to get started on these here new fortunes of mine."

"But we don't know you. Suppose we sent you out on the road

afternoon. You might light out with our expense-money and a string of drafts behind you along the road." It was another of Jim Marcy's acidulous and untactful remarks, though it expressed an honest doubt that was in his mind. "By, sure I might," agreed Clemens quickly, but his tone was noncommittal and the coaxing light in his eyes was replaced by a glance that was straight and hard and seemed to say: "Don't go too far, gentlemen—not too far."

With the Marcy's felt that glance. Jim laughed immediately, an atmosphere-clearing burst of fake merriment, designed to make it appear that his doubts were all a joke.

"Go out to Simmons, the bookkeeper," he directed. "Simmons can plan a route for you; and then you come in to me again, and give you the names of the men to see at all these places, and tell you something about 'em."

"Where do I find this here Mr. Simmons?" inquired Charles. The office-boy escorted Charles to Simmons' desk, but meantime Marjorie had summoned Simmons to Jim Marcy's presence by her route, where the custodian of facts and figures was invited to consume all the time possible in making Mr. Clemens familiar with the physical geography of the wheat district. It was because Joe Marcy was already closeted with a stenographer, and making a selective draft from his list of prominent men, was shooting short, pithy telegrams at each, inviting reply at his own expense.

In the afternoon, while Jim was strategically killing more time by priming Charles with human-element data for his trip, Joe was reading messages. One thing astonished his thrifty nature greatly. None of these replies came collect. It seemed as if the

senders counted testifying for a former citizen of the Lone Star State a privilege for which they were willing to pay; and the gist of these communications, when stripped of the picturesque exuberance of the Texas literary style, was that Charles Clemens was a worthy young man of good lineage and considerable promise whose friends all wished him well.

"It's all right," nodded Jim along about four o'clock, waving a sheaf of telegrams in his hand which Clemens was supposed not to see because his back was to the door—but which he did see because a framed photograph of a train of flour over Jim's desk acted as a mirror.

But the day in the office brought reassurance to the brothers in other ways. For one thing, it was astonishing how everybody in the place took to Charles. The brothers started out the day calling him Clemens; they finished it calling him Charley. Even the bookkeeper addressed him as Mr. Charles, while Marjorie Bryce, the auburn-haired and altogether charming stenographer, forgot her work and lifted dream-filled eyes whenever he came near. The next morning too, each Marcy, without taking his brother into his confidence, slipped down to the train to see Charles off.

"I like the darned fellah," apologized Jim, slightly embarrassed at being caught.

"So do I," admitted Joe, controlling surprise upon his own account. "Guess we know a good live bird when we see one, what?"

"S' what we do!" cackled Jim, slapping his brother on the back. They went to breakfast together and then proceeded to the office, where their behavior made it appear as if they had nothing to do but sit down and wait for word from Charles.



"It's from him, and it's dated Spokane. Listen to this!" And Joe read:
"Make no new contracts. Consider plans increase capacity all possible."

But with that handsome, bland, convincing, sunshiny presence of yesterday gone, they had time to reflect in cold blood upon the rashness of that which they had done, and to grow uncomfortable. The degree of this discomfort was increased by the fact that for two days there came no message at all from Charles.

"Not much on the correspond!" grumbled Joe.

The very next mail, however, brought a sheaf of warehouse receipts and other memoranda of purchase, which showed that Charles had been reasonably busy, while the figures demonstrated that when he bought, he was more likely to shade the market than to go above it. The number of these receipts and memoranda of purchase increased surprisingly from day to day.

"Gosh!" ejaculated Jim, beginning to glow (a rare experience). "He's picked up more wheat in a week than I ever tied onto in a month."

"Bought it better, too—considering," vouchsafed Joe, studying the figures.

"Just as well, at least," admitted Jim.

ANOTHER week went by with the enthusiasm of the brothers still climbing; and on the day that Charles was due to return, there came an assortment of odd and sundry packages, all addressed to him and each from a different part of the country he had just been covering. These included, among other samples from the generous outpourings of nature in Montana, a box of late peaches and one of early apples, some baskets of grapes and a mess of mountain trout in ice enough to refrigerate a whale.

"Looks like you'd been buying other things besides wheat," commented Jim almost in disapproval as he watched Charles, coat off and silk shirt-sleeves rolled up, singing softly to himself as he ripped open boxes and passed fruit around till everybody in the plant clear down to the truckers must have had at least one grape or a bite of peach or apple.

"Buy, nothin'!" beamed Charles. "Mighty nice folks, heah in Montana."

All this was rather incomprehensible to Jim, who had been accustomed to purchase wheat with faith in nothing but the buying power of money—in consequence of which his deals often left a bad taste in the mouth and sometimes left a heritage of two or three lawsuits.

All afternoon Clemens was downtown, hunting for things in stores, searching through catalogues and sending out merchandizing S. O. S.'s in various directions. The day following he was superintending the shipping of a peculiar kind of monkey-wrench to one man, an auger for a well-boring machine to another, and a whole new windmill to a third; and to a fourth went a part for an out-of-date automobile, to obtain which Charles had ransacked half the garages and service-departments in town.

About mid-afternoon of this second day, with both the Marcy brothers tagging him, the young man found time for some unhurried minutes in the stock of a small department-store while he searched for an unusual shade of worsted for the wife of a certain big farmer up the valley, in order that she might finish her knitting of a particular muffler for a particular sailor somewhere on the Atlantic. Jim Marcy had held in as long as possible.

"But you can't make a practice of wasting time doing all these things for people," he broke out, exasperated.

"Shucks!" blushed Charles, sensing the rebuke. "That time don't amount to nothin', Mr. Marcy. I just do it when I'm restin'. Besides, when I see a man off his horse, I just naturally got to lope by and see if I can do anything for him."

"How they come to tell you about wanting these things is what gets me!" confessed Jim. "I've made that trip for the last seven years, and I'm blessed if I ever found 'em wanting anything but money."

"Well, now, aint that funny?" observed Charles, honestly nonplussed.

"Besides,—and Jim was critical again,—I don't see how you had any time left to buy wheat."

"Sho, now, Mistah Marcy!" objected Charles. "Buyin' wheat don't take no time at all, scarcely. I just spend a couple of hours visitin' with one of them big farmers, gettin' acquainted with his family and lookin' his stock over, and then maybe in the last few minutes, while I'm tellin' him good-by, or he's rushin' me to catch a train, why, he comes round to pricin' his wheat to me, and I take it—favor to him and favor to me, don't you see?"

JIM listened glumly. He did not see, and later expressed his doubts to his brother.

"That's the Texas in him," decided Joe. "Just warms up to 'em by first intention. There's none of that in our Cape Cod

constitution." And then he added: "I'm awful anxious to out on selling."

"You can have him for just two weeks," agreed Jim, then I've got something else in mind."

"Two weeks is a plenty to decide whether I'll ever let you him back," taunted Joe. "If he sells as easy as he buys, isn't wheat enough in the Valley to run us?"

"Seems as if we ought to get that salary matter fixed up he goes out," reflected Jim. "He's going to prove an valuable man for us, and he's likely to reason it out and ideas up."

"Yes, we ought," said Joe earnestly. But before the two ers could get around to take the matter up with Charles, his accustomed directness, had taken the matter up with Charles. His face was pleasantly aglow with beaming complaisance broached the subject.

"Told you-all I was sort of ambidextrous in a business we began with an amused light in his eyes. "And now that we sort of got acquainted, 'pears to me I'd like to buy into the ness."

You could have knocked Joe Marcy down with a grain 2 hard.

"Just what I was afraid of," Jim's startled eyes whispered his brother's.

Both men grew instantly stubborn. Give up a share? Give one shingle of this mill to a stranger, when their own hold it was still so precarious? Never! That was their first me. But they had other reactions, and in the meantime Jim stalled.

"I'm afraid we couldn't take care of you in that way, ley," he hemmed. "The old man sits pretty tight. It was last year that he let me and Joe have a hundred shares each he made us put up cash for every dollar of it—ten thousand apiece."

CCHARLES, as frequently, was absorbed in rolling a cigarette,—not that he was a heavy smoker, but the cigarette was a sort of graceful gesture with him,—and he listened politely to Jim's objection, but without much show of concern. "But we'll see what we can do," volunteered Joe, made how anxious by this air of indifference on the young man. "How much money have you to invest, Clemens?"

"Bout sixty-five hundred," Charles remarked reflectively.

"That would get you sixty-five shares," calculated Jim, ready to be reconciled, since the amount was no more, "the old man would let you in."

But Charles shook his head—decisively. His eyes were with the task of his fingers at the time, but it seemed as if that headshake he shook himself right out of the employ me concerns of the Adams Milling Company.

"I wouldn't scarcely feel like throwin' myself in, gentle unless I was on an even footin' with you-all as to stock-hold Charles announced.

An even footing? Worse and worse!

"What do you say, Joe?" inquired Jim, temporarily put back, as they say sometimes both in Texas and Montana.

Joe went to bat at once by inquiring bluntly: "How do expect to pay for one hundred shares if you've only got sixty thousand dollars?"

"I can live tol'able cheap," reflected Charles, wetting his bland red tongue the lip of the cigarette wrapper and comp the roll. "Suppose you-all let me draw out two hundred dollars I'll let my salary for a year pay out on the balance."

Jim Marcy made figures on the edge of a desk blotter, a long lip curled unpleasantly.

"That's allowing you fifty-nine hundred dollars a year for your services," he reported, and there was an unpleasant voice.

"About that," confessed Charles, as with a shuttered made swift calculations.

"We only draw four thousand apiece," suggested Joe.

Charles became absorbed in his smoking, lids drooping a mask, his manner an ultimatum. Joe Marcy fidgeted uneasily.

"I'd like to see how you come out on the selling end," objected weakly, "before we agree to pay you a salary begin we get ourselves."

"When you get me sellin', it's goin' to be powerful hard stop," intimated Charles. "Pears to me like we-all had to fix this thing up now, or else turn in our horses."

This was an ultimatum in so many words, and yet it was an unobjectionable ultimatum ever delivered.

Jim Marcy thought he saw a possible way around the ultimatum. "I see your point, Charley," he conceded. "We like your ambition, and we appreciate the compliment of your wanting to be our partner; but of course the final say isn't ours. We'll agree to let Mr. Adams in here this afternoon and we'll take it up with him. We'll recommend it, and let you know what he says before we go."

"Perfectly satisfactory, gentlemen," declared Charles with an expansive wave of the hand, and then he went out to talk with the head miller, for his practical brain was beginning to develop an intelligent curiosity regarding the details of our manufacture.

"The old man'll break it off to him," speculated Joe, a smile exultantly but also a smile apprehensively.

"We must look out that he don't," warned Jim. "We've got to hold this bird."

"Sure, we've got to hold him," assented Joe.

They lured Zachariah in from the fascinations of his royal principality, the Y-Six Ranch, by means of a telephone message so discreetly worded that it expressed urgency without betraying details.

Driven at his usual breakneck pace by a Polack who was half cowboy and half chauffeur, Zachariah appeared in the office wearing a disreputable linen duster which he immediately stripped off, revealing the old man's idea of business suit—one tan linen shirt with attached collar, and a pair of belted, colorless overalls the bottoms of which were thrust into boots elaborately and scrollfully stitched to the tops, and furbished to the heels with a pair of silver spurs.

The shirt was tieless and open at the throat, exposing seamed and parboiled neck;

the florid skin of the face, pock-marked and mottled, stretched tight over bones and wrinkling in the hollows, proclaimed one who had lived his life in the wide, wide open,

where Nature's caress was sometimes far from gentle.

The old man stormed at the others for taking him away from his ranch on such short notice, then listened to their proposition with amazement and freshly kindling scorn.

"And this young feller, with no more references than the way he rolls a cigarette and a half-dozen telegrams from Texas, where

people lie the easiest and the politest of any place in the world, comes in here one day, and you send him out to buy wheat the next; and in two weeks more you want me to sell him a piece of the

"ill, eh?"

"Oh, but Mr. Adams," argued Jim, made brash by the necessity of defending his own judgment, "there isn't a particle of doubt about the man. There can't be. He's genuineness itself."

"That's perfectly true, Mr. Adams," seconded Joe.

Zachariah snorted contemptuously; he thumped the desk and

expressed himself in loud, peeved tones.

"Gosh dang it!" he exploded. "Let me see this here young nom. I can tell in two minutes whether he's got free-millin' stuck in him or not."

They brought Charles in, smiling and holding out his hand. "Howdy, Mist' Adams!" he said.

The old fellow reached for the outstretched hand like a drowning man for a life-preserver, and then he turned upon the astonished brothers.

"Oh, him? Why in Sam Hill didn't you say it was him?" And then he was at Charles again. "Looky here, you young dude!" he blustered. "Why didn't you say you was working for us? And don't you forget to tell old Hi Ellis, the next time you see him,

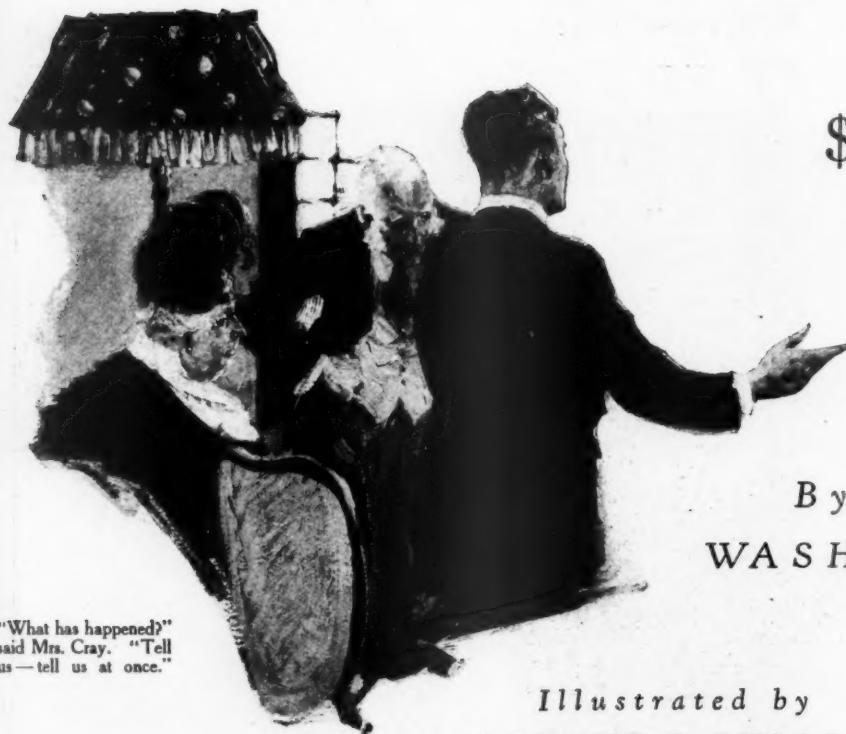


"Didn't leave nothin', I suppose?" queried the old man presently. "Nothin' but a daughter, suh!"

that I'm sure much obliged for the pheasant-eggs." Once more he was turning to the surprised Jim and Joe to explain: "I been tryin' all over Montana and clear into Washington to get some pheasant-eggs to set. Couldn't get 'em for money, and finally old Hi Ellis dug 'em up for love and sends 'em in by this hustlin' young thoroughbred that you boys are daffy about. But Charley! Why in the world didn't you tell me then that you was workin' for us?"

"Sho!" stammered Charles, who was always embarrassed by appreciation and now was actually blushing at such effusive gratitude. "There wasn't no use of tellin'; I just done that as a favor to Mr. Ellis."

"But why aint you been out to see me any more? I got two fine litters of pigs to show you since you was there. The alfalfa's doin' fine; the calves are doin' fine; (Continued on page 118)



"What has happened?"
said Mrs. Cray. "Tell
us—tell us at once."

The \$ 40,000 WINK

By RICHARD
WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrated by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

E. NEWT stands five feet two in small square-toed shoes. He writes a large signature with a flourish, so that it, like the handwriting of most men who have to bear through life the responsibility of being undersized, appears to say: "I may be small, but physical dimensions are no measure of my self-assertiveness and force."

Probably no man has ever reached the standing of E. Newt as an appraiser of precious stones. For twenty years as his reputation grew, as more deaths of bankers' wives and the widows of industrial and railroad kings took concentrated fortunes in colored sparkles off a wrinkled neck and put them upon girlish throats, as more tiaras, necklaces, bracelets, rings and pendants fell into the hands of executors who must determine values, as more wives suspicious of the genuineness of gifts from compromised husbands sought truth from his thin lips, Newt's profession increased its income. Did he therefore enlarge his office—a hole in the wall of a second-story hallway in the jewelry district? Not at all! He removed to another part of New York.

Like a fugitive from success, Newt took his safe, his black-walnut desk, his steel engraving of a very stiff and rather lopsided Alexander Hamilton, and hid as if to dare those who wished to pay him a fee for squinting through a glass at a necklace to decide whether or not all the stones had come from one mine in far Turkestan, to find him. They, with their anxious faces, found him; they found and uncovered the same little man, who himself wore no expression other than that of kindliness, and no ornament other than a gold watch-fob with a glass front and a glass back to show a lock of Adeline Newt's hair, clipped from her golden surplus in 1872, four years before she, as Newt says, "left me for a time."

Some months ago he retired from business. He took his safe to his house, around which New York wholesale houses have grown up like coarse vegetables so that his meek residence is something painfully suggestive of a gone age and crouches like a gray mouse dying among a herd of red, white and yellow elephants. Around this safe he built a brick vault where once there

had been a marble fireplace. As a result of this retirement with his safe—though it is fair to say that in part the result may be due to war's hardships, he has done more highly paid appraisals than ever

before in his whole highly paid career. Some one has said that he is a closed catalogue of the slabs in the closets of the rich, the mighty and the fallen. The secrets of the box-holders are his. "By their jewels ye shall know them," he says himself, and with a sigh he falls to staring at a daguerreotype of his grandfather, who took a cigar from New York to Hongkong in ninety days. So he sits with the morning newspaper in his narrow lap, his little wrinkled hand spread over the latest news, reflecting upon the past. . . .

E. Newt—was it a month ago or more?—stooped down and crossed the room and picked up from the ancient carpet with its entwined roses, a pin. The pin he inserted into the lapel of his coat, squinting down with one eye. Then he opened the safe and took out from its deep recesses a square mahogany box.

"I was going to show you this," he said, putting the impressive little case upon the table. "In 1848 it sold for twenty thousand good dollars."

He blew his nose, wiped his spectacles. "I suppose some one has weltered in their own blood because of ownership of this. Old stones of real value must have a good yarn to spin of knife-thrusts in strange lands. But one thing leads to another. So first I wish to ask if you have ever heard of the Boroni emerald. That is an old story with a new chapter, written in the year 1918 and just concluded." And the Newt said:

YOU never saw Jessup Cray. He was before your time. He was lean and all made up of angles like a folding mechanism. I never looked at him without thinking that he might be collapsed and put in a traveling bag. Wall Street knew him but not even Wall Street knew him well. He was so silent and canny that he never spoke even to his club friends nor even to Michelson the great art-collector in those old New York days of the money he had or how he got it. I suppose it was assumed that he inserted his sharp, insinuating proboscis into the railroads development of the country and as a gambling, secret partner

The \$40,000 WINK

He was small and well. He had a masterpiece to buy; he kept in the circle of things that Jessup did. Jessup was elegant as those were subtle taste vehicles and the bearing men, than through a life

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drew his fortune out of his wily acquaintance with the men who liked to hear themselves called "continent-builders."

Jessup in later years was a lavish spender. He came from people who were accustomed to have nothing and probably made desperate attempts to save on that. There must have been generations of longing and yearning for the thing called social position in Cray's family, and many a heartache in the family handed down from defeated father to hopeful son. Jessup found the way out of this family misery, and when he felt the full sunlight of big wealth at his back, he proceeded to express in a noticeable way the ability to make a showing and take a place with that part of mankind that doesn't have to keep expense-books.

He was shrewd enough to do it well. He bought less unauthentic masterpieces than most of them buy; he kept his luxuries within the circle of moral propriety; he did things well. I can remember that Jessup Cray's livery was as elegant as any in the city, and those were the days when more subtle taste can be expressed in vehicles and matched pairs and the bearing and faces of coachmen, than ever can be expressed through a limousine.

It was Cray who brought the Boroni emerald to this country. He sent me to Europe to pass upon it nearly forty years ago, and I met the owner of the Boroni in the old De Gardi Hotel in Paris, together with the brokers who had brought about the sale. It was I who shaved the price for Cray some eighteen thousand dollars, or nearly half the asking-price, because I knew that the owner, who was a black-skinned half-brother of the Bey of Tangiers, was in need of the money, and because I urged that the Boroni emerald, even though it was a unique jewel, was, after all, imperfect.

The Boroni has an obscure history. Sometime in the eighteenth century, a court favorite in France sent it to Amsterdam for recutting according to her whim. So now it is a pear-shaped affair cut into facets near the narrow end, but rounded and polished where it swells out to its greatest bulk. It must have come from the Urals. There is an obscure imperfection or series of faults and flaws in its crystallization, and this causes it when held in certain lights to take on a peculiar expression. A shadow seems to come over it suddenly, and as suddenly disappear. But unless one is on the lookout for this, it may never be noticed, and I know that Jessup Cray never saw it until I drew it to his attention, and I remember how he laughed then and played with it over and over like a child with a newly discovered performance of an old toy. Before he died, he may have forgotten the trick of the stone; after all, he bought it principally for the chatter it would cause among the inner circle of New York, which had gently excluded him. He died in his brownstone place on Fifth Avenue where the Pompton Building now towers above the church spire. Pneumonia got him, and New York forgot him. So much trouble for so little gain!

But in the Boroni emerald he left behind him a trouble-maker! I suppose it was ten or more years after he had gone, and not many months ago, when Mrs. Cray came into this very room where you are sitting. I never saw that woman without thinking that she was like a shaven Buddha with skirts. She was a deity. The smugness of her during Cray's life could in no measure equal the smugness of her after he had gone and she was the head of the family.



"I've been to see her," said the girl.

She panted a bit, because she had been obliged to sway herself right and left up my narrow front steps and trundle herself into my room, but there was a certain mastery of will and strength of personality about her which gave her weight dignity, and I have heard that men in a ballroom would leave a beautiful woman if she looked their way. As for myself I always saw beneath the surface of her large blue frank eyes a trace of craftiness, and I noticed that the expression in these eyes never followed the meaning of the words upon her lips, and that is a sign of one of the human beings who can think with two ends of a brain at one time.

She opened up a silk-beaded Italian purse she carried, and rolled out of its mouth onto my table a great pear-shaped green crystal which flashed and sparkled.

"There is the Boroni," she said. "It is not for sale!" I exclaimed, for I knew there was no need for money in the Cray family.

"Not at all," she answered. "But I went up to the safety-deposit vault yesterday and took it out. I was preparing to wear it at the opera. This morning I began to think about it. Of course only Halsey and I have keys to the safety-deposit box. Halsey is my son, and unless he comes back from college much more of a fool than he was when he left my influence, he will never take it out and give it away or sell it. You have seen my son, Mr. Newt?"

"He was an unusually handsome boy," I said. "A young Apollo."

"He has grown thinner," she answered, as if it were her idea that Apollo was a little too plump for Jessup Cray.

one who was the sole heir of

"Well," I said.

"Simply this," the old dowager went on. "I considered the risk of theft. I have heard enough of women who protect themselves by having duplicates of their famous stones—duplicates made of glass. For my part I never liked the idea. But Mr. Newt, mark what I say to you now."

"Yes, Mrs. Cray," I said.

"I have intuition, Mr. Newt. Last night as I held the Boroni in my hand after I had unscrewed the setting, I had a distinct sense of terror come over me. You know Mr. Cray had always told me that the Boroni emerald had strange properties. It gave warning to its owners before its loss. Perhaps you will be astonished that a woman of my type could entertain such belief. But in addition to that I have intuition of my own. I had a distinct warning. Therefore—"

At that she paused, and pointed to the stone on my table.

"I want an exact duplicate made of the Boroni," she said. "I want you to take the Boroni and return it to me with the duplicate as soon as it is made. I shall feel safer if the Boroni itself never leaves the safety-deposit box. I confess I am superstitious about it. I feel that if it ever got out of the possession of the family, the Cray luck would go with it, and we should drift into ruin."

"God forbid, Mrs. Cray!" I said to her. "Of course for my eyes there could be no duplicate of the Boroni. The Boroni is more of an emerald with the full emerald character and personality and whims than any other emerald that I have ever set eyes on. But I have good cause to believe that other eyes are not like mine, and that I can reproduce the Boroni so that it will be hard for you to tell which is the real and which is the imitation."

"I thank you, Mr. Newt," she said. "You will say nothing of this to anyone. You will not mention my superstition." And with

the sublime rudeness of those who have studied the science of impoliteness, she turned her back on me.

TWENTY days later I took the two stones—the one she had brought me and the pretender stone—to the Cray house and put them both into her own hands. I saw nothing at that time which gave me a hint of the grave trouble which was to follow. I remember that I went uptown and came back in a blinding snow-storm, and it would take something of the Boroni importance to make me do that.

I say I saw nothing, and that is accurate. I did, however, meet, as if fate had designed for me to see the inner mechanism of its workings, Miss Nancy Taliford. After I came back to my own home, a reference to the social register was enough to recall to me the whole Taliford family. In fact, my memory has gone a bit weary in the last few years, and I was a trifle upset when I found that her father was Dan Taliford, the banker who brought the Elsmere collection of pink and black pearls to me for a valuation half a generation ago. The Talifords were bloods. They had a background of several successions of sons who were true to type. They were accepted everywhere as entitled to the inner circle of our old New York society—by their birthright.

Nancy Taliford was like the Taliford women. She was a somewhat diminutive young girl whose smallness of figure and features served to emphasize—if you understand what I mean—the perfection of proportions and modeling. She sparkled. Just an old man's glance was enough to see that she was five feet of the most excellent stuff of which human beings are ever made, and that in it there was mischief, vivacity and tenderness and the perverseness which sometimes hides behind all these.

Mrs. Cray, no doubt, introduced me to the girl because she had a triumph of which she could not boast in her own set.

She drew me to one side as I was leaving and hunting for my coat in the abominable marble-tiled and gloomy and morose and elegant hall—although it always seemed to me like the foyer of a deserted imperial theater. She drew me to one side and said:

"My son—and her."

I knew of course what she meant. She meant that Halsey Cray had been manipulated toward Nancy Taliford.

Then she said: "She—"

"Yes?" I said.

"—is madly in love with him, and the Talifords never love but once. They love till death and beyond. So it is only a matter of announcement. Of course the Talifords must decide that moment."

She was drunk with her victory. A match with the Talifords! That was it.

"Mr. Newt," she said, clenching her fat, ambitious hands, "you knew my husband Jessup Cray. If he is looking down upon us, he will see that his wife has finished the structure which he began, because the right alliance for his son would be the capstone of all his efforts and his struggles. I guess the world thought it was all easy and smooth for him. Only I, his wife, knew of the nights he could not sleep, and paced the floor planning and scheming. I have no one to talk to now, Mr. Newt. You were an old friend of his, and you brought him the Boroni emerald, and it is the Crays' luck—as long as we can keep it."

"But what can you fear, Mrs. Cray?" I asked her. "Bless me, what can come to harm?"

"It's the natures of the two—the boy and the girl," she said, lowering her voice. "Nancy is spirited and mischievous. Halsey, my son, is a fine young man, but he is only twenty-two, and though you'd never suspect it, he is sensitive beneath his exterior. He is sensitive, impulsive and not used to the fine torture which Nancy can and does apply in spite of her deep love for him. Do you see? I fear that at last she will overstrain his pride and patience. And then—because he is just like his father—Heaven only knows what Halsey will do."

I tried to reassure her, but I suppose I did it awkwardly, because she closed up suddenly, and the double-thought expression came into her blue eyes and around her large flexible mouth.

I REMEMBERED every word she had said when the scandal began to throw its shadow; perhaps it was because I did not have to carry her words in my old memory for long before the thing got hot again. And when I think of the fears she poured into my ear, I wonder whether she did not know more about the inner character and secret life of her husband who was Halsey's father, than the rest of the world who thought of him only as a cold, angular conspirator. I tell you it is the wives who know. They can tell what to look for in their sons.

I did not know that it would be so soon that I was to see Mrs. Cray again.

The second time that I saw her, I suppose I had some forewarning of her mood, because of the way my doorbell ring was weighing out one by one a handful of diamonds which had been plucked from their settings by some thief and brought me by the police for an opinion as to whether they were from the Bottsworth necklace. I knew at once that there was distress and desperation in the air, before my housekeeper had open my door and showed Emma Cray into this room again.

She had not changed as far as the casual glance would show. She was the same smug, ambitious and satisfied widow of the great Jessup. She was still the trundling dowager emerald in appearance, and she nodded at me in her rude, superior way. I have my eyes. They are as good as ever.

SHE sat down deliberately in that chair with the long arms, and folded her hands in the black silk on her lap. The day was hot—an early spring burst of heat, but Mrs. Cray was cool as marble, as if ice had formed within her heart.

There was ice in her voice: she said:

"The Boroni Emerald has passed out of the Cray family. I suppose she saw me rise, because she held out her hand as if trying to command me to be still.

"Yes, Mr. Newt, the Boroni emerald is no longer our property," she said.

"And who—" I began.

"The owner of the Boroni?" she said, pressing her hands together. "The owner of the Boroni is Dora de Vonner."

"Dora de Vonner?" I said. "How did she come into possession of the Boroni?"

"By gift," said Jessup Cray's widow. "My son Halsey gave it to her."

"And who is Dora—" I began.

"Dora de Vonner," she said, "the dancer. Born in Ireland, I suppose. Brought to New York—out of the gutter. It is as bold as it can be. Not immoral, not colorful enough to be a good story. Halsey Cray and a girl who came out of the gutter—a yellow-haired creature, who dances like a nymph and speaks like a servant, no doubt—a person."

I sat down again.

"Oh, she is quite famous," said Mrs. Cray with a sneer.

"I know," I said, "—a dancer."

"Her photograph—you will see it in the magazines—on billboards."

"And she's trapped your son?"

"Not trapped," said she. "There was one week, perhaps natural infatuation. It always seems to us unaccountable, but twenty-two—"

She was talking as a parent talks.

"This yellow-haired person is old enough to be his mother—she's twenty-seven," she went on. "Skill in weaving her web, her stock in trade, of course. But it would not have happened if Nancy Taliford had not—"

"It happened as you feared, Mrs. Cray?" I asked.

"Exactly."

She began to arrange the folds in her black skirt.

"I would not have to tell you if it weren't for the Boroni emerald," she said after a while. "But it came about just as I might. Nancy was going to Pinehurst with her family. She made a point of having a quarrel with Halsey. He never knew what to do when that happens. He acts dumfounded—just as his father used to do. No knowledge of women. No calm when the perverse mood of a woman is having its run. Just a surprised stupid stare of being dumfounded, and then—"

"Well?" said I. "What then?"

"Then—the explosion," she said. "I know what it means. Mrs. Halsey got ready to explode. He refused to go to the station to say good-bye to Nancy. She wrote him a note from the train, wish you could see it—the letter of a naughty, mischievous girl. As I say, that was the last straw. Halsey—usually so innocent, so simple, so restrained—bang!"

"Bang?" said I.

"Yes, in a sense," she said. "A combination of circumstances. Cocktails at the club, the theater at nine, the desperate mood of a sensitive boy. Then this creature danced out onto the stage, as near as I can find out, she saw Halsey over the footlights. He is a handsome, distinguished youth—and she made love to him. She dances something they call 'The Daffodil and the Wind.' Does comes her hair at the end. Oh, I've been myself to see her. Does



"Mr. Newt, mark what I say to you now. . . . Last night as I held the Boroni in my hand, I had a distinct sense of terror come over me. I had a distinct warning."

comes her yellow hair, and she covers herself with it as she crouches close to the floor at the end. And she peeped out through two strands, and laughed, and—

"And what?" I said, fearing she would not go on.

"The hussy!" Mrs. Cray said. "She has green eyes! She winked!"

"Bless my soul!" said I.

"Green eyes!" said Mrs. Cray, almost grinding her teeth. "They are about the color of the Boroni—dark green eyes—emerald eyes. I am not a superstitious woman, but it is just as if fate had sent these green emerald-lighted eyes as a means to get the Boroni from the Crays. What do I care for the money? Nothing. But when Dora de Vonner winked that day, she knew who Halsey was. They can argue as much as they please, but I know that in her scheming head there was the knowledge that Halsey could give her the Boroni if he chose. She winked—a forty-thousand-dollar wink!"

"And he gave her the Boroni?"

"He did not," said Mrs. Cray angrily. "He just gave it to her to keep for a little while. He trusted her. It matched her eyes."

"There is no scandal?" I asked.

"None," she said, "absolutely none. Halsey treated her as he would have treated Nancy. He had exploded. He was all to pieces! He was ready to contract this infatuation just as a run-down constitution is ready for pneumonia. But he kept this infatuation for this designing woman on a high plane."

I got up and shut that window there, and I said: "There is no one who knows?"

"Nancy knows," she said. "Halsey told her. For myself, I can see no reason for such a confession. He had nothing really to confess. And if Nancy in her distress told her father, it would mean an end of my hopes for these two young people."

"And she, Nancy Taliford, how does she take it?" I asked.

"At first she was broken-hearted, and then a most surprising thing happened. You would think to watch her behavior that she was the one who was at fault—as of course she is! She is a different person. She is taking no more chances with her perverse moods. In their trouble the two—Halsey and Nancy—have been brought closer together than ever."

"So all is going nicely."

"Nicely! Nicely!" Emma Cray burst out. "Nothing of the kind. Why do you suppose I came here? Why, I'll tell you. Dora de Vonner has threatened to have her press-agent publish the fact that she has the famous Boroni emerald! She threatens to wear it in her performances! She means to leave it to the Cray family to explain how the Boroni left our possession. That is why I came."

"To me?"

"Yes. I want to know the present value of the stone. This yellow-haired creature says it is for sale to me at fifty thousand."

I said to Mrs. Cray: "It is nine thousand too much."

"I'm going to pay it," she said after a moment of thought. "I am going to see this De Vonner woman face to face. I shall trust no lawyer, no detective. I shall handle this myself—meet this actress, this little vulgar fool, myself! When I am through with her, she will realize that there is a wide difference in our wits and in our power."

She stiffened her neck as she said this, with a jar which set the jet ornaments on her hat trembling and clicking together. Then she rose and trundled out.

SHE came back in the late afternoon. A hurdy-gurdy was playing one of these war-songs outside, and I noticed it was still light at six o'clock, and I thought: "Well, summer is almost here again."

Mrs. Cray was herself once more. I knew at once from that assured, insolent manner that she had been victorious.

"Mr. Newt," she said to me, "I came back to say that which I forgot to say this morning. You will speak nothing of this affair to anyone."

She gave this as a command, and I had reasons of my own for not answering her. She was satisfied. She had spoken in a manner which she had considered queenly; she required nothing more.

"Well?" I said.

She looked down at her silk purse, with its old Italian ~~bead~~ work design.

"I suppose it is only courtesy for me to tell you," she said. "I have the Boroni emerald with me."

"Did the young woman take your check for fifty thousand dollars?" I asked.

Mrs. Cray patted the back of one of her hands with the fingertip of the other. She was excellently pleased with herself—pleased that it oozed out through every pore in her skin. It percolated through her usual shell; it seeped out through the expressions of a face that any poker-player usually might envy.

"No, Mr. Newt," she said.

"She gave it up!"

"No, Mr. Newt," she said again. "I must tell you about the young minx. I saw her in her boudoir at her hotel. That was on the battleground, one might say, and because of the difference in our social position, you see that the advantage was decidedly in her. I confess she is an attractive person—her exterior. She looks a little like—like spring. But her heart is black as night. I am used to reading people. I read her like a book."

"Like a book," said I.

"Like a book," said Emma Cray. "I accused her. I said that she had not possession of the Boroni. I challenged her. I wanted to be sure that she had not disposed of it or placed its control in some other hands. And my device was successful. She turned red to her eyes with anger. And she brought the Boroni emerald out and put it in front of me."

Mrs. Cray sniffed.

"The audacity of the creature!" she said. "In front of my nose! And she did exactly as I supposed she would do. It is the usual device of one who tries to force an outrageous price. She refused fifty thousand! She said that the Boroni was not in sale!"

Jessup Cray's widow drew in a long breath as if she were going to play at being a captive balloon; she waited for me to ask. She saw that she had whetted my curiosity; she wanted to play with my curiosity as a cat plays with a mouse. She bloated up with her triumph and waited. I said nothing. I remember the hurdy-gurdy stopped playing and that we could hear the ferry whistle on the River.

"I had offered her a price—her price, as I understood it. The future of the family was at stake, and I played fair with the drossy-haired hussy. I offered her fifty thousand—in cash, mind you, for that green stone lying on the boudoir table under my nose. It was the Crays' luck, that stone, and now fate had fixed it to that in her hands it could be the Crays' undoing. I offered it to pay. She refused. It was part of her game to refuse, to bait me and tantalize me to my very face. Such audacity!"

"Mrs. Cray!" said I.

"She did not estimate me correctly," said Halsey's mother. "I would never stoop to her methods unless driven to do it. But see what was at stake! I owe it to you to explain. I met her at her own game. I fought fire with fire."

She stopped short and reached into her beaded silk purse.

"You see I had my duplicate of the Boroni emerald with me. It was the one you had made for me," she said. "As I talked to her, I had taken it out and held it in my hand under a fold of my dress. It was cool, but not cold like the true stone, which was on the table before us."

"And then—"

Mrs. Cray showed on her face the kind of viciousness which lies on the bottom of most of us and can be stirred up with a long enough stick.

"Then I knocked over a Bohemian glass vase filled with magnolia rosebuds. I tell you, there was a scattering of flower-petals and water and broken bits of white glass. And as she sprang forward, too late to stop the damage—Well, I exchanged my imitation Boroni for the real one. She knows nothing. The expression on my face was a perfect blank. But here in my hand—now—there is the Boroni emerald!"

I took the stone she had held out to me. The light was not good. Dusk had come, but with my lens fastened to my eye, I took the thing to the window and looked at it.

"Mrs. Cray," I asked. (Continued on page 14)



36.
No young American novelist of our day
has, in so short a time, achieved more popular
acclaim for the excellence of her work than

JEANNE JUDSON

all of whose novels thus far have first seen the light
of type in the pages of this magazine. And of the
stories she has written by far the most effective is

The

STARS INCLINE

Illustrated by
FRANK STREET

Resume of the preceding installments

THIS is the story of nineteen-year-old Ruth Mayfield, who went to New York to study art and learned many other things. It is also the story of Gloria Mayfield, Ruth's wonderful aunt, a beautiful woman and a fine actress, whose career had been thwarted because she was too tall; Professor Pendragon, her former husband and a distinguished astronomer; of George, her strange Hindu servant, whose subtle mental magic proved so unexpected an influence upon the progress of events; of Terry Riordan, Gloria's playwright friend and confidant; and of divers other interesting people.

Left an orphan upon the death of her mother, Ruth followed her own and her mother's wish and went to live with her father's estranged sister, Gloria Mayfield. Ruth found her actress-aunt keeping up a big house in New York with a colored cook and the Hindu George. Gloria took a fancy to Ruth and invited her to stay at her home while she was beginning her studies at the art school.

Ruth found the ménage a strange one. Gloria had a considerable income, but her ambition constantly spurred her to seek a life suited to her limitations. Meanwhile her restless spirit and her hospitable temper kept a constant stream of guests in the house.

Ruth's studies at the art-school progressed indifferently, although some cartoons of stage-folk won her notice. A fellow-student named Dorothy obtained for her a guest-card to an art-exhibition from a patron named Pendragon. When she showed the card to Gloria, her aunt was much perturbed. Pendragon was her first husband, she explained, the only man she had ever cared for though she had married and divorced two others and "might submit matrimony again to-morrow!"

Ruth met Pendragon and liked him; but at Gloria's request she did not mention her relationship to his former wife. Later Ruth and George in his basement room practicing weird incantations

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with a huge live snake. At precisely the same hour, she learned afterward, Pendragon was stricken with a curious paralysis. In spite of herself Ruth could not help connecting the two facts; and she confided the matter to Terry Riordan. Terry was too hard-headed to share Ruth's fears.

CHAPTER VIII

GLORIA had finished her motion-picture contract and was relaxing. Ruth had just come home from the League and found Gloria, Terry, Billie Irwin, Prince Aglipogue and Angela Peyton-Russell at the house.

It was the first time Ruth had seen Prince Aglipogue, though apparently he was on the most congenial and intimate terms of friendship with Gloria. He was at the piano now, accompanying himself, while he sang in Italian. He had glossy black eyes, glossy red lips, glossy black hair, smooth, glossy cheeks and what Terry described as a grand-opera figure. He was a Roumanian, and he sang magnificently, was a passable pianist and a really good violinist.

Of course, Ruth did not immediately learn all the foregoing details about Prince Aglipogue, whom Gloria called Aggie and the others called Prince; her information came in scraps gathered from the conversation. She had slipped quietly into the room while Prince Aglipogue was singing, and was introduced to him when he had finished. He bowed with surprising depth and grace for a man with no waist-line to speak of, and regarded her out of his glossy black eyes. He spoke entirely without accent, but constructed his sentences curiously, Ruth thought.

As always when there were many people, Ruth did not talk but listened. Mrs. Peyton-Russell had come to talk over with Gloria the details of her Christmas party.

"I don't know whom to have," Angela complained. "Of course, there are dozens of people I could ask, but I wanted this to be just our little circle—no swank, no society people—just friends."



"Tell me what to do, Ruth," said Terry. "I'll do anything for you. I don't understand all this talk about black magic, but whatever you want done, you can depend on me."

one seemed to mind this remark. George had come in with a cigar, and the Prince was engaged in the, to Ruth, alarm procedure of drinking whisky and soda and eating cake. With this catholic consumption of refreshment, she could easily believe that an invitation to any party under any circumstances would be welcome to him.

"We all to come up on the Friday-night train," pursued Andrew. "We'll meet you at North Adams. You must be sure and warnly, because it's a twenty-mile drive through the hills, while there'll be robes in the sleigh, one can't have too much." "It will remind me of Russia," said the Prince. "I will be sure to bring your violin and some music," said

Prince Aglipogue assented carelessly.

"And you'll be sure to have some clever stories, Mr. Riordan." Evidently everyone would have to pay for his entertainment. She wondered if she would be expected to draw.

"And the best part of the entertainment is to be a secret." "I afraid it isn't to most of them," said Gloria. "Professor pride got the better of George's discretion, and he told Terry told Ruth."

"What is it?" asked the Prince, evidently fearing a rival attraction.

"George," explained Gloria. "He used to be a music-hall man, and he's going to do his tricks for us."

"Oh," Prince Aglipogue shrugged his fat shoulders.

"You won't be so scornful when you've seen him. He was one of the best, and if he hasn't forgotten, he'll astonish you. George Hindu, and he doesn't need a lot of props to work with."

"He is working here as your—as your butler?"

"Yes, Aggie, as my butler and footman; and he'll be cook and all that. I'm afraid, for Amy has given notice. She's leaving at the end of the week, unless Ruth can persuade her to stay."

ANGELA was taking Gloria away with her to dinner; and Prince Aglipogue, finally having consumed the last scrap of cake, and convinced that he would not be asked to come with them, took his departure. Billie Irwin went up to her room to say good-bye, and Angela went away, and Terry also departed, leaving Ruth alone. George came in to take away the tea-things. She turned herself to speak to him.

"Is your pet?" she asked. "I beg your pardon," said George, capturing a glass from the table and a teacup from the floor with what looked like one hand.

"I mean the snake that you use in your—in your tricks."

"I do not perform tricks with the daughter of Shiva."

"But you said you were rehearsing, the day Mr. Riordan and I met on you?"

"You knew I was not speaking the truth."

"He talked, he went on about his duties. There was in his voice toward her nothing of the servant."

"Why should I think that you were speaking anything but the truth? If you were not telling the truth, I must speak to Miss Riordan."

He put down the cup in his hand and turned to her.

Miss Mayfield is well aware that the daughter of Shiva is a goddess. She has been with me since my birth, and was with my mother before me, and she is sacred."

"George, you ought to be ashamed to believe all that superstition. An educated man like you! It's idolatry."

"You prefer the mythology of the Hebrews?" asked George. Ruth decided to ignore this:

"And now you've frightened poor Amy so that she is leaving. That ought to concern you, for it may be some time before Miss Mayfield can find anyone to take her place."

"That is of no importance, for on the first of the year the house will revert to its original owner, and she will not need servants. She will be traveling with her new husband."

"Her what?" Ruth forgot that she was talking to George. She stared at him wide-eyed, unwilling to believe she had heard him rightly.

His blue lips curled up in a thin smile.

"Certainly. Wait, and you will see I am right. She herself does not know it, but she will marry Prince Aglipogue on the first of the new year."

"She will do nothing of the sort. She can't—he's fat!"

Ruth was protesting not to George but to herself, for even against her reason she believed everything George said to her.

He shrugged his shoulders, still smiling at her.

"You are speaking foolishly out of the few years of your pres-

ent existence; back of that you have the unerring knowledge of many incarnations, and you know that what I say is true. Has she not already had three husbands? I tell you she will have one more before she finally finds her true mate. She has suffered, but before she knows the truth, she must suffer more. Through the Prince she will come to poverty and disgrace; and when these things are completed, she will see her true destiny and follow it."

A mist was swimming before Ruth's eyes so that she no longer saw the room or the figure of George—only his red eyes glowed in the deepening shadows of the room, holding her own. She struggled to move her gaze, but her head would not turn; she tried to rise, to leave him, as if his words were the silly ravings of a demented servant, but her limbs seemed paralyzed. Only her lips moved, and she heard words coming from them, or echoing in her brain. She could not be sure that she really made a sound.

"What do you mean?"

"In the whole world there are only two men who are fit to walk beside her—and of those one is slowly dying of an unknown disease. He whom the gods chose will soon be gone, but I remain because I have knowledge. In the Mahabharata it is written: 'Even if thou art the greatest sinner among all that are sinful, thou shalt yet cross over all transgressions by the raft of knowledge.' And the Vedas tell of men who armed with knowledge have defied the gods themselves."

RUTH awoke to find herself alone and in darkness, save for the light from the street-lamps that shone through the curtained windows. With her hands stretched out in front of her to ward off obstacles, she moved cautiously through the room until she found a light to turn on. She felt weak and dizzy, but she remembered everything George had said. It could not be true—it could not be true. His mind seemed to be a confused mass of knowledge and superstition, ancient and modern; but one thing he had—faith and absolute confidence in his power, and she remembered some words she had read, when, as a child, she pored over books of mythology instead of fairy tales: "All this, whatever exists, rests absolutely on mind."

She was roused from her thoughts by the entrance of Amy.

"Ain' yo' goin' eat dinnah? That voodoo man, he's gone out, an' I saw you-all sleepin' here and didn't like to disturb you. Yo' dinnah's cold by now, but I'll warm it up. Now he's gone I ain' 'fraid to go in the kitchen."

"I'm not hungry Amy, and I'm sorry you're going."

"Dat's all right. I ain' so anxious fo' wo'k as that. I don't have to wo'k with devils. An' you bettah eat. You-all too thin. It's a shame, you-all havin' ter eat alone heah while Mis' Glorie go out to pa'ties. She don' treat you like folks. Dat devil man, he's hoodooed her. I've seen him lookin' at her with his red eyes."

She went out muttering, and returned with dinner on a tray, and Ruth, knowing the uselessness of resistance, dutifully ate, while Amy hovered near.

"Tell me all about it, Amy. What has George been doing now? I thought you would be satisfied when I let you sleep upstairs."

"No'm, I ain' satisfied nohow. I wouldn't wo'k heah or sleep heah nother night not for all the money in the worl'. Dat man, he sets an' sets, lookin' at nothin', an' then he runs knives inter his han's—and he don' bleed. He ain' human."

"I'm sorry, Amy. I don't want you to go, and neither does Glorie, but of course we can't keep you. Let me know if you don't get another place or if anything goes wrong. Perhaps later George may go, and then you can come back."

"He won't go. One mawnin' you-all will wake up dade—that's what goin' happen."

She shook her head, looking at Ruth with real tears in her eyes. Apparently she thought she looked at one doomed to early death, and Ruth, though she knew the threatened evil was not for herself, had long since lost the ability to laugh at Amy's superstitions.

CHAPTER IX

TERRY RIORDAN arranged an interview for Ruth with the Sunday editor of *The Express*, and she soon found herself promised to supply a weekly page of theatrical sketches, beginning the first of the year. In this she discovered the unique joy of having real work which was wanted and for which she would receive money.

Ruth would have looked forward to the beginning of the next year eagerly, had she been thinking only of herself, for her new

work was throwing her much in the company of Terry Riordan, who was taking her to the theater night after night, so that she would become familiar with the appearance and mannerisms of the popular actresses and actors. Of course he was doing it only because he was such a kind-hearted man and because he wanted to help her, but even Ruth knew that if she had not been a rather pleasant companion he would not have taken so much interest in helping her. His cheerfulness puzzled her. He seemed so brave and happy—but perhaps it was merely the forced gayety of a man who is trying to forget.

It was not, however, Ruth's own affairs that interested her most. Terry had found a producer for his play, and despite the lateness of the season, rehearsals for it were to begin in January. Gloria had been offered the leading rôle and with characteristic perverseness had said that she was not at all sure that she wanted it—information that Terry refused to convey to the manager. This, coupled with the fact that Gloria was now constantly in the company of Prince Aglipogue, made Ruth remember vividly her conversation with George.

Terry and Ruth, returning very late from supper after the theater, would sometimes find her sitting in semidarkness, while the Prince sang to her; but in such brief glimpses there was no chance for intimate conversation between the two women. Alone with Terry at the theater or in some restaurant, Ruth almost forgot the shadow hanging over the house on Gramercy Park—Terry was so gay and amusing, so healthful and normal in his outlook; and wherever they went, they met his friends, until

Ruth began to feel like a personage. She had tried to tell Terry about her talk with George; but a few hours away from George and his snake-worship and the sight of George in his rôle as servant, had restored what Terry called his mental balance, and he no longer regarded him as dangerous. He was beginning to



"He is horribly stupid, I—" Suddenly Gloria's expression changed, and she was on her feet. "I'm going to marry him. He's going to South America on a concert tour, and I'll go with him."

fore we found a producer and before the thing was out and now that she has the contract before her, she seems to have lost all interest. I can't imagine what's wrong. Of course, temperament covers a multitude of sins, but she never was temperamental about her work."

"Perhaps she's really decided to abandon the stage," said Ruth. They were having supper together—Ruth didn't know where One of the delightful things about Terry was that he never said

where she wanted to go. He didn't even tell her where they were going. He just took her.

Terry looked at her in amazement. "Leave the stage?" "Did it ever occur to you that Gloria might marry Prince Aglipogue?" she asked.

Terry answered with a laugh:

"My dear child, you've thought so much about Gloria and George, that you're beginning to think of impossibilities. Gloria wouldn't marry a man like that; and if she did, she'd have to stay in the stage to support him. The house, of course, belongs to her, but her income from her other husband—I forget their names—would certainly stop if she remarried."

"I know; I thought it was preposterous, too, but she's always with him, and George told me that Gloria would marry Aglipogue." "Servants' gossip, or perhaps he did it to annoy you. Did you tell Gloria?"

"No; I never get a chance to talk to her any more."

"If you told her, it might make her angry enough to dismiss him. Gloria hates being discussed. Is the Prince going to the Christmas party?"

"Of course; he goes everywhere that Gloria goes. I know you think I am foolish and superstitious, but I can't help thinking that George has some power over Gloria—that what he says is true, that he's forcing her to marry Prince Aglipogue, and that he is responsible for Professor Pendragon's strange illness. The first time I saw George with the snake was almost three months ago; that same night Professor Pendragon became paralyzed; the next time was just a month later, and at the same time Professor Pendragon's paralysis became suddenly worse. It was at the dark of the moon—"

The last words were spoken almost in a whisper, and when she finished, Terry did not speak, but sat waiting for her to go on.

"I know George hasn't worshiped the snake since that time, for I've been in the house every night, and you can always tell because of the incense that fills the hall and lingers there for hours. Christmas Eve will be the next dark of the moon. I know, for I've looked it up. We'll all be in the Berkshires then, at the Peyton-Russells. George will be there too. And I'm afraid—I'm afraid."

Terry still sat silent, looking at her with an expression of helpless amazement. Now she sank back with a little helpless sigh. Instantly Terry's hand reached across the table and caught her hand in a comforting grip.

"Tell me what you want me to do, Ruth," said Terry. "I'll do anything. I'll do anything for you—anything in or out of reason. I don't understand all this talk about snakes and black magic, but whatever you want done, you can depend on me."

The blood rushed into Ruth's cheeks in a glow of happiness. Something deeper than friendship thrilled in his voice. For a moment she forgot Gloria, and believed that she was looking into the eyes of her own unacknowledged lover. Then she remembered. His words, even his eyes, told her that he loved her; but it could not be true. She could not speak. She must think of Gloria first and herself afterward, but she wanted to prolong her dream a little while. Finally she told him what she had decided in her own mind was the only thing that Terry could do for her. She knew that he did not believe George was menacing the life of Professor Pendragon, or that he was influencing Gloria to marry Prince Aglipogue, but even though he did not love her, he would do whatever she asked.

"I want you to get me a revolver, Terry; I want a revolver—one of these little ones—before we go to the Christmas party." She did not quite understand the curious "let-down" expression on Terry's face, when she made her request.

"You don't want to shoot George or the snake?" he asked, smiling.

"I don't want to shoot anyone or anything, unless—anyway, I'd feel much more comfortable if I had a little revolver."

"You shall have one; I'll call it a Christmas present. But can you shoot?"

"I don't know. I suppose I could hit things if they weren't too far away or too small."

"If you accidentally kill any of your friends, I shall feel morally responsible, but I suppose I'll have to take a chance. Do you by any chance want the thing to be loaded?"

"Of course," said Ruth, ignoring his frivolous tone.

They went home together almost in silence. Ruth did not know what occupied Terry's thoughts, but she herself was wondering if she could find the courage to ask Terry to save Gloria from George and Aglipogue, by marrying her himself. It was all very well to be unselfish in love, but for some weeks at least it seemed to her that Terry had given up all effort to interest Gloria. If he would only make an effort, he might save Gloria from the Prince and win happiness for himself; but despite Ruth's generous resolves, she could not bring herself to advise him to "speak for himself."

THEY could hear Prince Aglipogue singing as she unlocked the door of the house. The sound of his voice and the piano covered the opening and closing of the door, so that they stood looking in on Gloria and her guest without themselves being observed. The song was just ending—Prince Aglipogue at the piano, Gloria sitting with her eyes wide, as if she heard the music but did not see the singer. There was a trance-like expression in her eyes; and when, the song ending, they saw Aglipogue draw her to the seat beside him and lift his face to kiss her, Terry and Ruth drew back toward the outer door.

"Guess I'd better go," whispered Terry.

"Yes; you see George was right. They didn't see us. . . . Don't forget my revolver."

She closed the door after Terry, this time with a loud bang that could not fail to be heard, and as she turned back she saw, far down the hall, two red eyes gleaming at her, like the eyes of a cat. She wondered if George had been watching, too, and if his quick ears had caught her whispered words with Terry.

Gloria called her name before she entered the room, almost like old times, but Prince Aglipogue did not seem to be particularly pleased to see her.

"You were singing," she said to him. "Please don't stop because I've come. I love to hear you."

"Thank you, but it is late for more music; and it is late too for little girls who study to be up even for the sake of music."

Even a week ago he would not have dared speak to her like that. He sat staring at her now, out of his insolent, oily black eyes, as if she were really a troublesome child. For a moment anger choked her voice, and she half expected Gloria to speak for her, but Gloria was still looking at Aglipogue, the strange trancelike expression in her eyes, and Ruth became calm. If Prince Aglipogue chose to be rude, she could be impervious to rudeness.

"I'm not trying to make the morning classes any more, Prince Aglipogue, so I can stay up as long as I like; but perhaps you're tired of singing."

It was Aglipogue who looked at Gloria now as if he expected her to send Ruth away, but she said nothing, sitting quite still, with her long hands folded in her lap—a most uncharacteristic pose—and a faint smile on her lips. She seemed to have forgotten both of them. It seemed incredible that (Continued on page 167)





THERE'S been a lot written (that isn't so) about the instinct of woman, and the inability of mere man to understand her. But whether it is instinct or the Divine in her, she it is who most often finds—

The ONE ROAD OUT

By

KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Illustrated by
FRANK STICK

SAY! You headed for Dwight's Camp?" The young driver stopped his car, and turned astonished eyes on Ludlow. "Say, but it's the ragged edge of desolation, up there. Since Dwight moved down to the valley, they aint one living soul within three miles."

"All right." Ludlow, crouched white and bone-tired on the back seat, nodded reply.

"Say, you don't savvy, 'tall. You wont stand the lonesomeness. You can't. Since the rains, Dark Cañon trails are something fierce. It'd take you half a day to reach San Pablo—that's the nearest settlement. And San Pablo's nothing but greasers. Yes, sirree, greasers. A bunch of Mexicans that's tryin' to grow beans an' raise a few cows an' chickens. Not a white man in the outfit."

"All right."

"An' looky, where you'll be at, if you get hurt, or sick?" The youngster stared keenly into Ludlow's gaunt grave face. "Heard about that guy up Berry's Cañon, last fall? Fell an' broke his leg, an' was lyin' there near starved to death when some hunters found him."

"All right."

"Well, my good gosh! Have it your own way." The driver snorted, irate. "Come along, Lizzie!"

The dingy little car lurched, slid back, then set herself pluckily up the rough cañon trail. Overhead the sky flamed like a great turquoise seven times heated; shoulder to shoulder the tree-cloaked foothills built a wall of living green. Through breaks in that wall Ludlow glimpsed the San Fernando Valley, a vast mosaic, silver, amber, chrysoprase, rimmed by the darkening green of olive-orchards, a Titan's garden. White ranch-houses stood among those fields, tiny and prim as doll-houses.

"Glad those neighbors are a good twenty miles off," said Ludlow to himself. Even in that warm, spiced air, he shivered. Tam, the watchful collie at his feet, answered with an anxious whine.

"Never mind, old man. Everything's all right."

The collie whimpered, then set to licking one lean, bloodless hand.

"Yonder's San Pablo." The driver pointed across the cañon, down through a narrow rift, to a huddle of shacks, a few pitiful strips of cleared land. "Only folks for miles, I tell you. And not a white man—Gee! Looky that!"

Down the cañon, far below their own shelf road, came a solitary traveler, a woman—a trim, slender blue figure, driving a battered little car. From the flutter of blue veil to the glint of a small polished boot she was point-device: erect, poised, graceful, a figure for city boulevards rather than for this torn, creviced mountain path.

"Well, what do you know about that!" The driver gaped down at her. "A woman, a white woman, headed for San Pablo! An' a pippin, I'll bet!"

Ludlow did not stir. His fagged eyes followed that graceful disappearing vision as vaguely as they had followed a chipmunk racing along the boulders.

"Yep, she's bound for San Pablo. Now, what in Sam Hill?" "Suppose we move on toward Dwight's. It's getting late."

The Lizzie plunged viciously up the twisting road. Two hours of injured silence, compounded with horrific jolts: then with a last desperate wrench the little car veered round a perilous shelf-rim and halted in a cleft so filled with scrub oaks and dwarf pines that there was barely room for the one-room cabin huddled against the towering rocky wall.

"Here's Dwight's." The driver, still gloomy, clambered out and helped Ludlow to alight, then carried his blankets and supplies inside.

"Say, you're outfitted good and proper. But this aint no place for you, alone."

Ludlow had collapsed on the bunk, too spent to look around him.

"Say, I'll build you a fire and set out your supper before start back."

"No."

"But you aint fit to do it for yourself."

"I'm all right."

The faint, sardonic sting from that ashy mouth sent the driver away red-faced and angrily rebuffed. Ludlow was not particularly remorseful. He lay where he had flung himself, one hand absent, stroking Tam's silky head, his eyes staring through the open doorway at the sunlit trees, the mighty rock wall across the cañon. From that depth, already shadowing, came the whisper of aspen leaves, the faint ripple of the cañon river far below. Not one other sound! Oh, dear God, the quiet, the heaven of that quiet, the peace of it, that passed all understanding!

"Pretty soon it'll be night," Ludlow whispered. "Then it'll be quiet in good earnest. Still—still! And nobody will ever find us up here. Not one of those blasted doctors will ever come up this trail, old man. Nor that owl of a specialist, either! 'Sanitarium care—constant diversion—cultivate amusing acquaintances!' Cultivate your granny!"

His hand fell lax. His big, cadaverous body slumped among the blankets. Instantly he slept, but it was coma rather than sleep. Limp, drowned, all but pulseless, he lay, hour on hour. The day faded—twilight, black dark: he slept on. An icy chill stole from the cañon. At his feet the dog whined softly. He did not stir.

Wan light filtered through the streets. Ludlow sat up, blinking. It took him a full minute to get his bearings. Dazed and incredulous, at last he understood.

"Slept all afternoon—all evening—all night! Fourteen hours, when for a year I haven't slept two hours together! What at this rate, old man, we'll be fit as a fiddle in no time. His face dulled, with the swift depression that hounds

thought. "But no such luck. I'll never know another night like this, never."

He was mistaken. That night of miraculous healing was the first of many nights. The first week he hardly stirred from the wide, clean bunk. The hot sunlight fed his thin blood. The clean air soothed his burned throat and numbed the ache in his lungs. At the end of a fortnight the young driver struggled up with a load of provisions. He viewed Ludlow with a shrill, admiring whoop.

"Say, but you're some come-back! When I brought you up here, I'd said you was a gone goose, sure. But now you're beginning to look human."

Ludlow nodded. Then, pricked by uncomfortable recollection: "Listen, buddy: stay to supper, wont you? You've a long drive back."

"You're whistlin' I will." The boy accepted with alacrity. He helped get supper, talking every minute. He ate like a ravenous young grizzly, but conversed relentlessly through each mouthful. He stayed after supper till the cañon was a misty gulf and the full moon rose, a copper shield. Four mortal hours, he stayed. And every second of those two hundred and forty minutes, he talked—and talked, and talked.

As his last shouted confidence died away down the trail, Ludlow, shaking like a leaf, fell into his bunk.

"Never again!" he remarked to the distressed Tam. "The human touch is a darn sight too expensive." He tried to laugh, but a gulp of humiliation checked him. It was three days before he could totter around the cabin again.

After that his body gained steadily. He began making small ambitious journeys—first, up the cañon to the fire-blackened pine; next day beyond it to the red-haw patch; at length as far as the cleft where the San Pablo Trail began. Always he kept off the beaten track. Long suffering had bred a distrust and terror of his own kind that touched madness.

On this last jaunt he saw, from his high booth, the woman in blue. She sat in her little car not fifty feet below him, and pattered vehement Spanish at an obstinate old Mexican who stood before her.

"All the bread you need for your children you shall have. Also oats for your mules, and a new roof for your shack. But Cipi, you yourself must help earn these things. You love too well to sun yourself, to dream."

"Sounds like an escaped social settler," Ludlow faded behind a ridge. Yet that imperious voice had rung as sweetly as a bell. He wished vaguely that her broad sun-hat had not hidden her face. Then, as vaguely, he forgot her. But a week later, as he climbed the tallest hill near by, he saw a splotch of blue crossing the untried stretch between San Pablo and the cañon. That waste land was a glory of wild mustard. Against that molten gold the blue figure fairly jumped out, a lim blue exclamation-point.

From his safe height Ludlow watched her indifferently. She had taken off her hat. Her bronze head shone a deeper gold. Ludlow frowned. She was a little too near. He scrambled down the farther hillside, then took a roundabout path to reach his own domain. As he turned a cliff, he came face to face with amazement: two lost Mexican babies, tangle-headed, teary mites, plodding scared but sullen down the trail.

At sight of them they froze in their little tracks like baby partridges. Ludlow was almost as horrified as they. A minute he stood, staring; then he turned and fled at a stumbling run. But he rounded the defile, his brain cleared. Great Saint Patrick!

Was he such a panicky fool that he couldn't face two lost children?

Flinching, sweating, he went back, comforted the children, then started for San Pablo, a grimy little paw clasped in each hand.

"I'll leave 'em outside the village. They'll be all right." But as he spoke, the thick brush crackled. Ludlow staggered, turned cold. Only the grip of those small hands prevented flight.



"Isn't it a bit lonely?" He could feel those gray eyes probing. "I don't need people—nor want them," said Ludlow.

"Well, on my word! Where did you find them?" The girl pushed through. With a yelp of delight the children ran to her. She stood caressing them, but her eyes, wide gray eyes under wonderful lashes, held Ludlow like flames. "Well, I surely am obliged! We've hunted them for an hour. But you look done out."

"I'm all right." Ludlow turned to go.

"You're nothing of the sort." The bell-voice commanded. "Sit down. Drink this." She poured a cupful of water from her vacuum flask, and watched him sharply while he drank. "You're the camper at Dwight's?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it a bit lonely?" He could feel those gray eyes probing, judging, reading deep.

"I don't need people—or want them," said Ludlow, and he set off up the trail. His heart pounded; his shaky hands clenched. That grave young authority rasped him to the quick. Why hadn't he let those miserable kids alone? She'd have found them in ten minutes more. A lot of sleep he'd get, after such an encounter as this!

Oddly enough, he slept as well as usual. But for some time he kept away from the San Pablo Trail. One day, however, he found himself, unwittingly, at the cleft turn. And to his dismay, toward him came the battered little car and its blue-garbed driver.

The car was running abominably. Fifty yards away the girl halted, jumped out and began to tinker with the engine. Hardly knowing what he did, Ludlow went to her.

"Engine missing? May I help? I know flutters by heart."

"Thanks—I do need help." The girl looked on gratefully. It was a hot half-hour's work, but Ludlow found an astonishing satisfaction in bringing the stubborn machine to terms. Scowling, intent, he hardly spoke. The girl said very little; but that little told him that she was working at San Pablo as a visiting nurse, teacher and agricultural expert. Without pay—that was evident—and with a matter-of-factness that banished any thought of sentimentality.

"What's she doing it for?" he pondered. "No money in it, no fame. Penance? Hardly. Penitents don't look like morning-glories with dew on 'em, nor boss everybody in sight."

"Good work!" The girl sighted expertly. "Now, while you're being obliging, will you drive down to the crossroads store for me?"

"Wh-why—"

"I'm needing some medicines. One of the women is sick, but I don't like to leave San Pablo to-day. Two of my men, José and Ramón, are at loggerheads, and it's best for me to stick around pretty close."

Ludlow listened, wretched and dumb.

"Now, it's only eight miles to Peck's County Store. Give him this list, and tell him he's to charge it to Miss Coleman. He'll know."

The silvery hillsides wavered and blurred before the man's eyes.

"I'm sorry. I—I can't."

"Can't?" The girl's eyes widened, amazed. Under the tan, her round cheeks turned scarlet. "Oh! I didn't realize you were in a hurry."

"I'm not in a hurry. But I can't drive through traffic."

"Can't drive through traffic? For pity's sake! Why, in this wilderness, you won't meet one solitary car!"

Ludlow writhed.

"I daren't try it, I tell you. Since I—since I got away, I can't see people nor—talk to them. I daren't."

"Since you got away? Oh!" The girl's eyes plumbed him. Then into her beautiful puzzled face there came a flash of understanding, a terrible understanding. To Ludlow's shamed eyes it was not just comprehension: it was a self-revealing, piteous, unbelievable.

A long minute the two stood and peered into each others' faces. In that overwhelming shock of wonder and of pity Ludlow almost forgot his own shame.

"Oh! I see—now. Please don't worry. It's all right, perfectly all right!"

She sprang into the car. Before Ludlow could gasp out his last stuttering apology, she was away.

THAT was a bad night for Ludlow. His own cowardice was rack and thumbscrew. And that dark, agonized revelation in the girl's eyes had struck deep. She was so beautiful, so regally kind, so stainless! How could she know the grim humiliations that bound him? How could she sense his terrors and his shame? But she did know. She knew, in flesh and in spirit, the very pangs and torments that had rent him. She herself had crept shuddering down the black paths that lead to madness. That look of terrible and stricken understanding! Yes, she knew.

In that one glance of hers had lain the key of her mystery. But what mystery? What fears could drive her to this lonely sanctuary? Ludlow beat his brain. To all his tormented questionings, no answer.

Restless, heavy-hearted, Ludlow plodded through the days that followed. One gray afternoon he set out late on a long hike. By five o'clock he had grown ominously tired. High time he turned back, but he plodded sullenly on.

The mists thickened. A chill air drifted down from the peaks. Soon came the rain, a sheeted downpour. Dried teeth chattering, Ludlow came to his senses and started back. It was now dusk, and the steep climb against that beating taxied him to the utmost. Suddenly his strength gave way, dizzy, he dropped down under a clump of trees. The sweet performance! Here he sat exhausted on a wilderness miles from his camp! Served him right. He'd deserved solitude, hadn't he? Well, he was getting it—that was all.

Around the turn came splashing hoofs, the gleam of a horse. A surly old voice, in lurid Spanish, implored that this man of perdition that he was, should lift his feet and proceed, saints, with at least the dispatch of a snail. Ludlow stumbled to meet an ancient Mexican carter, the identical obstinate laborer on whom the woman in blue had laid her orders before.

FOR all his obstinacy, the fellow was quick of wit. The numb drowsy Ludlow presently realized that he had been hoisted into the cart, that they were jolting up the San Pablo Trail. Now, after shivering eternities, Ludlow lay on a seat before a blazing fire. He was wrapped in warm blankets; he had been dosed with scalding coffee.

Slowly he roused to full and mortifying consciousness.

"I surely am the limit. Plunking down on you like this—

"We surely are glad to have you here." The girl in blue by the fire and sewed on a bit of pink calico. Half a dozen brown folk clung round her knee and watched the dolls grow under her magic fingers. In the firelight her beauty was and glowed: her hair was a bronzy wreath, her eyes dark. "Feeling rested? Cipri is fixing you a cot in the granary. no guest-chamber, but it's warm and clean."

Ludlow blundered on:

"I've been wanting to explain that traffic business. I sounded plumb crazy. But you see, I was driving through the stiffest kind of traffic, and trying to make my get-away, when I got mine. That's why I'm so skittish about driving now."

"Trying to make your get-away?" Her eyes flashed a "I see." Her look was all compassion now—compassion and deep understanding, the understanding of a tortured fellow—"I know."

"But you don't know how much I wanted to go to the for you," Ludlow gulped. "Only—I daren't."

"Yes, I do know. For I've been that whole way, myself." She leaned to him and laid one hand an instant on his forehead—a mother's hand, hushing, tender! "Don't talk about it any more. Just rest. That you, José? And Ramón and Anina and Carlotta? Are you ready to make up our accounts? right."

That hour Ludlow lay and watched her as she sat with the humble people, deftly aiding the dull Carlotta to add the day for her eggs and onions; explaining, so patiently, to the worn Anina the cost of new school-shoes for her brood; checking one quiet word, the wrangle that threatened between the lowly men. How they adored her, these forlorn people of hers! The adoration shone in every glance. How wise she was with them, how crystal-clear, how gentle! There was something auguring her gentleness. It was not only maternal. It was deeper, still. And yet—

In the low granary Ludlow tossed, broad awake, staring into the dark. Slowly recollection was coming to him. Somewhere had seen that face before. But where—where?

At daybreak he scrawled a note of thanks on an envelope and set off up the trail. He entered his own cabin; he went straight to the stack of newspapers in the corner.

At the bottom of the pile he found the copy. A flaring headline. Under it, calm, serious, lovely, that face gazed up at him. The scurrious lines blazed on his sight.

Famous Washington Beauty Again the Storm Center. . . . Said to Be Living in the West, in Strict Retirement.

He tore the sheet across and threw it into the fireplace. Midnight found him again wide-eyed, staring. So his gentle princess, and this woman who had dragged a splendid man in the mire, were one!

YET three days more, and he found himself wandering desolately back and forth near the San Pablo cleft. At dusk he held that wretched vigil. If he could only see her! Just

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"The Señorita—dying! José and Ramon—again angered. The Señorita, she would snatch the knife away. But José—did not see her. He—he struck."

one clear glance would banish this horror. Just the ring of that pure bell-voice would scatter the demon crew.

It was past twilight before she came. She drove slowly up the hill, the stubby little car fairly loaded to the gunwales with supplies. At sight of him she stopped with a friendly hail.

Ludlow went straight to her. Her sweet eyes lighted. Even through the dusk her beauty shone on him, pale fires.

"I'm glad I happened to meet you." She stooped and grasped his hand. Her grip was like the grip of a strong and gentle boy, but her eyes were the eyes of motherhood. "I've thought of you—every minute. And let me tell you this: I've been all the way down myself—to the very bottom of the Pit. But—we can climb back, you know. There is a road out. You'll find your road. I—I'm not absolutely sure that I've found mine,"—her voice broke then,—"but I'm trying my best. And if we try, we'll find it. Light will be granted to us. Be sure of that."

Her warm clasp loosened. The little car bumped away.

Hours later Ludlow sat by his waning fire, Tam asleep at his feet. Ludlow was thinking—not easy work, nor pleasant. But inch by inch he fought out his problem.

"My body is coming back—muscles, sight, everything. But for the rest of me—have I found the road out of the Pit? Will I ever find it? For that girl is dead right. There is a road out of all this cowardice and shame and fear. If I could only find that way—"

Finally he stood up. Now, taught by profound and weary passion, his thoughts were prayer.

"I'll never find that road by myself. I'd as well try to climb by my own boot-straps. But if something would happen to make me forget myself—just once! If some smashing big calamity would strike down, something bigger and more terrible than all my fears put together—"

That prayer was answered.

The five days that followed were the hardest days of his long exile. For some inexplicable reason his dread of the sight of other faces was redoubled. All his fears loomed gigantic. He loathed his sinking spirit, but it was as though his very loathing dragged him to farther depths.

Day after day he hid in his cabin. But the sixth day dawned in a gray murk which thickened to hours of rain. By dusk it had cleared in part, leaving the mountain roads like wet glass. To-night he dared stir out. He would run no risk of meeting a living soul.

He set off swiftly, Tam at his heels. The cold, clean air lifted him, braced him like wine. He swung on, a mile, two, three. He reached the San Pablo cleft, passed it, turned back toward his own camp.

"Señor! Oh, señor!"

He whirled about, stopped short. Dim on the trail a misty figure came flying. A red shawl, a thin, wild face—it was old Carlotta.

"Señor, oh, señor!" Her breast heaved; her voice was a wail. "Señor, God has sent you. The Señorita—our Señorita—"

Twice a lurching wrench told that the left wheels had slid over the brink. But Ludlow merely growled and stepped on the gas.

"What!"

"The Señorita—dying!" She clung moaning to his arm, and Ramón—again angered. The Señorita, she would snatch knife away. But José—did not see her. He—he struck.

"José—stabbed her!"

Ludlow dashed away up the sodden fields to her open door.

"Nothing so dreadful." She could only whisper, but there unshaken courage in that whisper. She motioned the scared, half women aside. "Had 'em put on a tourniquet—"

Ludlow glanced at the tourniquet; it was tightly bound her blue lips, the deathly shadow on her cheeks—

"Perhaps I lost too much blood, before—"

"You certainly did. This means a surgeon, pronto. Will telephone, we couldn't get one here till daylight. So—I'll you to one."

"You!" The dimming eyes glinted. "You can't. You can possibly drive the car thirty miles."

"Watch me."

"But you can't drive through traffic. The very nearest house—you'll have to drive three miles through the heart of La

"Watch me."

FROM San Pablo to the Valley road it is eighteen miles mountain grades and curves that by day tax the driver. Rain-drenched, and by night, those steeps are incarnate. Ludlow took them, black, dizzy swing on swing easily as if he drove by broad daylight down a beach slope. Jarring rasps told when the car grazed the mountain wall. A lurching wrench told that the left wheels had slid over the brink. But Ludlow merely growled, and stepped on the gas yet more vim.

At the last turn, far sparks began to glimmer through the houses. That meant the outlying suburbs of Los Angeles. He only he would meet other men, driving cars. All right.

They were whirling along a great boulevard now. Tall buildings rose on either side—houses full of people. Well, he wouldn't molest him. Yesterday the mere thought of being hands' reach of so many people would have sent him into a of fear, but not now.

Lights were coming swiftly toward him—cars, scores of No, he couldn't drive through traffic. He'd driven once, magnificently as a sun god, through the very traffic of hell. But again, never. And yet he was driving through traffic. Alert, steady, he sped on, and on and on.

Now the streets were narrowed, crowded, walled with lighted shops, clanging with trolley-cars. He wove his way deftly, through flaring block after block, mile after mile.

Now a vast illuminated cliff of a building: the hospital. He lifted that limp swaddled thing beside him; he was carrying the steps. He was rapping out orders, authoritative, serene:

"The best nurse you've got. And the topside surgeon—get And be quick. Almighty quick!"

After that the night had slid away into grayness, silence. it was late morning, close on noon, but still folded in mist rain. And trembling very much, he was hurrying into his in his smart, unfamiliar hotel room. He had just telephoned to the hospital. And she was alive—rallying nicely indeed. And she wanted to see at once. She had something important to say to him. . . .

And yet, after all, she had said very little. White as the linen that wrapped her, she had lifted her heavy eyes and perched, with just the ghost of a laugh: "Thought you were the man who could drive through traffic!"

Then her eyes had fallen shut. It not till the second day that she tried to talk again.

"You were plucky! It's been dread hard. I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. It's been the making of me." She put out one blanched hand, touched his own.

"Sure enough. Doesn't shake any more," she remarked estedly. Then for a long time she was very still.

"Just the same, for me to drag you down here, among people—"

"I needed to be dragged. It has done more to clear up my shock—"

"Shell-shock!" her eyes were wide open (Continued on page

FRANCE and the American boy "over there"—what is the reaction upon him of a social code that has never been understood among us here at home? That is the theme of this tremendously vital novel

By

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The LITTLE MOMENT of HAPPINESS

Résumé

WHAT France did to young Captain Ware is perhaps a typical result of the war within the Great War—the conflict between European ways of thought and those of the Americans. On the voyage over, Kendall Ware had made friends, American-fashion, with Maude Knox, a canteen-worker; but when the ship landed, he said good-by to her with no special feeling; they had been pals for the voyage—nothing more. Ware went on to port in Paris for duty, and to his great disappointment was assigned to work in the capital instead of in the field with a combat unit.

In Paris Ware set up housekeeping with a fellow-officer, Bert Stanley. And then he met the girl destined to take such a prominent place in his life—Andrée.

Andrée was studying for the stage, and when Kendall had made the acquaintance of a French actor, Monsieur Robert, she asked Kendall to introduce him to her, in order that he might aid her in her theatrical ambitions. . . . That evening Kendall astonished himself by declaring his love for Andrée: "You love me! You will always love me!"

"Yes," she said. "And you?" "Always—always!" he said.

At this point Kendall's love-affair was interrupted by an order to go to the battle-front. There he got a new and vivid impression of the precariousness of life and of the necessity of catching such little moments of happiness as came to one. He met Maude Knox, working in a canteen, and she too admitted that war and France had changed her standards. Kendall started back to Paris and Andrée—to the brief interlude of happiness which her yielding love now gave him. For only the next day afterward he caught sight of Andrée in a café with Monsieur Robert, the actor; and a quick-kindled jealousy—fanned by a warning letter from his mother which arrived at the psychological moment—stirred in Ware a violent and unreasoning suspicion of

Had he but known it, Robert was even then offering to Andrée a longed-for chance at the Académie if she would be "kind" to him. And Andrée was even then refusing this chance of a career for the sake of what she believed her transitory happiness with the American officer.

Driven by his jealousy, Kendall broke with Andrée—and then learned from the testimony of a friend that she had been faithful to him under severe temptation. Kendall sought everywhere for Andrée then, but failed to find her.

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Illustrated by
R. F. SCHABELITZ

The Story

CHAPTER XVII

KENDALL WARE woke up to a world which was not all straight lines and angles, which was not an uncompromising and rule-of-thumb world as it had seemed yesterday. To-day it was a world in which curves and even curlyques were permissible. Yesterday he was in sympathy with the Blue Laws and could have understood a God who frowned if a man were to kiss his wife of a Sabbath. To-day he could not comprehend the attitude of yesterday—hardly remembered it, in fact. He was young, and rapid changes of attitude were possible to him as the heart was heavy or light, as events were kind or harsh. It would not have been true to say that he was light of heart this morning, but his heart was in a condition to become light, needing only to find Andrée and to receive Andrée's forgiveness to make it so.

As was characteristic, the pendulum of his convictions had swung to the opposite and most remote point of its arc; where yesterday any deviation from orthodox rule and rigid form had been a sin, to-day he was inclined to err on the side of liberality. It seemed, rather, as if nothing could be wholly evil, and this simply because it had been shown to him that Andrée was not evil and that his relations with her need not of necessity be degrading. Yesterday he had been possessed by his inheritances from his mother; to-day his father was in control. Just as the one had been exaggerated, so now the other was in extreme. And therefore he could conceive happiness and stand upon the brink of happiness. To be able to perceive virtue is to be happy. It is a perception which is its own reward.

Last night he had been afraid he would never find Andrée; now he was certain she would be easy to find. It was the matter of forgiveness that caused his uneasiness. He had been brutal, harsh, presenting an unlovely spectacle. It was such a spectacle of a man's self as might prove fatal to love—for who can love the unlovely? And yet, when he thought of Andrée's gentleness, her sweetness, of all the many indications he had seen of

a gracious and tender character, he even dared to hope that he had not offended past condoning.

He arose impatiently, eager for the day to begin, so that it might end and enable him to take up his search.

"Bert!" he called. "Up yet?"

"Getting up," Bert answered drowsily.

"Is Arlette here yet?"

"Haven't heard her."

"What in thunder's getting into her? Doesn't she know a fellow's got to have breakfast in the morning?"

"Huh! She isn't due for quarter of an hour. What's the sudden rush?"

Before he was fully clothed, Arlette rapped on his closed door to demand his shoes, which he passed out to her together with his puttees, and walked into Bert's room, wearing bedroom slippers.

"Some uniform!" said Bert, after eying the spectacle. "Ought to recommend it to the general staff. Swagger, I call it. Now, if you only wore red socks—H'm, how you feeling this morning?"

"Hungry."

"Surprising, seeing you didn't eat anything all day yesterday." Bert studied his friend's face covertly and found reason for satisfaction. With more tact than his character warranted one to expect, he let the subject of yesterday rest and did not again refer to it. He finished shaving in his usual leisurely manner, put on his blouse and belt, and was just in time to receive his shoes and leggings from Arlette.

"Do you mind having dinner a little bit late to-night?" Kendall asked.

"No. Why?"

"I—hope Andrée will be here."

"H'm! Want me to look up Madeleine?"

"Rather you didn't. We'll—well, you can see yourself that we'll have a lot of talking to do. I've got to square myself."

"I'll clear out altogether and let you have the place to yourselves."

"No need. I might not—it's possible I won't find her."

Bert thought that was highly probable, but he did not say so. "Just as you say," he said. "What time?"

"Eight o'clock. If I'm not here by that time, go ahead and eat."

"What about you?"

"I'm going to camp in that café on the corner there until I find her." Ken's jaw became prominent. "I'll stay there till I'm a permanent improvement."

Arlette came in, casting apprehensive glances at Kendall; she was unsmiling and had nothing to say beyond the greetings of the morning. Ken realized that he was in her disfavor.

"Arlette—" he said.

She paused in the door and glancing up to his face quickly, let her eyes shift to the carpet. "Yes, monsieur," she said.

"You're angry with me."

"Non, monsieur."

"Yes, you are. You should be. I've been a fool."

She looked up again, this time scrutinizing his face more carefully. "Monsieur did not conduct himself with wisdom," she said.

"What should I have done, Arlette?" He was really curious to know what she would answer.

"It is never wise to hurt where one is loved," she said. "Also one should be sure that no mistake is made—"

"But it was a mistake, Arlette. If you loved as you told me you did once, and the man you loved behaved as I did, what would you do? Would you forgive him?"

"Me!" said Arlette. "Ah, who can say? It is many years, and love is only a thing to remember sometimes. But I, monsieur, was not as Mademoiselle Andrée is. Oh, no! There was weight to me, and a temper of the highest. Oh, yes, and I spoke many words with great readiness. It is so. What would

you? Mademoiselle Andrée is not at any point the same. She is gentle and sweet, monsieur, and it may be she is forgive. As for me, I think if any man had so behaved to me, he would have taken himself away with words in his ear that I'll never forget, would have leaped through to his clumsy brain—over, with other reminders that I was not to be dealt with after a manner. But as I have said, I was of a weight, and my temper was high."

"But you would have forgiven?"

Arlette wagged her head and wiggled her chin on the back of her neck. "At least," she said, "I should have made him earn my forgiveness. Monsieur Ken, it was not well for you to treat her so; it was not well for her to give; her eyes were of the kind that forgive with too great readiness."

She turned and was about to appear, when she leaned far back to allow her face to present itself in a droll angle in the doorway. "Insanity," she said, "is a disease that makes heavy hearts. In very truth I have seen it. It is much better one is not jealous. One cannot be jealous at the same time be jealous and be jealous. And always there are regrets!"

"Will you have dinner at eight night? A nice dinner? I hope to find Mademoiselle Andrée and her home again."

"Find her? But Monsieur has to go to her address? She has gone away?"

"I do not know her address." Arlette sighed and wagged her head ponderously.

"Then Monsieur must apply to the police. All addresses are known to the police."

"But I don't know her name—only Andrée."

"Name of God! Can such things be? Oh, these Americans who have seen their like? Not know her name, not know her dress! Does he speak truly, monsieur?" Bert nodded.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, and waddled off to the kitchen as if she dared no longer trust her body in the presence of such a madman.

"There," said Bert. "Now you know what a respectable person thinks of you. Apparently she thinks all Americans are in the habit of cutting up such capers. Most likely she believes dresses don't count with us because we live under trees like ages, and never go back to the same tree twice."

"Anybody who doesn't do things exactly as you yourself think them is a savage. We think the French are barbarians; the French think we are barbarians; and the English consider us savages. Come on—it's time we were starting."

When they reached the street, Ken began to walk swiftly if by hurrying now he could make the day pass more quickly. At the office he plunged into his work, taking only the brief period for lunch. At five o'clock he was on his way toward Place St. Michel to take up his sentry-go there. Somehow he was confident he would see Andrée. What she did with her he did not know, but he imagined she went into the city. Certainly she went somewhere, and to return she must traverse a square from the Metro station over at the left. He, therefore, took his station by the rim of the fountain and watched the passer-by. It was tiresome to watch and wait; the people did not interest him as they had always interested him before. Quite a few couples passed unnoticed; children stopped to stare at him as he sat on the flat rim of the basin; vendors of Rintintin and Rintette dangled their worsted dolls before him in vain. Once twice he thought he saw her coming, and stood up eagerly, only to sink down again disappointed. And then he saw her coming, it was she unmistakably; there was no mistaking that tan, flimsy dress, that slender figure and her quaint, abstracted way.

Long before she saw him, he was groping for words—searching for the one thing to say, because he knew that there must be a single thought that should be put into words. There must be some eloquent sentence which would explain all, gain forgiveness for all. But he could not find it. His French was good, but his English would not take form.

She crossed the square with little steps that seemed almost nothing that went on about her. He fancied a shade of sadness was added to the gravity of her face. She did not see him until he stood before her and spoke—and it was no eloquent sentence that he uttered, no wonderful thought that he put into words.

"Mignon—" he said.

She did not start, but merely stopped and raised her eyes to his face slowly. There was no surprise, no emotion of any sort to be seen, only that quaint gravity with which he was so familiar. He stopped and waited, as she always stopped and waited, ready, seemed to take her cue from what was about to happen. She might never have seen him before; but then, he thought, she always met him so—as if she had never seen him before. She did not speak—only waited.

He was inarticulate, abashed, nonplussed. Suddenly it seemed to him that there was nothing to say, nothing that could be said. He had been guilty of conduct which removed him forever from her life; which was unforgivable. There was an impulse to turn and to hurry away from her, but he repressed it. He must do something, say something.

"I'm ashamed," he said. "I've been miserably. I had to find you and tell you. I—what can I say? It was wicked—regrets."

He could go no further, could only search her face with his eyes for some reflection of her thoughts, for some sign that he might hope for pardon. She did not reply; there was no change in her expression—only that unthomable gravity and that of suspended judgment. "Last night I tried to find you. I sat and waited, but you did not come. I couldn't go to sleep until I had begged you to forgive me. I don't deserve to be forgiven. What I did, what was unforgivable. Oh, Andrée—"

There was a little pause; then she said: "You have been sad?"

"Yes." "And I also," she said, not reproachfully.

"I never before have I known what it was to suffer—and I have suffered. It was right that I should. I deserved punishment." Even the Puritan in him obtruded itself. "And you were good, so sweet, so wonderful! I know all about it now—and I was suspicious and brutal. I was jealous, too. But I didn't know I was jealous. When I thought you were not good, it seemed to me that nothing in the world could be good. Do you understand? But there's no excuse for me. I should have known, and I should have trusted you. I didn't even give you a chance to explain—"

"Oh, you speak ver' fast. I cannot understand all. But you have not been happy—no. It is to be seen. At first I do not understand, and I am ver' sad and hurt—oh, ver' sad. When make to cross the *pont*, I look down at the water—yes. And then I say it is some mistake. I say something have happen I do not know of, and it makes you to be not like Monsieur Ken, ver' hurt and miserable and—how you say?—upset? Yes, say, also, that I love Monsieur Ken, and always that I am. So what could it be? If, then, it is nothing, only some

mistake, then I am much sorry—not sorry for me, monsieur, who have done no wrong, but for you, who are mos' unhappy. It is so. My heart, it makes to weep for you because you suffer."

"Andrée!"

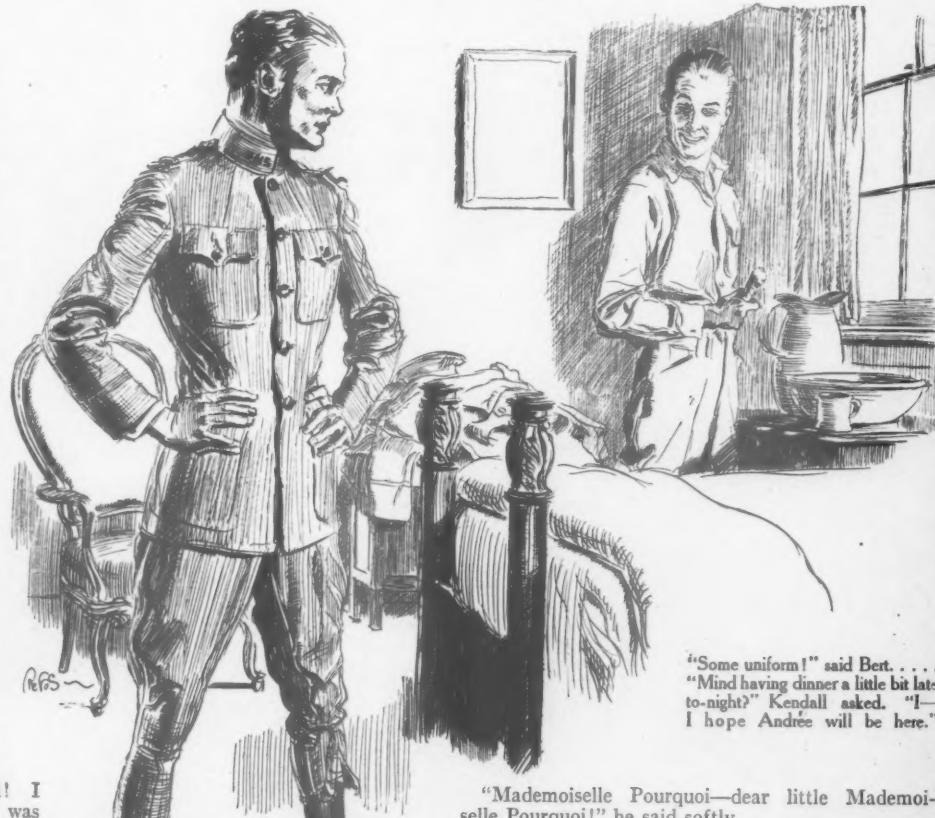
She nodded her head gravely. "I do not understand *les Américains*. Non—non. They are of a difference. But I understand love, which mus' be the same in America as in France, so I say Monsieur Ken, he is ver' jealous and ver' mistaken, and I mus' be patient and not sad more than is nécessaire. So I wait till thees mistake is not a mistake any more. And many times I mus' say to myself that you are jealous, and therefore you love me. Because if there is not love, then there is not to be jealous, n'est-ce pas? So I am almos' happy, but not quite—because you love me."

"And you don't hate me? You can forgive me?"

"Oh, mon bien cher ami, there is nothing to forgive. It is so. It is only that I cried sometimes for you, because you are mos' miserable. I say to theenk how sad you are, and then I cry. I would not have you to be sad."

"It isn't possible," Ken said, more than half to himself. "There's nobody like this in the world."

"Possible? Pourquoi?"



"Some uniform!" said Bert. . . . "Mind having dinner a little bit late to-night?" Kendall asked. "I—I hope Andrée will be here."

"Mademoiselle Pourquoi—dear little Mademoiselle Pourquoi!" he said softly.

"You are not angry with me any more—not jealous?"

"No—no."

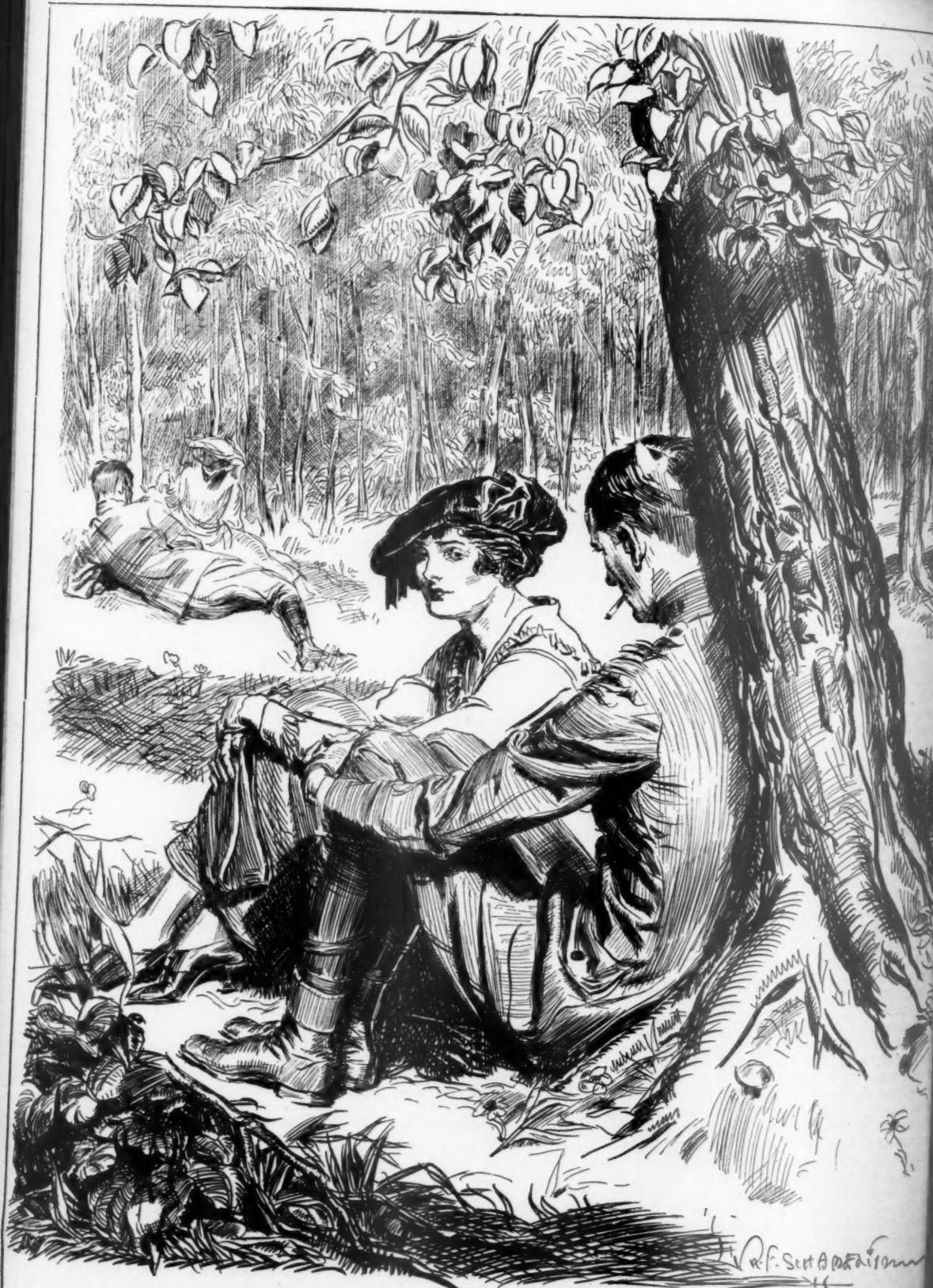
"It is well." She smiled for the first time, and touched his arm with her little hand. "Then I am joyous."

"You ought to be joyous always. You are wonderful. When I think what you were giving up for me,—and that I could suspect you,—I hate myself."

"But you are not sad now? There is not any mistake any more, and we are together. You are not sad?"

"Sad, mignon! Only when I think of what I said to you—things you can never forget—"

"Never forget." She laughed a little. "Behol', already I have forgotten. It is as if nothing ever happen'. I do not remember. Now,"—she made that old familiar gesture of pointing repeatedly to the sidewalk with her finger to indicate the identical present second, "now I remember nothing. I do not know what you talk about. You are ver' droll, Monsieur Ken, to be speak so much about



W. F. Scott A. D. 1900

"That is why," Andree said softly to Ken, "that I have not great fear to love you. W'en it is ended, thees love of ours, there will be ver' sad, but the sadness will make itself to fade. The happiness, it will be always."

something I do not know—about a something that have never open."

Kendall felt something that was almost reverence for her; it was more than wonder, and little less than awe. Never until that moment had he conceived of the possibility that such greatness of heart, such forgetfulness of self, such *rightness* could exist in the world. He felt himself incapable of appreciating, of appraising the gold of her heart. It was very sweet, very radiant, that moment.

"You gave up everything for me—your chance to enter the *école*, to go on the stage—to be famous, perhaps!" "Oh, that!" She smiled up at him. "Nothing in the world is so good to have as love. It is so. It is a ver' great theeng. One little hour, one day of love—that is more great and more necessary to have than the mos' fame that can be."

"You do love me, Andrée? Say it."

"I love you," she said gently.

"I can never let you out of my sight again. You must be with me always—where I can see you and touch you." She smiled up at him, but there was a shade of sadness, perhaps of apprehension, in her deep-shadowed black eyes. "It is impossible," she said.

"Arlette has dinner waiting for us."

"To-night? Now? Oh, it is not possible." She made a pretty gesture of dismay.

"It is necessary—to prove that you have forgiven me. I couldn't go now—now that I've found you again. Come." She looked down at the walk a moment with detached gravity, then put her fingers on his arm. "Ver' well," she said. "You'll take me off like *prisonnier de guerre*, *n'est-ce pas?* You have pitied me, so what am I to do? I am ver' helpless. You must say many sweet theengs to me so that I am not sad."

THEY crossed the street to the Metro station, descending to the train, in which they had to stand until they reached the Châtelet station, where they changed to the line that runs under the rue de Rivoli and the Champs Elysées. It was impossible to talk except in occasional monosyllables, but very now and then Kendall would look down into Andrée's face always to find her looking up at him gravely but happily. Then he would press her arm gently, and she would respond by nestling her fingers between her arm and her body. He was happy, boyishly happy. It was a new sort of happiness for him, a great, surging happiness which made the world lovely, which made even standing in a swaying, crowded subway car a delectable thing.

He yearned toward Andrée as he had never yearned toward her before. He wanted to hold her in his arms, not passionately, but gently. He was filled with a desire to show a great gentleness and consideration for her, to prove to her that he was kind. He wanted to protect her, to shield her, to deal with her as he would with a tired, trusting child—for she seemed very child-like to him, with all the purity and heart-honesty of a child.

"*Mignon!*" he whispered in her ear, and she smiled up at him. At last they alighted and mounted to the street, and there he attempted to keep step with her tiny, severe strides until both of them laughed gayly at his efforts. She was all child now, laughing, roguish, teasing. She rattled French at him, well knowing he could not understand, and laughed at him for not understanding, and he pretended to believe she was telling him that he was gay and cross-eyed and that she was ashamed to walk with him. Then they were at the apartment, and Ken greeted the *concierge* with a cordiality that left the old lady a little amazed and wondering if her American officer had not been dealing too liberally with the wines of the country.

"Oh, I shall not walk up these so-many stairs," Andrée said with her pretty mock-despair. "It is not possible. You have not made an *ascenseur*. It was a promise—*oui*. And until you fetch me, I shall remain here, on this spot." She indicated the spot evenly.

"I'll be the *ascenseur*," he volunteered, and made as if to lift her in his arms, but she slipped away and danced up the stairs before him, making believe, as she approached each floor, to be in the point of dropping from exhaustion, and counting each floor with dismay.

"So much have we climb', and it is only the *premier étage!* *Do ló ló!* For hours we mount, and arrive but at the second—what do you say?—second floor. It is ver' funny. *Sec'nd floor!* *Mais, mon bien cher ami,* it sound' like nothing at all, on'y just sound—*sec'nd floor!* Such a language is thees Engleesh!"

They arrived at the fourth floor honestly panting, and she sank into a chair while Kendall searched under the mat for the key.

"I will go no more," she said firmly. "I am *blessée*. I am one *poilu* with the bad wound. It is not possible to proceed. Behol', I am one *poilu*." She puffed out her cheeks and frowned. "Sacré nom d'un pipe! It is so the *poilu* swears."

He thrust open the door, and picking her slight form up as he might have lifted little Ariette, he carried her inside and set her down before the hall-tree. His hands rested on her shoulders, and they both became grave, looking into each other's eyes. And then he drew her close to him and pressed his lips to hers.

ARLETTE padded into the hall, attracted by the sound, observed, folded her pudgy hands on her stomach and stared with amazement. "Mon Dieul! Mon Dieul!" she exclaimed, and padded away again in confusion.

Then they went into the *salon*, where Bert was reading.

"I've found her," Ken said gayly.

"So I observe." Bert's voice was dry.

"Your voice mus' not be so w'en you speak to Monsieur Ken," Andrée said severely. "Non. I will not have it so. Because he is ver' good, and nobody mus' be—w'at you say?—cross with him—so."

"Well," Bert said, "I'll be gentle with the child, mademoiselle, though it's contrary to my duty." He turned to Ken. "You seem to have put it over," he said.

"Bert, she's wonderful. She's—"

"I've heard just two hundred and seven men say that at one time and another. Seems to be a stock phrase in the language of young gentlemen in your state of mind. Anyhow, I'm glad the rumpus is settled. I can get some sleep now."

"Does he scold you?" Andrée asked.

"It doesn't matter what he does," Ken said laughingly. "Nothing matters. There's Arlette's head through the door; let's eat."

Arlette served silently, but as she moved about the table, she kept her eyes furtively upon Andrée, and her lips moved constantly without uttering a sound. This continued until it was time to remove the meat, and then Arlette could contain herself no longer. She reached the door on her way to the kitchen with the platter; then with startling suddenness she turned, replaced the platter on the edge of the table, folded her hands across her stomach, rolled her eyes to heaven, and launched upon a harangue in such rapid French that it seemed one continuous word.

Andrée listened gravely, nodding her head the merest trifle every moment or so. Then Arlette paused expectantly, and Andrée replied with all the gravity of a cabinet minister facing a crisis. At the end of a sentence she got out of her chair and walked to Ken and put her arm about his neck and her cheek to his, continuing her reply from thence. Arlette rolled her eyes and wagged her head and heaved great sighs. Presently her set face relaxed.

"Mon Dieul!" she said. "Mon Dieul!" And with a tremulous smile, which somehow was not at all absurd on her heavy face, was almost tender,—she retreated with ludicrous suddenness to her kitchen.

"WELL," said Ken, "what now, *mignon*? What's it all about?"

Andrée shook her head gayly. "No—no. It is not for you. I shall not speak it."

"Was it so terrible as that? I'm afraid I have made an enemy of Arlette."

"But no, well dear friend, it is that she have much worry for you. Yes. She have much worry. She theenk you,—oh, it is ver' funny!—she theenk you are leetle child that is lost, and also is mad! She theenk something happen to you if you have no one to take care of you. She tell me I mus' not be angry with you, but ver' nice and kind always, because it is not your fault you are a baby and mad. Oh, yes! She say she love you like she is your *marraine*, but she is powerless to make you to be protected. And she theenk I mus' take you by the hand the same thing as you are blind. So I have promise', and now she will not worry, but gives you to me to care for. She have been mos' unhappy. She say that only God can understand a mad American who is in love!"

"Arlette," said Bert, "is a woman of sound judgment."

"Where is Mademoiselle Madeleine?" Andrée asked with one of those sudden changes of subject characteristic of her.

"I haven't the least idea."

"Why is she not here? I want her to be here. I would speak of many things to her."

"Blame Ken, there. I suggested having Madeleine, but he said he wanted you all by yourself, with nobody else around."

She turned to look at Ken as if to (*Continued on page 110*)

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THE expression "you never can tell about a woman" is justified by this story if never before, and at the same time, when a woman reads it, she will probably say: "Just as I've always thought; you never can tell about a man."

The WOMAN in UPPER NINE

By
ELIZABETH DEJEANS

THEY had been playing bridge. Then the two who had not yawned themselves off to their berths had talked of steel and cotton; for Holman was interested in steel, and Harding was the owner of cotton mills. Now they were talking of women.

Their observations were not unusual, but Holman's answer to a question of Harding's bears upon this story. "What do you notice first about a woman?" Harding had asked; and Holman answered: "Hair."

"But any woman can have good-looking hair," Harding objected. "It depends on how she dresses it. A woman can make almost everything else about herself, but she can't make the shape of her hands."

"I suppose not," Holman replied absently; then with decision: "The kind of hair I mean can't be made, a red-red with lights in it, and a yard and a half long, and waving."

Harding laughed out. "You sound reminiscent."

Holman laughed too, but he said nothing. He could have said: "The hair I'm thinking about belongs to the occupant of Upper Nine in the next Pullman." And he might have related his experience: On his way to the observation-smoker he had seen a woman's head bent from an upper berth, one bare arm stretched to meet a jeweled hand projecting from the berth below—a huge hairpin was being offered from below. Shapely hand had met shapely hand; the jewel—a fire-opal set in diamonds—and the bare arm were mere accessories, for upon the bent head rippled the hair he had described, and from it depended two great braids of the reddest red hair he had ever seen. He had said: "Lord, what hair!"—aloud. The head had been suddenly withdrawn; and he had been confusedly conscious that he was being peered at by the occupant of the lower berth while the curtains of the upper were indignantly drawn. He had not seen the features of either lady.

He might have added, to a friend: "You know that I broke control in the early days and had two mad years in Paris, painting. But before my father died, I promised to take up his interests, and I have kept faithfully to steel ever since. But the love of color is in me still, and once in a lifetime, possibly, one sees



He had said: "Lord, what"—aloud. The head had been withdrawn.

Illustrated by
WILSON
DEXTER

hair like that." But Holman was merely a train acquaintance, and no older than himself, something over forty, and he was the half-a-nine, grim-mouthed, streaked-with-gray sort of women like, and Holman preferred not to have a competitor; there might be opportunities in the morning. So Holman only laughed at himself and his companion, at himself.

And in his turn Harding did not say: "My wife has red hair." He said, reminiscingly: "A woman usually goes with that kind of hair."

And Holman did not answer: "The woman I married in Paris had red hair, neither hair nor reputation turned out to be real." The light answer was: "Temper or temperament?"

"Both." Then, with a changed expression, Harding opened his watch and held it out to Holman. "There's my little girl. She's six, and with hair like corn as blue as wet corn-flowers. I was away four months the last trip, and she cried about it. She kept saying to her mother, 'I guess my Daddy's gone to heaven.' The blessed baby! Holman had removed his pince-nez and was rubbing the glasses, a habit of his when moved, Holman afterward discovered. Then he replaced them and glared at Holman out of kindly eyes—the most vulnerable-looking thing about him was his eyes.

"A beautiful little face!" said Holman. Then, casually: "I've been married, but I haven't any children. I've been single six years."

"Well, all I have now is the baby," Harding returned, "her daddy's not going to heaven this trip. I'm going to have her out here with me." He rose. "Well, I'll turn in. . . . Those sleepers are two in the morning!" he added irritably.

They parted with: "I'll see you to-morrow—at the hotel, if before." Neither had said very much; yet they had told each other a good deal. Harding glanced back at the unimaginatively big-framed man, the last person one would suspect of artistic tendencies—unless one noticed hands; and Holman held after the erect figure, the embodiment of hard-headed irascibility—unless one noticed eyes.

As soon as he was alone, Holman sketched in his notebook a woman's bent head and two lengths of hair framed between curtains. He sketched well, but he returned it to his pocket, muttering, "It's no good without color." Then he went out to the observation-platform and was captured by the night.

It had rained, a deluge. The air was soft with it; the sand soaked and sweet with it, the sky clouded with it. The Pacific was near, the tang of salt in the air. Holman breathed it in and compared the hair of the woman in Upper Nine to various things: it was redder than gold and brighter than copper. Apparently, his practical self suggested that

front-line was treacherous at times. They were clipping along, and it was the season for washouts. He turned to go in, and in what followed, his last conscious thought was a commingling of the puzzled search for a pigment compounded of sunshine and copper, and the shotlike realization of a vast disaster, a jar that drove him upward and outward through space—then a violent and excruciatingly racking attack upon darkness. . . .

Eight hours later Holman raised a wavering left hand to his aching head. It was bandaged. His right arm appeared to be bound to his side in curious fashion, and all down that side there was a burningly painful sensation. Then some one drew his head down, and his groping fingers felt the smoothness of a sheet: he was in bed somewhere. "Where am I?" he asked. His voice sounded strange to himself, and a woman's muffled voice answered: "In Stanton Hospital, Mr. Holman. You've got hurt, but not very seriously; so don't worry—and don't worry; it's not good for you."

"The Pullman—next the observation—anyone killed or hurt?" he demanded with a sudden lift into excitement. There was an appalling list of killed and injured. Apparently this man whom they had found flung out on the wet sand had suffered internal injuries. But sudden excitement like this was dangerous; he was trying to sit up. She pushed him gently back, and on principle, answered: "No, no—that sleeper was all right, Mr. Holman; everybody all right."

He collapsed with a sigh of relief, then asked: "Why are my hands bandaged? I'm not blind, am I?" "No indeed! Your face and head were bruised, that's all."

"Was it a washout?" "Yes, it was. But hold your arm still a moment, please." Holman felt a dab of cold on his arm, then a faint prick. He began to search for his thoughts. "There was a man called—Harding. . . . And he—go to—heaven?" He felt his voice trailing off after his thoughts. Then he felt nothing.

Thirty-six hours passed before Holman's questions were answered, and it was ten days after that before Harding himself answered, a person. "No, I didn't go to heaven," Harding said. "How are you feeling?"

"Well—except for my arm." They were in Holman's rooms at the hotel. There were still some discolored spots on Holman's forehead and neck, and his arm was in a sling.

"I went south to meet the baby and her nurse, or I'd have been in time to see you before," Harding said. "When I got in this morning, they told me you had left the hospital."

"They told me you came to ask me every day during the first week; it was good of you, Harding. . . . Here, try one of mine. They wouldn't let me smoke over there, and I've been celebrating on the train. . . . The nurse here, Miss Bright, told me about your experience. How in heaven's name did you get out of that car alive—let alone without a scratch? She said the rear coaches were piled on top of it—that it was split up into kindling-wood and you were the only one who escaped."

"The unlucky-lucky number, maybe—there were just thirteen of us in the car. . . . So you have met Nurse Bright?" "Yes. She's a splendid sort; I like her. And pretty!"

"The takingest half-Irish voice I've ever heard; we were speechless on the instant. She said you saved the two women in Section Nine from smothering to death and brought them on board with you."

Harding had put his cigar down as if it had suddenly displeased him. He hunched a shoulder in Holman's direction. "Yes, I got them safely here. . . . All I remember is a crash and afterward crawling out from under débris. It was raining, and I suppose that brought me to. I worked them with the others. The rescue-train came along presently, but some of them had stopped running by that time."

Apparently he spoke callously, and Holman was surprised and dismayed. Holman had liked the man, and Harding had come in

with a friendly light in his eyes. Then, suddenly, this change—he looked grimly displeased and uncomfortable. Why? Because he had been told that he had saved the lives of two women?

Then, because jealousy is unreasonable, Holman hit upon a reason. While in the hospital, he had begged the doctor to ask Harding whether the ladies in Section Nine of the last Pullman had escaped, and Harding had told the doctor that they had and that they were staying at his hotel. Harding must have seen much of Upper Nine, and no man could see much of any woman with hair like that and not become interested. Harding knew that Holman was interested, and he was uncomfortable: that was it, of course.

Holman was uncomfortable. "Miss Bright called you a hero—I suppose those two women you rescued worship you."

Harding turned abruptly and took up his cigar. "I only did what anyone would. Miss Garth recovered from the shock pretty quickly. . . . So Miss Bright said I was a hero, eh?"

"Is Miss Garth the one with red hair?"

Harding shot him a keen glance. "Yes. I didn't notice it on the train, and on the way here she was wearing a boudoir-cap, and Mrs. Lamont's head was done up in a towel, just as they had gone to bed, I suppose. I noticed Miss Garth's hair when she got out about a week later, though, and it's a wonder—the hair you were describing in the smoker, I suppose?"

Holman's discomfort effectually prevented his saying what he longed to say—namely: "I'd like to meet Miss Garth, Harding." He had not decided what to say, when a knock on his door saved him an awkward pause. It was a note, and as Holman received it, Harding made his escape. They both said, "I'll see you again," but both knew that they would not seek an interview.

Harding swore under his breath as he went off, but Holman forgot what troubled him, for he was reading:

My dear Mr. Holman:

I am writing to thank those who have been kind to me since our terrible experience. May I thank you for your kind inquiries?



"A beautiful little face!" said Holman. "I've been married, but I haven't any children."

Mr. Harding has told me of your good wishes sent from the hospital.

I sincerely hope that you are well. It was I who saw you lying in the pool of water, and I thought you were dead. Ah, that dreadful night! I thought I had endured the worst in Russia, but this last, it was terrible.

With my good wishes,

GLORIA GARTH.

Holman laid the note down and went to the mirror. It was not vanity; he wondered whether he was presentable. He saw a somewhat roughhewn face and a shock of dark hair, good height.

and a broad chest, a pleasantly practical and intelligent expression. He had remarkably fine hands, but he did not think of that. He examined the unbecoming discolorations on cheek and forehead, but decided to risk it; he went to the telephone and asked for Miss Garth.

"This is Miss Garth," a foreign voice answered.

"This is Frank Holman, Miss Garth. As I can't use my right hand, I'm venturing to thank you over the telephone for your kind note. Are you well—no bad results?"

"Oh, Mr. Holman, I am glad you are able to telephone! But yes, I am well. And your arm? Was it badly broken?"

"No, a clean break. It's all right, thank you—done up in a sling, though."

"Ah, I thought you would never speak again. But let us not talk of it."

"I want to thank you for saving my life, but not over the telephone. Will you continue to be kind and let me see you?"

"But yes—surely. Are we not neighbors?"

"You are charming to say so. If my battered appearance will not displease you too much, will you lunch with me to-day?"

"Oh, but I have sympathy for the battered." She paused. "But to lunch to-day—Ah, yes, I will. Perhaps after the hospital it will be good for you."

Holman assured her that it would be. He was highly pleased. He wondered if she could be foreign. Garth was an English name; yet she spoke with a slight accent. Half Russian? He hoped not; he would prefer to marry an American. Then he reminded himself that hair did not make the woman, and that for six years he had fought shy of making mistakes.

Nurse Bright appeared. Holman was glad to see her; here was a pleasant and a wise woman; bright dark eyes, a taking voice, Irish coloring and a rounded form—a very pretty and a particularly intelligent young woman; her name suited her.

"I'd better touch up those bruises on your face again, don't you think?" she asked.

"Not till after lunch, Miss Bright. Don't make me any uglier than I naturally am."

Her eyes twinkled. "Lunching with a lady, I suppose?"

"A good guess. I'm lunching with Miss Garth. Do you know her? She was one of the women in the wreck."

"Yes, Miss Garth has the wonderful hair." Nurse Bright had perfect control over her features, so she said it quite easily. She had come with a purpose, and even so untoward a circumstance as this would not deter her; on the contrary it made her the more determined. "Have you met Mrs. Lamont?" she asked. "She was in the same section."

People were apt to tell Nurse Bright things; she had a drawing as well as a sympathetic quality; and Holman told her of his experience. "I saw only Mrs. Lamont's hand," he concluded. "She was wearing a huge fire-opal, I remember—defying fate, I should say."

Nurse Bright made no comment. Holman hoped that she would describe Miss Garth, but she said in a businesslike way: "That makes me think—didn't you say you wanted a stenographer?"

"Yes, I do—some one who will come up here, though."

"Well, I know now of some one you can get. It's this Mrs. Lamont. She's been doing stenographer's work in Washington; she hasn't found a position here yet, so she could come at once."

Holman looked his thoughts. "I still have the source of supply," she said practically.

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"Is Miss Garth a stenographer too?" Holman asked. "Oh, no—she took an expensive suite."

"I don't know," Holman said doubtfully. "She and Miss are friends, aren't they?"

Nurse Bright understood perfectly: in spite of his unattractive appearance, he was both impulsive and something of an idealist. But he was experienced; he feared complications.

"No," she said decidedly. "They never see each other, but they happened to be in the same section, that's all. . . . I know, that Mrs. Lamont is hard up. She's a nice woman, and she'd attend strictly to business. She's been working for Uncle Sam, and her husband died in training camp; I guess she owes something to women like that."

"I'll take her, of course," Holman said promptly. "Come at four?"

"I'm sure she can; I'll tell her." Miss Bright departed.

But when the door closed on her, she said to herself: "What shame!" Her air was purposeful and her color high.

WHEN, as agreed, Holman presented himself in the ladies' lounge, and saw Miss Garth, he caught his breath—caught it again when she rose and smiled. He had seen many beautiful women, but none more beautiful than this woman. She was tall; her face was a perfect oval, her features faultless; her skin flawless, and her eyes, a reddish brown under dark brows, were large and wide apart. And topping her other attractions was her hair, a climax of beauty. It was dressed low on her forehead and rose in waves to a coronet of braids. She was superb.

Men are variously affected by beauty; beauty made Holman worshipful, aroused the best there was in him. She looked completely foreign, and unconsciously he reverted to French customs. He bent over her hand and kissed it, and she spoke in French: "Mademoiselle, one searches through many incarnations for perfection—in the hundredth incarnation one finds it."

She answered in French also: "You do me too much honor, monsieur." Her answer was trite, but she had been surprised. Such a greeting from an "American money-maker!" Astonished, then they looked at each other, and both laughed.

"I forgot my nationality, and I was certain of yours," Holman said in frank American. "You are Russian, are you not?" There was regret in the question, though he did not realize it.

"No, no, I am English, only I speak French all my life. Russian, no! I shiver at them, the Bolsheviks!"

Until they entered the dining-room, Holman did not notice the interest they excited; after a survey, every eye focused upon her hair. But her unconsciousness of it was as superb as her figure. As the waiter seated them, Holman saw that Harding had

cupied a table near them. He bowed graciously, and some refinement had been added to his manner. He had been beside him; but Holman noticed his sudden change of glance at Miss Garth, and it fired him with a sudden jealousy. He hated the interest they had excited, he with his arm done up in a sling, and she without a hat. She was the only woman in the room without a hat. Why hadn't she worn one? Was it vanity?

Then he was startled by an exclamation from his companion. She was staring into the mirror beside her. "Mon Dieu!" she said, with a look of vivid distress. "I have forgotten it!" She had been looking at Holman, and the tears actually started in her eyes. "Oh, monsieur, I am so sorry. My hat—I altogether forgot it!"

"It makes no difference," Holman said, ceding. "Covering such hair is an insult to beauty." Her distress instantly increased, and he directed his annoyance against the staring public.

"I was thinking of meeting you—I forgot! Yet if I run now and put it on, I shall appear foolish," she said with undiminished distress. Then suddenly she touched his hand, her look eager. "Mr. Holman, would

possible—would it be too unconventional, too un-American, for us to be served in my apartment? Then I should be at ease," she smiled beautifully; she was certainly twenty-six, but her smile and her dewy eyes made her look girlish.

Holman was captured by her proposal. "It's a delightful idea—particularly if you are uncomfortable," he agreed. "Let us go." He placed a fee on the table and they escaped.

was nearly five o'clock when Holman returned to his own room. He immediately lighted a cigar; then he walked up and down. He felt a glow of shame when he thought of his various tentative attitude. She had been simply and frankly charming, dignity and grace combined. She had been utterly frank

"I moil over steel, and I have longed for the perfect thing. I love beauty. But it's beauty of the soul, the genuine woman, for whom I'm thirsty."

She told him of her long engagement to her English cousin. "But I could not forsake my father. Then the war made it impossible for my affianced to come to me, and this last year he died fighting. It was a girl's love in the beginning; afterward I realized my mistake, but when I knew of his death, I was glad I had been loyal."

They were secluded and seated together on the couch, but his reverence had constrained his growing excitement. "You will let me see you often?" he had begged. "I have my car; may I show you the city and the hills tomorrow? Then we can dine somewhere."

She had hesitated over giving him encouragement; his ardor had embarrassed her; but finally she had consented.

There came a light tap on Holman's door. He called, "Come in," then paused in surprise.

A woman entered, a slender woman simply dressed in black and wearing a black hat which shaded her face. She looked at him out of immense gray eyes. "I came at four—was I right to come back?" she asked uncertainly.

Then Holman noticed that she carried a little portable typewriter. "I beg your pardon!" he said. "I forgot—I'm sorry!"

"Don't trouble. I will arrange the table," she said, for he was trying to help her.

"It's left-handed help, certainly. Are you feeling better?"

"I'm well again, thank you."

Certainly she was businesslike. When he began to dictate, she worked rapidly. She looked at him frequently, in a grave, observant way, but not when his eyes were on her. Holman had instantly classified her as the Burne-Jones type, an arresting rather than a beautiful face, a pure skin, a sensitive yet ripe mouth, and a thoughtful brow. She looked a thoroughbred, Miss Garth's own kind, and he mentioned the woman whose spell was upon him. "Mr. Harding tells me that you were in the same section with Miss Garth."



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"Mrs. Benton Cartwright?" Holman asked quickly.

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"She is an old friend of mine. So we have a mutual friend!"

"That is a strange thing!" she had exclaimed. "Mrs. Cartwright has been a mother to me."

"She is the most generous-hearted woman I know," he had answered.

"She mothered me in Paris, and it was not her fault that I met my wife in her home." He told her of his early mistake and its consequences. "I divorced my wife six years ago,"

he had said, and had waited anxiously for her comment:

"It was right—she was frequently unfaithful."

After that he had talked to her as he had talked to few people.

"Yes," she said, and no more. She seemed to be suddenly and acutely embarrassed. She flushed scarlet; even her hands trembled.

Holman dropped the subject instantly, but he thought of the occurrence several times; and on their ride the next day Miss Garth gave him a sufficient explanation. Holman had waited impatiently for a second sight of Miss Garth and was rewarded by a deepening of his worshipful passion. She talked very little, but when she did, her quaint phrasing thrilled him. It was Holman who talked. He had always liked this city cast up on the picturesque hills and embraced by the ocean. It was smiling or chill at the will of sunshine or fog—a little like his companion, he thought. She was nervous; a chill breeze mingled with the brilliant sunshine; yet she removed her gloves, as if her hands burned. It was then he noticed the fire-opal ring.

"So it was your ring Mrs. Lamont was wearing on the train?" he asked. "It's beautiful, but a baleful-looking thing. Why do you wear it?"

Miss Garth glanced down. "This? It is not mine. That poor Mrs. Lamont, she was in difficulties, and I gave her money. I hold the ring only till she can redeem it. I wore it to show you—then I forgot. I am sorry for Mrs. Lamont—the woman who yields, when her first youth is over, then her lovers forsake her."

"I'm glad the ring is not yours," Holman said. "When I had fever at the hospital, I dreamed about it—the hand from the lower berth kept turning into a snake's head with that jewel set in its forehead. Miss Bright, the nurse, recommended Mrs. Lamont; she said she was a soldier's widow and needed work. Mrs. Lamont did some typewriting for me yesterday; she seemed a nice sort of woman." He wanted to be understood; certainly Mrs. Lamont was not one of his transgressions.

"Ugh! I take it off! A snake's head! Horrible!" She had grown pale.

"I shouldn't have mentioned that ugly dream—forgive me," he begged.

Her answer was abrupt. "Monsieur, there are few things I would not forgive you."

Holman's heart sprang into his eyes. He would have spoken, but they had reached the hotel and she was hurrying in, as if regretting her speech and eager to escape. "Can't I come up with you?" he begged, losing control at last. "Gloria, I want to talk to you."

"Not now," she said in a strained, hurried way.

"And to-night?" he asked.

She looked at him, and he noticed that the pupils of her eyes were dilated. "To dine in a crowd! Ah, no!"

He felt that he was losing her. "But I must see you to-night!"

The elevator received her. Then she turned and smiled. "You will call, yes? After you have dined, monsieur."

Holman went to his room and ambulated it. Was it possible she was jealous of Mrs. Lamont? Then she cared for him. But that strained eagerness to get away from him? Of all the complex handiworks of God, woman was the least understandable! Out of his uncertainty grew resolve: that evening must decide whether there was hope for him. Later, when he entered her room, he was tense with determination.

She received him vivaciously, and in a costume which made him catch his breath, a sheathlike, scintillating black thing, her glorious shoulders and arms bare. She did not rise to receive him. "Monsieur, you appear gravity itself, and I feel gay."

This was a new mood. She looked radiant, color high and eyes brilliant. "Grave? I am ready to launch my craft. Whether I sink or float depends on you, Gloria."

"Yes? Then tell me, *mon ami*—what is it they do when launching a noble craft? Offer a libation, do they not?"

"Break a bottle of champagne, Gloria." He sat beside her; there was no withdrawal, and the color flamed in his face; he took her hands.

She drew them away. "Non, non! First we will—then perhaps we may be happy." Suddenly she grew "Listen—it is a beautiful fancy, and like you: we launch you and I, and we drink a little glass, each of us. You not order here, for my sake, but from your room—it is out doors away. Go and bring it here." Then with a dignified confused tenderness which it was not in him to violate: "hand, Monsieur Frank, please."

He kissed her hand and not her lips. Then he went down at her bidding. He did not reason over her whim; it acceptance. She loved him.

When Holman returned, she bent forward, her eyes a libation. He waited on her, poured for them both; he was with emotion. Then, standing, he lifted his glass. "My voyage, Gloria—we travel together through life?"

Apparently she did not hear him. She drained her thirstily, refilled it without a word or a glance and empty. Then she sank back and looked up at him mistily. "Come," she said thickly. Then she groped for the bottle, poured and drank again, then settled back; her beautiful body relaxed complete abandon.

Holman stood motionless. He had been struck between eyes; yet he saw with extraordinary clearness, there was a light upon everything: Her silences and her nervousness and strained eagerness to reach her room that afternoon; the subsequent hours probably given to indulgence; her gayety and wheedling, the cunning of the habitué craving her drug, adored! Then he became conscious of intolerable pain, of a beautiful faith murdered.

He was still holding the glass; he set it down. Then he moved along to the next stage. He put together on the tray evidences of a debauch. Then, because of the tender thing which had made the whole abominable situation possible, he covering and laid it over her. Her head had sunk on her hand; he put a pillow under it. He could see very well now, the hair beneath the red—she was very completely shorn of her of glory. Then he took the tray and went out.

LATER, Holman did not know just when, there was a knock on his door. It was Harding who entered. "Bright sent me," he announced abruptly.

"Yes," said Holman. Then: "Sit down."

He looked Holman over, then removed his pince-nez and it vigorously. "She was called to Miss Garth—then she please to ask me to come here at once."

The color came into Holman's white face. "Why didn't you tell me the first day?"

"Because I didn't know. I off with a wrong idea."

"What's she been to you?" man demanded.

"Nothing—ever. Now, I

Holman: a secret-service man to me for information, and he me some. There is no Gloria Garth.

This woman is a Russian evolved from God knows what.

the mistress of a court official the Czar was dethroned and the official shot. Then she served

Bolsheviks—she knew a deal about the men they were after. Then she was a Russian with a stolen bank-roll brought her to Japan; then she parted, but evidently she secured

bank-roll. She took in a Mrs. Cartwright and came well chaperoned this country. Then, probably having heard of you from Mrs. Cartwright and her bank-roll having disappeared, she saw a chance of, if not man protection, and took the same

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SINCLAIR LEWIS

It's a name that is going to mean more and more to the readers of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE as the months proceed. You will recall his swiftly moving story "Speed" in the June number. Well, he has another story in the August issue of quite another sort. Its title is—

"THE GIRL IN THE SHRIMP BLOUSE"

you took. She's under surveillance because she's supposed to know a deal about the men who are trying to stir up a Bolshevik movement here. They have nothing to arrest her on, but she be questioned, then deported.

"Now I know how you are feeling, but you don't need to yourself down as a fool, for she is a very clever and a bold woman—fooling men has been her profession. But she always rely on herself, for she drinks; (Continued on page

PINCHING A WILDCAT



HERE he is again, that delightful old knight of the sagebrush—

CAPTAIN BILL TITUS—
one-time Texas Ranger, latterly bank
director and last of all, oil operator in
the great fields of his sovereign State
of Texas, suh!

By J. FRANK DAVIS

"ONLY three aces," Reese Warland grinned. Captain Bill Titus burst into outraged protest: "For the love of Peter, put 'em back in the deck! At's four times I've called three aces in your hand since eleven o'clock. Why don't you get those words on a phonograph-record and save your voice? That's good! Queens-up opened it." You could put 'That's good' on a record too, Reese, for Bill use," Doctor Bannister remarked. "He hasn't said much else right. Poor old Bill! It's a shame he doesn't play a better game. At least, he might have known enough not to call you." If the talkative ones present could be induced to stop discussing the last hand, perhaps we could proceed to play the next," Joe Ansell murmured to no one in particular. "Riffle 'em, Bill. Let's go!"

A clock chimed the hour.
"Last hand," Chief of Police Ewing declared as he prepared to deal. "A two-dollar riddle, I suppose."

"Let's break in a new deck for this final one," proposed Captain Bill. "There might be some cards in it I could use. Great gamin' rattlesnakes! I never saw Reese hold such lucky hands in his life. I wouldn't mind his beating me if it was good play."

Warland, in whose house at Summerton the five cronies had been spending a recriminatory and happy evening, grinned exasperatingly, went to the mantel and came back with a fresh deck of cards. As Ewing substituted them for the others and proceeded to shuffle them with the meticulous care a brand-new deck demands, Bill picked up the little slip of limp paper that had fluttered from their case.

"The number of possible draw poker combinations is two million, five hundred ninety-eight thousand, nine hundred and sixty," he read aloud. "Exactly correct! In the course of a long and ill-spent life, I have held all of 'em, and each one has cost me but a dollar. Say, fellers! If we had left draw poker alone, might have had some money by now toward our old age." This moralizing lost something of its force from the personnel of the gathering—Warland, principal owner and president of the Summerton National Bank; Ansell, the most prosperous real-estate man in town; Bannister and Ewing, physician and ex-cattleman, both extremely "well-fixed;" Captain Bill, capitalist, oil-operator, San Antonio bank director and one of the wealthiest ex-

Rangers in Texas,—also from the fact that the game was a moderate one, considering the players' means, and that, for all he was the principal loser of the evening, the check that Bill would have to write to pay for his amusement would hardly total three figures.

"All right," Ewing replied. "Suppose you start out to get some, if you see anything in your hand that encourages you to."

"I don't," said Bill. "Pass."

"Pass," in turn echoed Bannister and Ansell.

"Not so here," declared Warland. "She's open for the downs—ten brown ones."

Ewing saw the ten dollars. Captain Bill raised it ten without again looking at his cards. "I thought if I sat back under the guns, thataway, I'd get a play," he crowed. "It costs you pikers twenty to draw cards."

"Pikers is right so far as I'm concerned," sighed Doctor Bannister, and Ansell rapped on the table and ditched his hand.

"That puts it up to you, you ol' horned toad," Bill remarked genially to Warland. "I got you beat going in—and probably coming out."

Reese scanned his cards frowningly, and pushed in his ten. Ewing made muttered comment on fools who thought they ought to draw to short pairs just because it was the last pot of the evening, and dropped out. "Two cards!" called Bill.

"Is that so?" mused Warland. "Passed for a play and got it, eh? Well, that gives me pause. If this pair of openers of mine was aces, I wouldn't hesitate. As it is,"—he "spiked" one discarding under the nearer chips in the pot.—"I'm going to press my luck and do what you oil-sharps call a little wildcatting, drawing right in the middle. If I get it, look out!"

He glanced swiftly at the card Ewing threw him, and appraised the chips in front of Titus.

"How much you got there?"

"Eleven dollars and a half," Bill told him, counting.

"Too bad there aint more," Warland stacked eleven brown chips and two blue ones and pushed them into the center. "Tap you!"

Bill surveyed his own hand and looked across into Warland's face, with its poker smile that meant nothing. "You ol' bluffer!"

he cried, and moved in all his remaining capital.

"What you got?"

"Little straight," the other chuckled, spreading the hand before him. "Nine to queen. Drew the

Illustrated by
CLARK FAY

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"So it was your ring Mrs. Lamont was wearing on the train?" he asked. "It's beautiful, but a baleful-looking thing. Why do you wear it?"

Miss Garth glanced down. "This? It is not mine. That poor Mrs. Lamont, she was in difficulties, and I gave her money. I hold the ring only till she can redeem it. I wore it to show you—then I forgot. I am sorry for Mrs. Lamont—the woman who yields, when her first youth is over, then her lovers forsake her."

"I'm glad the ring is not yours," Holman said. "When I had fever at the hospital, I dreamed about it—the hand from the lower berth kept turning into a snake's head with that jewel set in its forehead. Miss Bright, the nurse, recommended Mrs. Lamont; she said she was a soldier's widow and needed work. Mrs. Lamont did some typewriting for me yesterday; she seemed a nice sort of woman." He wanted to be understood; certainly Mrs. Lamont was not one of his transgressions.

"Ugh! I take it off! A snake's head! Horrible!" She had grown pale.

"I shouldn't have mentioned that ugly dream—forgive me," he begged.

Her answer was abrupt. "Monsieur, there are few things I would not forgive you."

Holman's heart sprang into his eyes. He would have spoken, but they had reached the hotel and she was hurrying in, as if regretting her speech and eager to escape. "Can't I come up with you?" he begged, losing control at last. "Gloria, I want to talk to you."

"Not now," she said in a strained, hurried way.

"And to-night?" he asked.

She looked at him, and he noticed that the pupils of her eyes were dilated. "To dine in a crowd! Ah, no!"

He felt that he was losing her. "But I must see you to-night!"

The elevator received her. Then she turned and smiled. "You will call, yes? After you have dined, monsieur."

Holman went to his room and perambulated it. Was it possible she was jealous of Mrs. Lamont? Then she cared for him. But that strained eagerness to get away from him? Of all the complex handiworks of God, woman was the least understandable! Out of his uncertainty grew resolve: that evening must decide whether there was hope for him. Later, when he entered her room, he was tense with determination.

She received him vivaciously, and in a costume which made him catch his breath, a sheathlike, scintillating black thing, her glorious shoulders and arms bare. She did not rise to receive him. "Monsieur, you appear gravity itself, and I feel gay."

This was a new mood. She looked radiant, color high and eyes brilliant. "Grave? I am ready to launch my craft. Whether I sink or float depends on you, Gloria."

"Yes? Then tell me, *mon ami*—what is it they do when launching a noble craft? Offer a libation, do they not?"

"Break a bottle of champagne, Gloria." He sat beside her; there was no withdrawal, and the color flamed in his face; he took her hands.

She drew them away. "Non, non! First we will then perhaps we may be happy." Suddenly she grew "Listen—it is a beautiful fancy, and like you: we launch you and I, and we drink a little glass, each of us. You not order here, for my sake, but from your room—it is only doors away. Go and bring it here." Then with a dignity confused tenderness which it was not in him to violate: "Non, hand, Monsieur Frank, please."

He kissed her hand and not her lips. Then he went directly, as if by her bidding. He did not reason over her whim; it was acceptance. She loved him.

When Holman returned, she bent forward, her eyes half-closed in libation. He waited on her, poured for them both; he was moved with emotion. Then, standing, he lifted his glass. "To our voyage, Gloria—we travel together through life!"

Apparently she did not hear him. She drained her glass thirstily, refilled it without a word or a glance and emptied it. Then she sank back and looked up at him mistily. "Come," she said thickly. Then she groped for the bottle, poured and drank again, then settled back; her beautiful body relaxed in complete abandon.

Holman stood motionless. He had been struck between the eyes; yet he saw with extraordinary clearness, there was a light upon everything: Her silences and her nervousness and strained eagerness to reach her room that afternoon; the subsequent hours probably given to indulgence; her gaiety and wheedling, the cunning of the habitué craving her drug. All done! Then he became conscious of intolerable pain, the pain of a beautiful faith murdered.

He was still holding the glass; he set it down. Then the pain moved along to the next stage. He put together on the tray evidences of a debauch. Then, because of the tender thing which had made the whole abominable situation possible, he took a covering and laid it over her. Her head had sunk on his hand; he put a pillow under it. He could see very well now, the hair beneath the red—she was very completely shorn of her coat of glory. Then he took the tray and went out.

LATER, Holman did not know just when, there was a knock on his door. It was Harding who entered. "It was Bright sent me," he announced abruptly.

"Yes," said Holman. Then: "Sit down."

He looked Holman over, then removed his pince-nez and rubbed his eyes vigorously. "She was called to Miss Garth—then she phoned to ask me to come here at once."

The color came into Holman's face. "Why didn't you tell me the first day?"

"Because I didn't know. I was off with a wrong idea."

"What's she been to you?" Holman demanded.

"Nothing—ever. Now, I'll tell you. Holman: a secret-service man came to me for information, and he paid me some. There is no Gloria Garth."

This woman is a Russian. She evolved from God knows what, the mistress of a court official before the Czar was dethroned and the official shot. Then she served the Bolsheviks—she knew a deal about the men they were after. Then she brought her to Japan; then she parted, but evidently she secured a bank-roll. She took in a Mrs. Cartwright and came well chaperoned, but she was scattered from this country. Then, probably having heard of you from Mrs. Cartwright, and her bank-roll having diminished, she saw a chance of, if not material protection, and took the same two ell-spent life.

Warland, then she began spending her cards, needed to be sold to the men who were trying to stir up a Bolshevik movement here. They have nothing to arrest her on, but she was questioned, then deported.

"Now I know how you are feeling, but you don't need to be a fool, for she is a very clever and a beautiful woman—fooling men has been her profession. But she can always rely on herself, for she drinks; (Continued on page

SINCLAIR LEWIS

It's a name that is going to mean more and more to the readers of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE as the months proceed. You will recall his swiftly moving story "Speed" in the June number. Well, he has another story in the August issue of quite another sort. Its title is—

"THE GIRL IN THE SHRIMP BLOUSE"

you took. She's under surveillance because she's supposed to know a deal about the men who are trying to stir up a Bolshevik movement here. They have nothing to arrest her on, but she was questioned, then deported.

"Now I know how you are feeling, but you don't need to be a fool, for she is a very clever and a beautiful woman—fooling men has been her profession. But she can always rely on herself, for she drinks; (Continued on page

8005 PINCHING A WILDCAT



HERE he is again, that delightful old knight of the sagebrush—

CAPTAIN BILL TITUS—one-time Texas Ranger, latterly bank director and last of all, oil operator in the great fields of his sovereign State of Texas, suh!

By J. FRANK DAVIS

ONLY three aces," Reese Warland grinned. Captain Bill Titus burst into outraged protest: "For the love of Peter, put 'em back in the deck! That's four times I've called three aces in your hand since eleven o'clock. Why don't you get those words on a phonograph-record and save your voice? That's good! Queens-up opened it."

"You could put 'That's good' on a record too, Reese, for Bill use," Doctor Bannister remarked. "He hasn't said much else—night. Poor old Bill! It's a shame he doesn't play a better game. At least, he might have known enough not to call you."

"If the talkative ones present could be induced to stop discussing the last hand, perhaps we could proceed to play the next one," Joe Ansell murmured to no one in particular. "Riffle 'em, Bill. Let's go!"

A clock chimed the hour.

"Last hand," Chief of Police Ewing declared as he prepared to deal. "A two-dollar riddle, I suppose."

"Let's break in a new deck for this final one," proposed Captain Bill. "There might be some cards in it I could use. Great rattle-snakes! I never saw Reese hold such lucky hands in his life. I wouldn't mind his beating me if it was good play."

Warland, in whose house at Summerton the five cronies had been spending a recriminatory and happy evening, grinned exasperatingly, went to the mantel and came back with a fresh deck of cards. As Ewing substituted them for the others and proceeded to shuffle them with the meticulous care a brand-new deck demands, Bill picked up the little slip of limp paper that had fluttered from their case.

"The number of possible draw poker combinations is two million, five hundred ninety-eight thousand, nine hundred and sixty," he read aloud. "Exactly correct! In the course of a long and self-spent life, I have held all of 'em, and each one has cost me about a dollar. Say, fellers! If we had left draw poker alone, we might have had some money by now toward our old age."

This moralizing lost something of its force from the personnel of the gathering—Warland, principal owner and president of the Summerton National Bank; Ansell, the most prosperous real-

Rangers in Texas,—also from the fact that the game was a moderate one, considering the players' means, and that, for all he was the principal loser of the evening, the check that Bill would have to write to pay for his amusement would hardly total three figures.

"All right," Ewing replied. "Suppose you start out to get some, if you see anything in your hand that encourages you to."

"I don't," said Bill. "Pass."

"Pass," in turn echoed Bannister and Ansell.

"Not so here," declared Warland. "She's open for the down—ten brown ones."

Ewing saw the ten dollars. Captain Bill raised it ten without again looking at his cards. "I thought if I sat back under the guns, thataway, I'd get a play," he crowed. "It costs you pikers twenty to draw cards."

"Pikers is right so far as I'm concerned," sighed Doctor Bannister, and Ansell rapped on the table and ditched his hand.

"That puts it up to you, you ol' horned toad," Bill remarked genially to Warland. "I got you beat going in—and probably coming out."

Reese scanned his cards frowningly, and pushed in his ten. Ewing made muttered comment on fools who thought they ought to draw to short pairs just because it was the last pot of the evening, and dropped out. "Two cards!" called Bill.

"Is that so?" mused Warland. "Passed for a play and got it, eh? Well, that gives me pause. If this pair of openers of mine was aces, I wouldn't hesitate. As it is,"—he "spiked" one discard under the nearer chips in the pot,—"I'm going to press my luck and do what you oil-sharps call a little wildcatting, drawing right in the middle. If I get it, look out!"

He glanced swiftly at the card Ewing threw him, and appraised the chips in front of Titus.

"How much you got there?"

"Eleven dollars and a half," Bill told him, counting.

"Too bad there aint more." Warland stacked eleven brown chips and two blue ones and pushed them into the center. "Tap you!"

Bill surveyed his own hand and looked across into Warland's face, with its poker smile that meant nothing. "You ol' bluffer!" he cried, and moved in all his remaining capital.

"What you got?"

"Little straight," the other chuckled, spreading the hand before him. "Nine to queen. Drew the

Illustrated by

CLARK FAY

ten, like I said I was going to." He turned over the "spiked" card—a jack. "Pair of Johns opened it."

"Can you beat that for fool luck?" demanded Bill of all creation. He displayed his own hand disgustedly. "There are your pet three aces."

"Rotten poker, to try for an interior straight," Doctor Bannister commented judicially. "A good player wouldn't have done it. Reese would, and Bill might, wildcatting around oil the way he does."

"The way he doesn't," Captain Titus contradicted. "I never went into a wildcat oil-proposition in my life. All right for those that like that sort of gamble, but not for me. And what's more, I aint going to."

The bitter gibings that had helped make the game interesting came to an end with it, and the friends sat back and relighted cigarettes as they settled with the banker. "Did you say you were going to San 'Ntonio in the mawnin'?" Warland asked Bill, quite as though they had not been calling each other names most of the time since eight o'clock.

"Yes, but I'm not stopping there, only till night. I've got to make a trip up to Spiller."

"How are those wells of yours at Spiller coming on?" Ansell asked.

"Pretty good. One is producing about four hundred barrels. Another is going along down at about fifteen hundred feet, and we're spudding in a third."

"Are they north or south of the town?"

"Oh, south. You haven't been up there since they struck oil, have you? There isn't anything north of the town. Old Jake Spiller's Discovery Well is right on the northern edge of the pool. I'm about three miles south, in the Mule Creek section."

"I met ol' Jake Spiller once, up thataway," Warland remarked reminiscently. "He was so poor in those days that he didn't have a toothpick to pick his teeth with, nor any teeth to pick."

"You ought to see him now," laughed Bill. "Two gold plates! When he laughs, you expect to hear one of these guides like they have there at Philadelphia say: 'And this, gentlemen, is the entrance to the United States Mint.' Also he's got a three-thousand-dollar automobile, and a darky chauffeur to run it. That Discovery Well on his place is paying him royalties on more than two thousand barrels a day, and it is only one of eleven wells on what is left of his farm, not one of them running less than three hundred. He has bought him a house in San 'Ntonio that cost him thirty thousand dollars and ten thousand for the furniture, and most of the time he just sits around all dressed up and wishes he could think of some place to go. Of course, he doesn't have anything to do with the oil-company except to draw his royalties."

"If he had, from what I remember of him, there wouldn't be much of any royalties," Warland remarked dryly. "When are you going to get back?"

"To San 'Ntonio? In a few days. I don't reckon I'll be down here again, though, for maybe a month. I've got a lot of business of one kind and another coming along."

"Let us know before you come, so we'll all be sure to have a night off," Doctor Bannister said as the visitors moved toward the door. "These little family reunions don't come often enough. I get homesick for them."

CAPTAIN TITUS descended from a train at the newest Texas oil-town of Spiller, dropped his suit-case on the platform in front of a station that was hardly more than a shed, and looked about him with interest. The town had doubled in size in the month since he had last been there. He thought there were at least three times as many derricks in sight as formerly, and on the railway siding a line of flat-cars piled high with lumber was being unloaded under the direction of hurried, driving bosses.

"Hello, Cap'n!" a smiling youth hailed him. "The fivver's all ready. I had a heck of a time getting gas; one place is all out of it, and the other would 'a' been if a little shipment hadn't sort of accidentally come in last evenin'. A man that can get any express in this man's town when he expects it, to say nothing of freight, is a lucky feller. How's she look to you? 'Growin' some, aint she?'"

Titus nodded to his enthusiasm appreciatively. "Busy town, all right," he agreed. "Any new stuff come in yesterday or to-day?"

"Sister Mary No. 3 come in last evenin' big, at thirty-one hundred feet. Better than two thousand barrels, they say; I aint been out there. Sister Mary shares over to the Exchange were at seventy-three a little while ago—par ten dollars!"

Bill tossed his suit-case into the tonneau of the car. "I reckon

I'll look into the Exchange," he said. "We've got time. Come by in ten or fifteen minutes."

He tramped across the railroad tracks and along the walked street. The place was milling with people, most excited—big oil-men, little oil-men, producers, promoters, foremen, drillers, tool-dressers, stock-salesmen, law-tractors and all the other types that seem to fall over the skies when petroleum gushes in a new field. Nearly one of them was hurrying, or looked as though he was just to hurry.

A QUEUE of men a hundred feet long stretched in front of the post-office door. There was another before every short-order restaurant in the place. Men were waiting in turns at the telegraph-office, at every place where there was a long-distance telephone. Even at the Oil Exchange it was a strong man's job to push through the crowd and get within seeing distance of the interior.

A man came running and seized another at Bill's elbow. "I been looking for you!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "I'll lease—at eight hundred an acre."

"What lease are you talking about?"

"Stephens Farm. The one you made me a price on ago."

"Two hours!" the other scoffed. "Do you think this town lets leases lay around two hours while somebody makes his mind? I sold that lease an hour ago—for nine hundred."

"Who's got it?"

"Search me, and that's honest. I sold it to that Feller Sanders, but I heard, a few minutes ago, that he sold it to somebody else for a thousand."

"Listen, Mister!" Bill heard a thin, sharp-faced man away cry into the ear of an uninterested-looking person with very skin and hair that cried ostentatiously for a barber. You let me have an option at that price till I can get it with my people by wire, and—"

"Option!" The tone was infinitely scornful. "That mine is good this minute. Maybe it's good ten minutes from now and maybe it aint. Don't talk options to me. Talk money or certified check. Options—in Spiller!"

"I can't do it," a worried individual with spectacles was an insistent promoter. "I'd do it for you in a minute if I do it for anybody, but I run my business first come, first and—"

"It's worth something extra. Three hundred extra—five just got to have that abstract."

"First come, first served," the abstractor repeated, repudiated but untempted. "That's the way I run my business. I would put anybody ahead of you for a thousand."

Bill could see through the door into the crowded room. His eye twinkled at the insinuating sentiment of a sign on the wall:

Don't be afraid there won't be anybody to buy you out when the price goes up again. After everybody in Texas has bought there are 47 other states.

DAB DOWN!

"As long as I aint figuring on dabbing down," he remarked to his auto-driver, who had succeeded in edging through the crowd to his side, "and as I've got something else to do to-day before I try to get into a place where I haven't got any business, any I guess we'll get out of this and start for Mule Creek. You me a room at the hotel, I hope."

"Surest thing you know!" It was an accomplishment of which to boast, and the young man's voice did not attempt to cover that fact. "Of course it cost a little extra."

"Of course." Their car moved cautiously through the crowd. "This town is shore some active."

"She shore is. 'Stand in line and wait your turn' is the motto of this community. I never seen an oil-town in Texas go quicker—and I've seen most of 'em."

SMOKING restfully on the gallery of the rambling two-story hotel, after supper that evening, Bill watched the bigger-than-ever crowds as they surged between the long rows of unpainted stores and shacks that bounded Spiller's main street. A man, hurrying like everybody else, spied Titus and came toward him, cordial hand outstretched.

He was a bright-faced, well-set-up person of forty, with clean honest eyes and a winning smile. He wore tailor-made clothes.



"A perfectly sure wildcat," Bill remarked, "is a hole in the ground owned by a liar." "Do you mean to say that Mr. Sampson is a liar?" "No," Captain Bill answered. "He's just an optimist, Miz Meadows."

room is with only a wide-brimmed hat and puttees to differentiate him from any prosperous city man.

"Hello, Tommy Sampson," Titus greeted him. "Last time I saw you was up in Oklahoma. I didn't know you was working out there."

"I'm working in your own town," Sampson told him. "Got an office in San Antonio, in the Ballinger Building. Meant to get round and call on you, but I couldn't seem to get time. I'm up mostly, anyway. Got a couple of boys down there to attend to business, and I run down to close up the bigger prospects, Cap'n, I got the best thing here I ever had in my life."

"You always had," Titus laughed. "Tommy, you're the honest man in all the States of this American Union, and I wouldn't buy a share of stock of you unless—well, unless you personally needed the money. And then I wouldn't care much about having the certificate. You've got optimism so bad that it breaks out all over your judgment."

"I have had bad luck with some of my things," Sampson admitted, taking Bill's badinage in good spirit, "but I certainly believed they were going to come out well, and it did look as if they would. Take that proposition I had at—"

"I know. Did I say I criticized your good intentions? You just nuchly aint conservative. They tell me you are one of the greatest hypnotizers as a stock-salesman that ever talked outrageous profits to farmers and long-headed business men alike, and with about equal success with each kind—and I swear, Tommy, I think you hypnotize yourself. What are you selling

"Doyle-Sampson Oil and Development Company. A hundred acres, and only capitalized for a hundred thousand. What do you think of that? Is there anything else that can touch that proposition within less than five miles of the Spiller Discovery?"

"I hadn't heard of the company. Where is the property? Beyond my stuff, down Mule Creek way?"

"Just short of five miles from here—the Doyle Farm, on the old Indian Trail road. It is—"

"Indian Trail road. Why, that's to the north."

"Sure. I tell you, Cap'n, the country to the north of here is going to produce the real wells of this field. It has been overlooked. One or two geologists got it into their heads there wasn't anything there, and everybody has headed in the other direction. But we've got a geologist's report that says the really big stuff is coming in from the north. I'm so sure of it that I've got options on half a dozen farms, to put over after we make good on this Doyle-Sampson proposition. Paid good money for them, too."

"One geologist against all the rest?" Titus scoffed. "Who is he?"

"Kendellman."

"Where did he ever make a reputation? You can't go against the opinions of such men as Bruce, Dearborn, McCarthy and the rest of those big fellows who have been here. And they say it's all to the south. Look here! The syncline of this field—" Language highly technical followed, language of a character to be understood only by geologists or those who have frequent dealings with them. The conclusion of it was that drilling a deep well five miles north of the Spiller Discovery was a sheer waste of reckless speculators' money.

"Are those big fellows always right? Don't they ever make mistakes?" the promoter protested. "How about what they all said in the Turtle Back field? Did any one of them guess what was under the ground there? And it turned out one of the biggest deep fields in America!"

"Yes," Titus agreed. "And there might be oil under my ranch-

house down at Summerton, or under the St. Francis Hotel, where I live when I'm in San 'Ntonio; but drilling a fifty-thousand-dollar hole to find out would be the craziest kind of wildcatting. No, Tommy, I wont get enthusiastic with you. But maybe enough folks will to let you put down the hole. Good luck to you!"

He did not feel so tolerant of Sampson's powers of persuasion a few days later, when the widow of one of his old cowboy friends called at his San Antonio office, took the chair he cordially placed for her, and asked his advice regarding the Doyle-Sampson Oil and Development Company in a manner that warned him she did not intend to take it unless it agreed with her own wishes.

Mrs. Meadows was a tired-looking woman of middle age, with made-over clothes and roughened hands, and in her voice a note of protest at the world and all its cruel works. Captain Bill had given her sound advice as to the disposition of her husband's life-insurance, three or four years before, and urged her to come to him whenever she had a problem. Her present errand was to ask him to act for her in the purchase of fifteen hundred shares of Doyle-Sampson stock, at its par value of two dollars a share.

"But, Miz Meadows," he protested, "that's half of all you've got, isn't it? I'm taking it for granted you haven't been able to save up much since you got Pete's insurance, and that was six thousand."

"Just half," she replied. "I've been able to get along without touching the principal. But I'm tired of having my money in a savings bank that only pays four and a half per cent, with folks all around me getting rich."

"A savings account doesn't pay terrible big interest," Bill murmured, "but it is pretty comforting to know that the principal is there."

"Mr. Sampson says rich folks make their first hundred dollars by putting money in a savings bank, but they make their first million by taking money out."

"Yes, Mr. Sampson would say that. I've heard of that Doyle-Sampson property. I don't know how much you know about oil, Miz Meadows, but that well they are starting up there is only a wildcat."

"Mr. Sampson said folks would tell me that," she defended, "and he said it was, in a sense, a wildcat, but that it was a perfectly sure wildcat."

"A perfectly sure wildcat," Bill remarked dryly, "is a hole in the ground owned by a liar."

"Do you mean to say Mr. Sampson is a liar?" asked Mrs. Meadows.

He wouldn't be unfair. "No," Captain Bill answered slowly, "no, I don't. I know Tommy Sampson pretty well. I've known him quite some time. I like him. And I'm sure he isn't a liar—at least, he don't ever mean to be a liar. He's just an optimist, Miz Meadows. He cain't see anything bad in anything he's selling."

"Well, I can't see anything bad in this, either." She burst out in exasperated protest: "Oh, Cap'n, you don't know how hard it is to get along the way I am! Keeping house for a grouchy old widower that comes home at night, eats what is set before him, goes off downtown again and comes home by and by and goes to bed. Nobody to talk to, nobody to visit with. Just work, work, work, to get enough to keep Lily going at school."

"How is Lily?" he inquired. Lily was Mrs. Meadows' granddaughter, a child whose parents had died before Pete Meadows did.

"She's well. But she's getting to that age where she wants what the other girls have. And I can't get 'em for her. If you say it is a chance, Cap'n Titus, maybe it is, although I can't really think so after what Mr. Sampson told me; but if it is a chance, I'm going to take it. The interest of that three thousand dollars aint going to be of much use to me or Lily, either. I'm going to put it where it will really grow. I don't want Lily to ever have to work like I have. Others have made money out of oil; you have—an awful lot of money, according to what folks say."

"Not in wildcats," Bill assured her. "Now, see here, Miz Meadows. If you've just natchully got to take a flier in oil, and wild hawses wont stop you, why not get a little piece of stock in

some company that's working in proven territory, with capitalization and good management? I know some companies like that."

"How much would I make out of my three thousand?"

"Eight per cent—ten, maybe more—with some companies, to lose."

"Could I sell my stock for more than I paid for it—two or

times as much?"

"Hardly."

"Then it wouldn't be as good as this Doyle-Sampson, just as soon as the very first gusher comes in there, I mean my stock for at least three or four times three thousand dollars."

"Suppose there don't any gusher come in? Suppose there any kind of a well come in?"

"Oh, but Mr. Sampson is positive it will. He says in practical certainty. And you yourself say he is perfectly right."

Bill sighed and capitulated:

"All right. Bring me your three thousand dollars and let me deliver me the stock certificate, and I'll see that everything is in proper form for you. You can keep the certificate in safe-deposit-box, if you like."

"And will you sort of watch how the work is going on and look out for my interests, and tell me when to sell, and all that? You get up there to Spiller pretty often anyway, don't you? Know you will do anything you can to help me; Pete always had such confidence in you. Only the day before he died he said: 'If you ever need advice or help, honey, go to Nueces Titus.' One of the very last things he said."

Captain Titus repressed the natural retort and agreed.

Meadows wanted to give him necessary legal authorization, but all he could do was to conserve her interests. When she had gone, he sat long time in thought.

He had advised her, and she declined to take his advice. She lost her money,—and the debts were hundreds to one that she had every cent of it,—she had only self to blame. And yet—

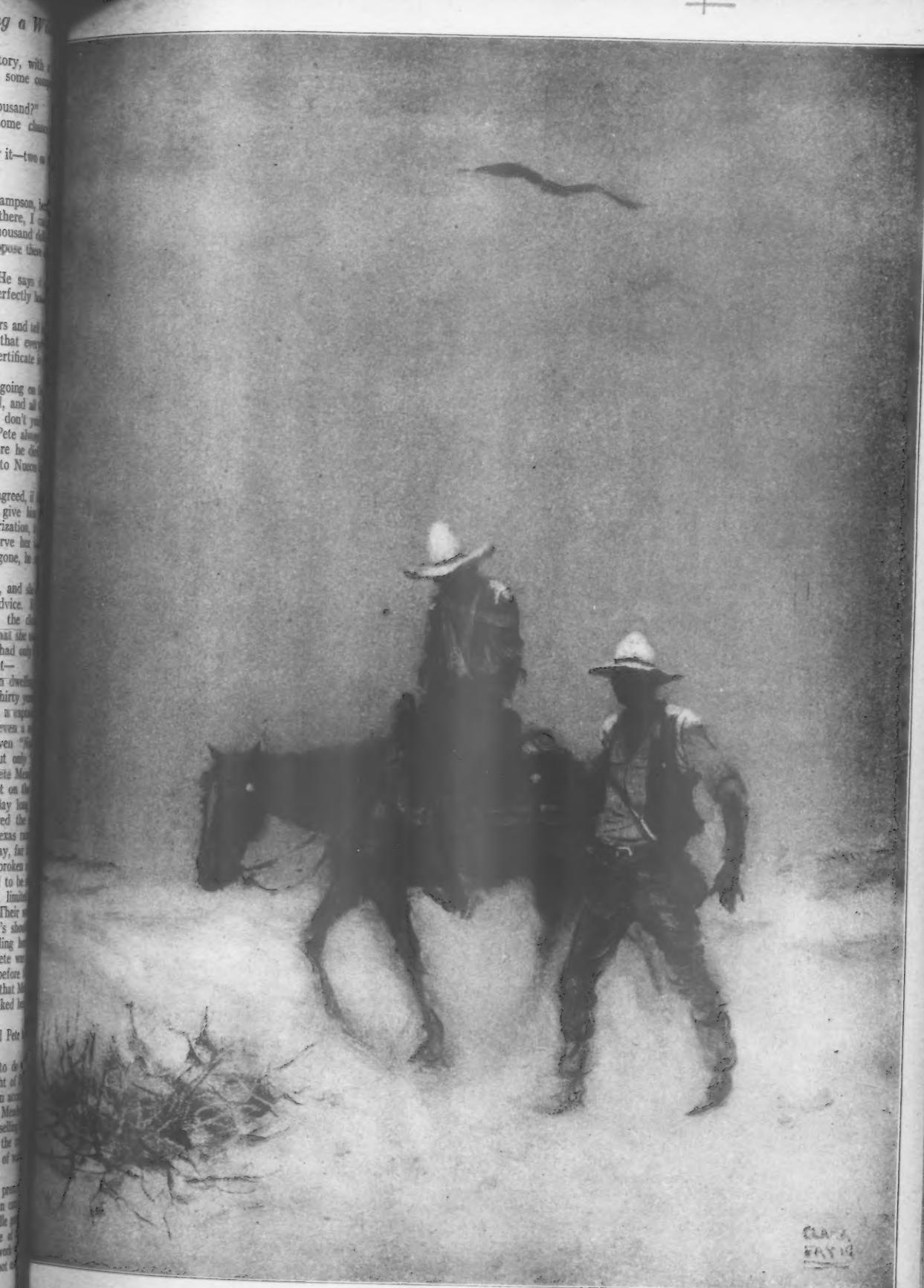
His mind persisted in dwelling on an incident more than thirty years ago. In the past, before he was a captain of the Texas Rangers or even a member, before he was even "Bill" to his friends, but only "Nueces kid." He and Pete Meadows had punched cattle, then, out on the Bar V Triangle, in a day long before ever a fence marred the consciousness of the west Texas country, and they got lost, one day, far from home. Bill's horse had broken a leg in a gopher-hole and had to be left, and they had wandered, limping and they had wandered, in search of landmarks. Their trail ran short, and they couldn't find a spring. And Bill's shoulder, where he had landed when he hurtled over the falling log, head, swelled and made him feverish. He thought Pete was drowning the water fairly; he didn't know, until just before they finally came in sight of a camp-fire beside a water-hole, that Meadows had given it all to him and uncomplainingly walked to him, suffering thirst, for hours.

A foolish woman—but Pete Meadows' widow. And Pete told her to have confidence in Nueces Bill.

Titus assured himself that what he was deciding to do was really very little, considering how much he had thought about it and what a great number of dollars he had succeeded in amassing. His determination was simple—to invest Mrs. Meadows' money as she wished, but to find a way to talk her into selling stock to some mythical purchaser at par, just before the oil came. Three thousand dollars for a few extra swallows of oil, he thought whimsically—and cheap enough at the price.

If the Doyle-Sampson well had gone down with promptness, this program undoubtedly would have been carried out. But there came to Bill's ears, in a moment of idle conversation between items of business around the directors' table of Traders' National Bank, one forenoon, a rumor that would not be slowing up on the Doyle-Sampson property to a degree not explainable.

"It doesn't seem like they're having (Continued on page



CLAY
FEB 12

They had wandered in search of landmarks. Their water ran short. Bill's shoulder, where he had landed when he hurtled over the falling horse's head, swelled and made him feverish.

HERE are some writers you know upon whom you can depend always to tell a good story and it's simply because they never tell a story at all unless it is good. Among them is

KENNETT HARRIS

whose stories somehow you don't seem able to forget, and who wrote this one and aptly called it



Illustrated by

MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

YUM-YUM-GRANUM

JERRY picked up a glittering spoon of the latest, most chaste and elegant design (gift of Aunt Sophonisa) from the snowy surface of the damask tablecloth (with love and best wishes for your happiness from Grandma Fairchild), sniffed appreciatively at the steaming cereal in the tulip-pattern dish (contributed by Cousin Ella) and emitted a long-drawn "Ah-h-h-h!" Marietta beamed at him, as she set the dish down. "It's a new kind," she informed him. "See if you like it, love-kins."

Jerry paused, with his spoon halfway to his generously constructed mouth. "Why wouldn't I like it?" he demanded. "Didn't you cook it?"

"Silly!" said Marietta. "What has that got to do with it? Taste it—quick! I'm dying to know what you think of it."

Jerry made such haste to taste that he blistered his tongue, but he concealed his hurt with Spartan fortitude. "Swell!" he ejaculated. "Great! Best ever! What is the delectable dainty, sweetest and fairest?"

"It's Yum-Yum-Granum. I'm ever so glad you like it; it's so good for you."

Notwithstanding this depreciation, Jerry finished his dish and called for more of it before he attacked his eggs and bacon and buttered toast. This, by the way, was in the happy pre-Hoover days when young couples in moderate circumstances could indulge in bacon, eggs and butter. The Jerry Blosses were in quite moderate circumstances.

Breakfast over, Jerry compared the time of the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece (presented by the boys in the office) with that of his own watch, took his part in the usual farewell ceremonies and betook himself car-ward. When, with a final wave of his hand, he turned the corner of the street, Marietta removed her straining eyes to her immediate surroundings and allowed them to rest on the piano. That piano was the one inharmonious note—or collection of notes—in the little apartment. The chairs were new, the tables were new, the bookcases, the books, the pictures, the rugs, the curtains, all glittered or glowed without dent, scratch or stain to impair their fresh, spick-and-span newness. Only the piano showed signs of wear, tear and previous experience. Not that it was what you would call a shabby piano, or that it didn't glisten, but close inspection would have shown certain dents and scratches on its outward surface, and Marietta knew it, if you didn't.

Another thing—all of the other goods and chattels were in the sole and absolute ownership of the Bloss family, while the piano belonged to a "house" and the "house" collected four dollars per month from Jerry and Marietta. Not so much, considering; but four dollars paid out each calendar month amounts to exactly

forty-eight dollars in the course of a year. Marietta had laid that out to a fraction, and Jerry, who was a shark at figures, confirmed her computation. You can get—oh, bushels of it with forty-eight dollars.

"You miserable old thing!" said Marietta, wrinkling her brow and crinkling her dear little nose at the piano. "You miserable old thing, I'll get rid of you before very long."

When Jerry got home that evening, Marietta had a nice dinner all ready and hot-and-hot for him just as soon as he washed his hands. Lamb chops, with paper frills that Marietta cut out her own self, French-fried potatoes, green peas and a deelicious gravy. I'd tell all and sundry within the bounds of the universe that Jerry was the lucky lad! To have a little boy of your own, with cheeks all flushed from cooking to match the red checks in her clever gingham bib-apron (from Laura), to have her bring in a lay-out like that and then chuck the apron and opposite you in a maize-colored silk waist and amber beads and pour your coffee from the shiny electric percolator (felicities of Sam'l Adams) and smile at you—eh, what! Well, it beats what use and custom will do! Some people couldn't eat a meal under such circumstances, and Jerry ate like a hungry man between times.

To top off with, there was a pudding—dark-colored, with a sauce and a tiny dab of whipped cream. Marietta watched her husband anxiously as he tried it, and all the stars and diamonds you could shake a stick at weren't a circumstance to her when Jerry rolled his up in an ecstasy of approval.

"Some pudding!" said Jerry emphatically. "Do you know what it is? Guess." "It's one on me. I'll bite."

"Yum-Yum-Granum."

"You mean that chopped feed, de luxe, that you put through this morning?"

"You said that you liked it, Jerry!" Marietta's ripe cheeks drooped, and there was more than disappointment in her tone.

"Did I?" said Jerry cheerfully. "Is that all I said? Like I was poor and weak words, darling. I thought it was just a bit of all right. What surprises me is that it is just as good as the pudding form—possibly better; but when you get beyond a certain point of scrumptiousness, it's hard to make company get me?"

"Then you do like it?"

"I like the sample," replied Jerry, indicating his empty plate. "Now, if it isn't troubling you too much, lodestar of my life, take a real helping."

Marietta giggled with delight. "Think you can stand him often?" she asked.

"I'll count that day lost whose slow descending sun doesn't fill me filled up with it," he answered. "But what makes you keen about it—apart, of course, from its being the grandest round-grain grub ever?"

"Suppose—" Marietta began, and then pressed the tips of her fingers against her cautious lips. "It's a secret," she explained. "You don't mind, do you, Jerry dear? I know that we aren't going to have any secrets from each other, but this is just a tiny surprise secret. Please don't mind!"

"I'll try not to," said Jerry.

After they had sociably washed the dinner-dishes and Jerry, in a romanesco and brown velveteen smoking-jacket, had lighted his pipe and settled himself in the big mission chair as comfortably as its architecture would permit, Marietta played to him. Marietta had quite a remarkable touch, everybody said, and Jerry agreed, although with no ambiguous meaning—at that time. In the middle of Schubert's "Serenade," Marietta broke off abruptly and wheeled around on her stool.

"Wouldn't it be lovely, Jerry darling, if we could get a new piano—all our own?"

"Cheer up," said Jerry. "I'm only waiting until the virtuosos are on which is the very best instrument—and my next raise, say 'Solomon Levi,' and I'll sing it."

A LITTLE more than a week later Jerry said: "This cold snap makes a fellow think of buckwheat cakes for breakfast. How about cutting out the cereal to-morrow morning and having a stack or two off the griddle, voice of my heart?"

"But you like the cereal, don't you?" Marietta was so agitated that she nearly dropped a plate she was wiping.

"I'm strong for it," Jerry reassured her. Only the frost in the air somehow suggests weakness. Come to think of it, we've never had that aluminum cake-griddle, have we?" Marietta said, doubtfully, that she had never made cakes, but she supposed she could learn; and Jerry told her that her cooking came by direct, heavenly inspiration more than learning, and that he would back her barbecue an ox blindfold. "Cakes would be mere child's play to you," he added.

"Well, bless him, he shall have his cakes," said Marietta, like the angel that she was; and Jerry had them, and you never saw any prettier cakes in your life than those she bought in—rich, even brown, shaded into pale gold at the rims and light as feathers!

"What did I tell you?" cried Jerry triumphantly. "Didn't I know it? Now watch me in my well-known specialty: I'm going to eat 'em up."

Marietta watched. She always did when he experimented on him. Under her head, eye he devoured the first three with almost savage avidity, and then his energies seemed to flag.

"Aren't they nice? There isn't anything wrong with them, is there?" Thus Marietta.

"They're simply wonderful," said Jerry. "They certainly fill the bill. My name isn't Bill, but they—well, cakes are more filling than one would suppose, aren't they?"

"What do you think I made them of?"

"Ambrosia and thistle-tuft."

"Yum-Yum-Granum."

"You don't tell me! Well, what do you know about it! You couldn't hardly distinguish them from a superior grade of buckwheat. And yet—and yet—there seemed something strangely familiar about the flavor."

"You're not tired of the flavor, Jerry darling?"

"Great heavens, no! Do you think I'm that fickle and inconstant? You wrong me deeply, gyurrl! No, you can't give me too much of it, my own."

"I will say that you are the dearest thing about the food give you," Marietta declared happily. Then she went to the kitchen and brought him in a nice steaming bowl of Y.-Y.-G., prepared in the usual way. Jerry protested, because he didn't want her to overwork herself fixing up a whole lot of things.

"We don't need the mush when we have cakes, you know,

dear one," he said, "—or when we have fruit or—or—well, prunes. In fact, we hardly need mush when we have anything else. It makes you too much trouble, as I say."

"I love to do it," said Marietta.

THREE days later Jerry said how about a little oatmeal—or something—for a change. Not that he didn't enjoy the Yum-Yum-Granum as much as ever, but going without it for a few days might—well, you know how it is. Variety is the spice of life.

"You are getting tired of it," Marietta accused, and Jerry noticed the same tone of something more than disappointment. "You hardly ate a bit of the pudding," she added.

"I ate so much of the steak," Jerry pleaded in excuse. "I'm going to eat the rest of that pudding before I go to bed, though—just as soon as there seems to be a vacancy for it. I've got Mr. Pud's address: second shelf, right-hand corner of the cooler, and I'm looking forward to the visit. Why, no, treasure of joy, I'm not in the least tired of it. I mentioned oatmeal because I knew you were fond of it, clammy comestible as it is, and I didn't want to be selfish in my passion for the other truck. You see how it is, don't you?"

"I believe you are just saying that to please me," said Marietta. "But it's so good for you, Jerry darling. One package of it contains more hypo—hypo-something than I don't know how much beefsteak, and ever so many eggs, and there's a content of something else that gives you energy and does something perfectly lovely to your red blood corpuscles besides."

"Where do you

get that stuff?" Jerry inquired, and Marietta told him she got it at the grocer's, of course. Jerry said he meant—well, never mind. But he had been wondering what made him so energetic lately. The boss had spoken about it at the office, but at the time he, Jerry, had imagined the comment to be sarcastic. Probably not, though. Well, how about a picture-show this evening, little saccharin-tablet?

"If it wasn't so awfully wholesome, and you didn't like it, I wouldn't think of wanting you to eat it," said Marietta.

"I'll be ready in just a minute or two, Jerry dear."

A month sped by on jeweled wings; and Marietta, in that time, discovered that Yum-Yum-Granum made splendidly delicious muffins, amalgamated with sage, thyme and onions into an unusual dressing for roast chicken,

thickened gravies with a peculiar zest, breaded cutlets to admiration, could be eaten in its raw state with berries and cream, or even with bananas, and—

Well, Jerry got his feet wet and caught enough cold to make him sneeze several times and cough twice. Marietta made him



put his feet in mustard and water, gave him a couple of asafetida pills and applied a hot poultice to his chest; and in the morning, owing to these prompt and energetic measures, the cold was gone.

"And what do you think I made the poultice of?" asked Marietta triumphantly.

"It's the one best bet," replied Jerry, "—easy! You made it of Yum-Yum-Granum."

"Heart's delight," he said a few thoughtful moments after Marietta had acknowledged the correctness of his surmise, "heart's delight, I want to ask a boon. Turn about is universally admitted to be fair play, and if you don't mind, now that the drugstore is open, I'd like you to put the rest of the Yum stuff aside for pulmonary emergencies and give me flaxseed mush for breakfast."

It was a distinct shock to Marietta, and she showed it.

"Then you are tired of it," she said at last in a cold, constrained voice not at all like Marietta's voice.

"My dear," said Jerry in a dogged, unsmiling manner that wasn't Jerry's manner at all, "my dear, I'm dead sick of it. The sight of it fills me with disgust; the smell of it inspires me with loathing; and the taste of it makes my stomach turn upside down. That's the nude, brutal truth of it."

"Then I think you are perfectly horrid!" declared Marietta indignantly. "If you hated it so, why did you pretend you were fond of it and let me—me g-g-go on. . . . And I had a *P* in the very first package, and I've got an *I* and an *O*! All I need is an *A* and an *N*, and I'll get a b-b-beautiful piano. I was g-g-going to surp-p-prise you. Oh!"

THERE it was. In each package of Yum-Yum-Granum was a card with a letter on it, also a premium list of various articles, useful or ornamental. You bought your Granum for a period of weeks, months or years, carefully saving the lettered cards, and when you had a *C*, an *H*, an *A*, an *I* and an *R*, you sent them in to the Y.-Y.-G. company, and they sent you a chair, free, gratis, for nothing and freight paid—similarly with a bob-sled or a brooch—or a piano.

"I think you are as mean and cruel and deceitful as you can be!" said Marietta.

Jerry said: "I think—"

But what Jerry thought and what Marietta thought about what he thought would be too painful to rehearse. Enough that when the discussion was ended, their home was home no more. Happiness had departed forever; the future held for them nothing but cold, blank, stark misery. Jerry could never again be the same to Marietta, and Marietta could nevermore be to Jerry what she had ever been. It was all over. When Jerry went to the office, he said "Good-by, Marietta," just as he might have said it to anybody at all, and Marietta said, in a languid sort of way, "Oh, good-by." And she didn't go to the window—not close to it. She didn't touch the curtain, either, so she couldn't be absolutely certain that Jerry didn't so much as look around before he turned the corner. As a matter of fact, Jerry did not look back.

When Marietta had finished bathing her eyes, she took the breakfast dishes into the kitchen. A half-empty package of Yum-Yum was standing on a shelf near the stove. She took it up and went out on the back porch and flung it down the garbage-chute.

"There!" she said.

Back to the kitchen she hurried, opened a cupboard door, mounted a stool and took down a tin that was pushed back in a corner of the top shelf. This she took out to the chute, but checked herself in the act of hurling it and carried it back to the kitchen and emptied its contents on the table. Square pieces of pasteboard, lettered *B*, *Z*, *J*, *M*, *W*, *T*—and a *P* and an *O*.

She turned them over listlessly. Memories of the happy past arose and thronged her mind as she fingered them. Realization of the bitter, bitter present came with a rush and took possession. Her lip quivered, and with a movement of utter abandon, she dropped her poor little fluffy head in the lettered litter and—all that bathing of the eyes had to be done over again.

And when Jerry came home, nobody in particular watched his approach from the window, waved and then darted to the door to let him in. He let himself in with his latchkey. A young woman whose general configuration resembled Marietta's killed his shame-faced grin with one stony look; whereupon his greeting was casual and cool.

"H'lo, Marietta!"

"H'lo!" returned Marietta, as impersonally as Central.

The dinner consisted of dust and ashes served on sackcloth, with Dead Sea fruit for dessert, and gall and hyssop to wash it down. The silence in which it was conducted was first broken by Jerry.

"Still mad?"

"Not at all," replied Marietta, icily and with a cold detachment of the penultimate.

"You know—about that Yum—"

"I don't wish to discuss that, please."

"It was just that in connection with asafetida—All then; but don't wither me, Marietta. Smile once for the gen— Marietta wouldn't. Quite the reverse!

"There's an interesting want-advertisement in the evening but I wouldn't dare to tell you what it's about," said Jerry a bright young advertising man, it interested me."

"Indeed?"

Nothing could have been more uninterested than Marietta's response.

AT the same time she arose from the table and began to remove the dishes. Jerry would have helped her, but she declined his assistance. She seemed quite sincere about it.

"Sorry!" said Jerry grimly. "Please excuse me."

He filled and lighted his pipe and sat down with the paper.

"I know you've hated helping me with the dishes all the time," said Marietta. "I haven't the least doubt that they've inspired me with loathing."

Jerry didn't know what to say, and so he kept his eyes on the paper and said nothing. Marietta went into the kitchen for a moment or two she returned for the tablecloth.

"And you needn't tell me that I haven't filled you with loathing because I know perfectly well that I have."

There was something like ten feet of intervening space, but he apparently covered it with a single bound. Marietta turned quickly, but he caught her. And that was all, except—

The peculiar thing was that the reconciliation was effected apparently without a word. A little later, though, Jerry hastened to the cause of the trouble, and Marietta promptly pressed the rosy palm of her hand against his mouth. "No," she said firmly, "I don't want to hear one word about it. I don't want you to mention the name of the horrid stuff. Do you stand that, Jerome Adler Bloss?"

"Not if it was something rather important that I wanted to tell you about?" asked Jerry seriously.

"Not in any connection whatever."

"Not if I told you that—"

"Please, Jerry!" She turned in his embrace so that she could press her hand upon her bosom. "There's a little—a tiny little place here. It will soon get well, but—but we'll talk about it when else."

Just a little sore spot—a little ache! A tiny thing, but it is a tiny thing when it flies into one's eye, or when it thunders. An atom of pit in a mouthful of cherry pie—just a little bite, but you know it's there and don't bite freely, any more than you can walk freely with one small spot in your path forbidden to tread. They ought not to spoil things the way they do, these reservations. But you know how it is.

That evening, for instance, Marietta admitted a headache, but was instantly sympathetic, but he said the wrong thing.

"I wonder if a little nice Yum-Yum gruel wouldn't be about the ticket, darling?"

MARIETTA'S languor disappeared. They do say that emotion of anger has that effect: that you get increased blood-pressure and a release of epinephrin or something which acts as a nerve stimulant and bucks a person up considerably. If your eyes are a clear, tawny sort of hazel, it causes them to flash, and when you abruptly leave a room, slamming the door behind you, your movement and the movement of the door lessens the potency of epinephrin as an antidote to muscular fatigue.

Jerry whistled softly. "I've got to quit that," he murmured. His expression was now serious, for he was thinking of those hazel eyes of his wife's. In the very beginning, as he had averred, they had done the business for him. A demure girl, one of them in his direction one ever-memorable evening, and he in his own words, fallen all of a limp heap, his hash finally, finally, irrevocably settled. "Them lambent lamps of yours have been haunting my dreams ever since I last saw you, Miss Marietta," he had told her, later on, and it was no less than the living truth he had told. Then he had seen them—the lamps—sparkling with mischief, shining with excitement, dancing with mirth. An ever-memorable night, and he had seen a new light come into the eyes of Marietta's—tender, grave, steadfast: a fine radiance from dark places in a man's path of life! But, until that breakfast, business had made trouble, Marietta's eyes had never flashed on him, not in anger. Twice now!

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In the middle of Schubert's "Serenade," Marietta broke off abruptly. "Wouldn't it be lovely, Jerry darling, if we could get a new piano—all our own?" "Cheer up," said Jerry. "Play 'Solomon Levi,' and I'll sing it."

But this headache: Jerry got up and went briskly into the kitchen, where he lighted the gas-stove and set on the tea-kettle. Rummaging in the cupboard, he found a lemon and deftly shaved off a couple of slices. Tea—where was the tea? Where the deuce was that tea? Where, in the name of— Oh, here it was, jammed back into a corner of a shelf where nobody would ever have thought of looking for it!

The young man opened the tin, but it contained no tea—just a lot of square initialed pasteboards, *B's* and *C's*, *W's* and *T's*—and a *P* and an *O* and an *I*.

"Good Lord!" Jerry ejaculated. "And each one of those represents a package! I think, just between you and me, that I did have a kick coming."

He closed the tin and pushed it back into the corner of the shelf. "Poor kid!" he soliloquized, shaking his head and trying not to grin. "Poor little girl! Jerry, you're a brute, and you deserved that look. Poor kid!"

The tea was where anybody with a lick of sense would naturally have looked for it in the first place. Jerry made a nice scalding weak brew and took it on a daintily arranged tray to the sufferer in the room behind the slammed door, and Marietta sat up and, smiling wanly, said, "Jerry dear, I'll take it, because I've been naughty to my boy," and when she found that it was tea, her gratitude was really touching. She never so much as ouched when the tea burned her tongue. Altogether, a pleasant time was had, and all unpleasantness seemed to be forgotten.

But there was no side-stepping the oatmeal at breakfast the next morning. Marietta's color was high when she brought it in, and her manner was constrained. Jerry tried to look unconscious, but he ate furtively, like the guilty cur that he felt himself to be; and even at the moment of leave-taking, remembrance was with them both, and in a way, between them. Still, Marietta did not have to conceal herself behind the window-curtain to watch her husband's departure, and Jerry's wave of the hand as he turned the corner instantly brought the old tender smile to Marietta's lips.

Still smiling, she picked up the paper Jerry had dropped by the morris chair the evening before. What was it he had said? "An interesting want-advertisement, but I wouldn't dare tell you what it's about?" What could it be?

Marietta sat down in the morris chair, crossed her neat ankles, knitted her delicate brows and scanned those want advertisements most pains-takingly from male help to

WANTED: Yum-Yum-Granum coupon letters *A* and *N*. Will pay \$10. cash for each, either or both. Address ANXIOUS 42876.

"Just as I thought!" said Marietta quite viciously. "They're miserable frauds, and they keep back those two letters. I don't believe anybody ever gets anything. I suppose Jerry just snickered when he read that."

There is no particular reason why the fact should be concealed. At the noon hour Jerry walked into the business office of that newspaper, and producing a ticket from his waistcoat pocket, tossed it over to a clerk and asked if there was anything for ANXIOUS.

"Are you ANXIOUS?" asked the clerk, as he slowly shuffled through a great handful of letters.

"Deeply so," answered Jerry. "This suspense is killing me."

"You'll have to bear up a while longer," said the clerk, when he had concluded his search. "Nothing doing. Not a one. Might be some come in this afternoon, though."

Marietta was in hilarious spirits the whole evening—Jerry likewise. They both subsided on the way home—just like old married folks.

"I'll be in punctually on the dot late in the afternoon," assured him. "Keep what might come for me in your safe and bear in mind that I am going to be a steady patron of this institution if all goes as I expect and antic Bear that in mind, if you don't mind."

"We aim to please," said the clerk. "In the name of institution I thank you, and I will now ask you to step off the gangway and give this other patron a show for his while she was just

Jerry passed on. Late in the afternoon he returned. Still there was no answer; but that same evening the advertisement appeared and thenceforward became a regular feature of the columns. Marietta noticed it right along.

But she never mentioned it to Jerry, and Jerry never referred to it. He never spoke of anything in the breakfast-food line when Marietta, after ringing the changes on oatmeal, corn, wheat and hominy, noticed that the cereal course was invariably eaten in a dead, uncomfortable silence, she discontinued the course altogether.

There was another thing that was discontinued. No longer the melting notes of Schubert's "Serenade" proceeded from the rented piano at Marietta's remarkable touch; no more did Joe render, *con spirito*, his famous, time-tried and reliable "Sol Levi." Piano and voice were mute as Tara's justly celebrated

One evening, shortly after the reconciliation, Jerry had asked for a little music, and Marietta had said: "Let's don't, Jerry. Let's go out somewhere." You see, she had that very much been thinking of the persistent advertisement and speculating on the possibility of the advertiser getting her piano. The spot was throbbing. Jerry, whose perceptions were rather finely divined that the breakfast-food taboo had extended to the piano, and with outward cheerfulness he acquiesced.

"Bully idea! We'll descend on the Sam Hendersons in a sack of shorts. I'll see if Sam's in. It takes you to thin things, small woman!"

Marietta sighed as Jerry went to the telephone and called Hendersons' number. There had been a time when Jerry would have hated to go to the Hendersons or any place away from his happy home, unless it was just he and she together by their own two selves on a little lark. Now he seemed positively rejoiced. Clearly, he was beginning to feel the need of someone other than hers. And Milly Henderson! Well!

"That you, Sam? Jerry. . . . You people got a thing in your ice-box? . . . Well, you'll have plenty of time to make the corner delicatessen before we arrive. . . . Such is our intention. . . . In two minutes or less. So long!"

He hung up the receiver and showed Marietta his smiling face. "It's all right," he said gayly. "I'll be on your priceless silver sables, and we'll go."

Well, they went, and Marietta was in perfectly hilarious spirits the whole evening—Jerry likewise. The odd thing was the way they both subsided on the home—just like old married folks. No spat, no understand, but—well, it was quite late, and they were both pretty tired.

About a week after that, Jerry went into the newspaper office, and his friend the clerk tossed a letter to him. "Don't never say that our want-ads don't bring results," said the clerk.

Jerry tore the envelope open and his mouth widened in a gratified grin. "I'm just exactly inclined to believe you," he said.

"Get what you wanted?" asked the clerk, who at that time had become quite interested.

"Half of it," Jerry replied. "I've got *N*, but the other half will come in time. Everything comes to the intelligent and persevering advertiser."

"You've said something," declared the clerk, who was costing you money, though. Better ask for a year's rate on the other half."

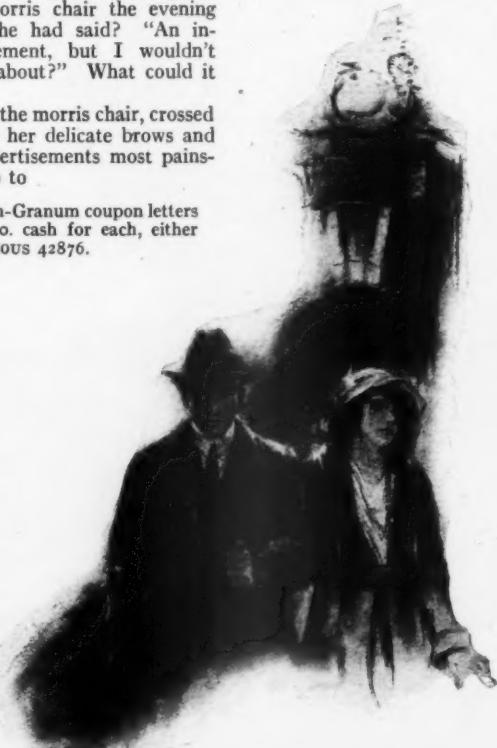
Jerry said he would think it over. On his way home he made a detour to pay ten dollars to a frowzy woman in a basement apartment on a shy street, never thereafter the Yum-Yum-Granum coupon-letter man.

"Ut's *A*, the other letter ye wanted?" inquired the frowzy.

"Yes. Have you got it?" Jerry asked eagerly.

"I have not. But if 'twas anyny other letter, I've lasshing lavings av them I'd sell to ye fr' half the price—an' wekin."

Jerry laughed and shook his head. (Continued on page



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ton could have made this story so captivating.

LITTLE old Dan'l Cupid is very modern and uses
scilli instead of an arrow in this story—but he gets
ere just the same. No one but Walter Prichard

The LITTLE GOD in the SQUARE

By WALTER
PRICHARD EATON

Illustrated by
WILL GREFÉ

It was a warm evening in late June, and Washington Square was swarming with men, women and children, all coatless and barefooted. They sat on the benches; they walked the walks; they hung about the fountain. Amid the crowds Philip and his friends moved disconsolate. He was of average height and temperament when one is average, and now he was disconsolate. He had arrived in New York a full two years ago, after finishing a college course in small-town journalism, determined to edit *The Times*, and he had done the very least. And here he was, on a June night, only the ship-news reader of *The Evening Transcript*. He had been through the usual cubbing—

"on call" in the office, errand-boy and general fag and butt of the old-timers at police headquarters, hotel-news gatherer, and the like. He knew the ennui and sense of humiliating futility which comes to all young newspaper men of ambition and imagination while they are working through the petty routine. Now he was ship-news reporter, which was little better, though the docks were interesting in themselves, and one did accumulate a little detailed information. But it was hack drudgery, none the less. He felt as if he were getting nowhere. His twenty-five years sat upon him like the weight of ages. Keats had died immortal before his age, he reflected. New York suddenly seemed vast, cruel, and all its millions whirling around in a kind of Gargantuan squirmage. He grew homesick. He thought of his mother's house behind the lilac hedge, and the quiet of the evening, broken only by the clear calls of children at play on the village street, or the laughter of a neighbor. At home he knew everybody. Where would he be going to-night? Let's see: there was Lucy Pratt's house; there'd be a jolly crowd there, on the veranda, and Lucy



Philip took the sketch-book and turned the leaves. "Cheer up!" he said. "We can get a lot of those into the Saturday supplement. That will help."

Just then he passed a bench where a young Italian couple sat, their arms about each other, oblivious to the throng. His homesickness increased. A few steps along the walk, and he encountered another couple, walking this time, with their hands clasped and swaying, while they laughed happily in each other's face. He began to note that the ancient drama was going on all about him, and with each new revelation his own loneliness increased, and a dull ache grew in his bosom.

Presently he came in front of a bench where a girl sat alone. Two other people had just risen and moved on. The girl evidently had been sketching, but it had now grown too dark, for the last twilight was fading over the western housetops, and the cross was gleaming on the Judson Tower. Her sketch-book lay on her lap, and she was looking straight ahead. He thought her face was sad, and that she looked thin and tired. He deliberately sat down on the bench beside her.

"Excuse me," said he, "but I've got to talk to somebody. At



He took a single startled and pitying glance around the apartment, and then he turned to the cot-bed. On it lay the girl, unconscious, flushed with fever.

I'd be going down to the post office for the evening mail, then wandering around to Lucy Pratt's or somewhere." The girl cast him a quick, startled, defensive glance.

"The evening train is always late, and you wouldn't get to Lucy's as soon as this," she said. Philip laughed joyfully. "It was always late, for a fact," said he. "But Lucy expected that, and waited. Do you know, I've laughed before in three days?"

"Is that a record?" she said nervously, after a slight pause, in which she had moved her feet at first, as if to rise. "It ought to be, for anybody of my age and general condition health," he answered. "But this town is on my nerves."

"It's a good deal to have on your nerves," said she. "It is," he assented. "Doesn't it ever get on yours?" Again she was silent for a space. Finally she said: "Perhaps, isn't the town where Lucy lived ever get on your nerves either?"

"Yes, but that was ambition. This is loneliness." She darted him a quick look.

"You mean you prefer Lucy to laurel?" she asked. Philip laughed again. "Lucy couldn't put it that way," said he. "Couldn't she?" The girl's voice had lost something of its nervous defensiveness. "Yet I'm a Lucy."

"Are you?" he smiled. "Then my home town was in Missouri."

"Didn't I know about the train's being late?" "Oh, well, that was a safe guess," he taunted.

Then there was Sunday evening, when Lucy went to Christian service at six-thirty, in the vestry under the church, and you in the back-seat and waited to walk home with her."

Philip laughed a third time. "Go on!" he cried. "I've moved my near the State boundary already."

SHE smiled a little. "And there was band-concert night, too," she said. "The bass drum said Something-or-other Band on it, and everybody walked round and round the room, while the band played from the band-stand in the middle, which had a peaked top and lattice-work around the base. There were always a lot of horrid boys who came from the town on the trolley, and said, 'Hello, girls!' when they met, in a tone meant to be irresistible; and if you weren't a horrid little girl, you just stared haughtily straight ahead; but if you were horrid too, you giggled."

"Did you ever giggle?" asked Philip. "I don't wonder you ask," she answered. "I think I'd better straight ahead again."

"But I'm not from the next town," the man said, his voice a little lower, his face toward her.

"Aren't you?" She met his eyes for an instant. "I—I don't remember seeing you before. And that's funny, in our little village."

"How many things we missed seeing in our little village!" he said, more soberly. "I know I couldn't see the beauty of the Congregational spire, because the Woolworth Tower got in the way."

"I think I always knew the Congregational spire was lovely," said in the same sober tone, "but nobody there wanted a picnic of it. I'm afraid for—for ambitious folks, the little towns for the day when we've made our success in the big town."

She was looking straight ahead now, and he noted that her face was wistful, her mouth sad.

"Tell me about yourself," he said gently.

She was on the quick defensive. "Why should I?" she asked. "For no reason whatever, if you don't feel impelled to," he said. "Only it seems to me as if the stars in their courses, meaningless great wandering throngs in their web and weaving, brought us together to-night, like—like—well, like the ingredients of Huxley's salad. There's a kind of fate in it. I think we're going to be friends. I need a friend, at any rate, and ought to be generous."

He glanced at him again. "Why do you need a friend?" she said. "Surely you must have many."

"Nobody has many friends," said he. "And I've not been here in the big town long enough to learn Lucy Pratt's new address."

She let her eyes wander away again. "You have more faith in the stars than I," she said.

"It isn't faith; it's resignation," he answered. "I never resist."

"But I do!" she suddenly broke out, with tightly pressed lips as the words were spoken. "I shall die fighting those same stars!"

"Don't say they are cruel to have brought us together. Surely we've done nothing to deserve that."

"Pardon me—I didn't mean that," she replied. "I was thinking of my own star that will not rise for me."

Her voice broke off, and she seemed suddenly near to tears.

Philip leaned toward her and gently touched her sleeve. "I think you need a friend," he said.

She turned her face full away from him, and he knew that she was fighting back the tears. The crowds kept passing on the walk; there was a steady roar of distant traffic, of shuffling feet, of inchoate voices; but nobody noticed these two on the bench. They were isolated in the desert of the throng.

A long moment, and she turned back and looked him steadily, questioningly, in the face.

"Who are you?" she asked.

He began to tell her, with a laughing matter-of-factness.

"No, no, I don't mean that!" she interrupted. "What does your name or your college matter? But who are you really?"

"Really," he answered, "I'm a mute, inglorious Horace Greeley." And he began to talk of his ambitions and his trials. It was very pleasant to talk of them. His ambitions, which he spoke of with careful casualness, grew with the narration, and his trials did not suffer in magnitude, either. Such is the effect of a sympathetic ear on the male animal!

THE girl listened quietly, even with a little smile. "But it seems to me you are learning, you are on the way, all the while," she finally said. "You are a real cog in the machine of this life about us. Now, I—"

"Yes, you—that's what we really started out to talk about, wasn't it?" said Philip with a penitent laugh. "Now I'm going to shut up, and you're going to tell me."

The girl hesitated a long moment. "Oh, what's the use?" she finally said. "I'm a failure, a nobody. If I'd stayed in Southwick—you don't know where that is, but never mind; it has a seven-five train every week-day—I might have married Lucy Pratt's brother, and painted a set of dinner-dishes which would have been the admiration of the whole community, and decorated a set of bedroom furniture which nobody would have admired because it wasn't oak, and even read a paper on Raphael and Michelangelo to the women's club. Instead of that I quarreled with my father and took my tiny inheritance from my grandfather's estate and came to New York to be a real artist. I'm still in New York, but I'm not an artist. Nobody wants my stuff. If it was any good, of course they would. I can't kid myself along any more. And—and Lucy Pratt's brother is married now. There—you have the entire history of my life!"

She finished with a little laugh that was half a sob.

Philip did not answer. Instead he took the sketch-book out of her hand, and facing so the light of an arc-lamp fell on it, turned the leaves. It was filled with quick, impressionistic sketches of character types, some of them with a humorous touch.

"Cheer up!" he said. "We can get a lot of these into the Saturday supplement, I'll bet a hat. That's not as good as the spring Academy, of course, but it will help."

The girl shook her head. "I've tried all the papers," she said.

"Oh, a thousand people try 'em. But I'll just nab the supplement editor when he's feeling good and can't get away. Besides, maybe I can do a piece to go with 'em. You get some ready tomorrow, will you? We'll meet somewhere for dinner, and go over 'em. Let's see—make it the Brevoort at seven. Work up all the comical ones you can. The dear public likes to laugh."

His enthusiasm brought a flush of color to the girl's pale face.

"All right, I'll do it," she said. "Oh, I hope I don't have a headache! I've been having a headache all the time lately."

"Been to a doctor?" he asked. "I know a good one, just off the Square. He fixed me up last winter when I had the gripe. Here—you go to him to-morrow. He's a good chap, too—makes you feel better just to see him."

He jotted the name down on a blank leaf of her sketch-book, and she thanked him with a queer smile.

"Promise to go?" he demanded.

"Some day," she answered evasively. "To-morrow I've got to work on those sketches."

PHILIP reflected a moment in silence, shooting a covert glance at her thin face, her dress, her shoes.

"She's too poor to go," he suddenly thought with a pang of pity. "Good heavens, she's probably half-fed and hungry!"

Then he said, as casually as he could: "Let's stroll up the Avenue and stop in somewhere for a bite before we go to bed."

"But it's only just after supper-time," said she with a brief laugh. "You see, I still call it supper, the way we did back home."

"Well, if you still eat the kind of suppers we had back home, you need something more already," he answered. "Remember the sponge-cake and the dish of blueberries? Come on."

HE jumped up, facing her, and noted that she had to grasp the arm of the bench to rise. He seized her other hand to help her, and felt it hot, as if with fever.

"Child, you're sick!" he cried. "You're coming with me to old Doc Knight right now!"

She withdrew her hand hastily from his hand and spoke sharply. "Don't be so silly!" she said.

At the Brevoort, too, she refused to enter, declaring again it was ridiculous to eat so soon after supper. They walked slowly up the Avenue till they came to the cross-street where she lived, and turned down east till they reached an old residence converted to trade. In the basement and on the ground floor was a furniture establishment. There was some kind of shop on the second floor too. Both were closed now.

"My studio is at the top," she said. "It's very palatial, but somewhat disordered now, and unchaperoned. I can't invite you up."

"Do you live here all alone in this building?" he demanded.

"Just now I have the run of the whole mansion," she laughed. "There was another artist on the floor with me, but he sold something and moved away. Don't look so funny—exactly the way Miss Lucia Parker would look, back in Southwick, if she knew I lived all alone in a house in New York. This is the twentieth century, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Philip, "but this house is the early nineteenth century. I'm not thinking of your safety, but your sanitation. Besides, what would you do if you got sick or anything in the night?"

"I could lean out of the window and holler for a policeman," she replied. "Still, it's nice of you to worry. Good night, Mr. Horace Greeley Rogers." She put out her hand.

"I don't know yet who you are," said he as he took it.

"Perhaps I'm Lucy Pratt," she smiled, and slipped into the grimy old doorway.

The next afternoon she telephoned Philip at his office that she hadn't been able to get the pictures done, and would have to postpone their meeting for a day or two.

"Are you sick?" he demanded sharply.

"No, it's nothing, only my headache, and they took longer than I thought they would."

"I'm coming up to see you this evening," he answered.

"Oh, I—I shan't be home," she said in a frightened voice. "I—I've got to be out all the evening. I'll phone you as soon as the pictures are ready. What? Yes, honestly I will!"

He could get no more from her, and hung up the receiver, disappointed and apprehensive—disappointed that the dinner he had been carefully planning was off, vaguely fearful that something was really wrong with her. It was an odd sensation for him to be worrying about the health or welfare of another person, living as he had, alone and unencumbered in a great city. "And that other person a total stranger," he thought to himself. Yet he could not get her pinched, pathetic face out of his mind.

THE next afternoon he was kept away from the office till late, and rushed up to see if there was any message from her. There wasn't a word. His instinct was to go at once when the day was over up to her studio, but her evident aversion to having him come—he hadn't believed a word of her "engagement" the day before—restrained him. Surely, if she were really sick, she would send for a doctor. But when no message came the next day, either, he waited no longer. He had a vague but irresistible feeling that something was wrong, and the moment the day's work was finished, he hurried to her house.

The door stood open, for the fur factory—an evil-smelling thing—wasn't yet closed. Just inside was a mail-box with a name painted on it in a pretty design—*Mary Weston*. He knew it at once for hers. There was no bell, however, and so he climbed the two flights of dingy stairs, the second flight dim as well as dingy, and rapped on the door that again bore the painted name.

There was no response.

He waited a second, and then rapped again, louder this time, with his ear near the cracked panel. This time he distinctly heard something move, like a person tossing on a bed, and a faint moan.

Without more ado he laid his shoulder to the door so hard that the bolt and twisted lock flew off into the room with a crash, and he almost fell in after them.

He took a single startled and pitying glance around the room, which had once been a bedroom of the old house, and saw the bare floor, the two windows screened with chintz, the easel and drawing-board, the corner table with a teacup and saucer, a few cups and plates and two empty cracker jars, and then he turned to the cot-bed. On it lay the girl unconscious, flushed with fever, a little delirious moan coming from her lips. He stopped long enough to pull the sheet over her, which she had worked off in her tossing, and went down the stairs at a time.

He burst into the fur-shop like a bomb-shell, to the bewilderment of the proprietor, the workers and the very blonde bookkeeper, and demanded the telephone. While he waited for Knight's number, he told the bookkeeper and the little portly manager in gasping breaths what was the matter.

"Is it contagious?" the little man cried. "Think of all my A quarantine, and I lose a thousand dollars."

"Damn your skins! Call up the nearest hospital, will you an ambulance," Philip rejoined. "Haven't you got another worker?"

"I'll do it on the phone upstairs," said the blonde bookkeeper. "He would probably get a fire-engine."

She rushed out, and when Philip had got hold of the telephone and gone back to the sick-room, he found her already standing over the bed crying, "The poor child, the poor child, and trying to get some water down the parched throat of the sufferer."

"Guard that door," she commanded, "and don't let all the yaps downstairs get in here. The poor child! I aint seen her since yesterday morning, when I met her in the hall, and I then she was lookin' awful tacky, but I didn't say nothin', 'cause I aint been what you'd call real chummy with us day-train girls, wish that M. D.'d come!"

He came in a few moments, which seemed to Philip as he stood outside the door to guard it from the curious workers.

"Well, what is it, Rogers?" Dr. Knight asked briskly, as he came up the top flight.

PHILIP let him in without a word, and he walked to the bed, touched the patient, glanced keenly about the room, asked the bookkeeper who she was, and demanded: "Have you an ambulance?"

"Of course," said Philip. "There's not a soul to look after here. She's alone in this old rat-hole after five o'clock."

"How long has she been here this way?"

"I seen her yesterday morning," the bookkeeper answered the hall. She was in a wrapper."

"Find the wrapper," said the Doctor, "and we'll get her in it. Pack up what she'll need at the hospital, if you can find bag, and put her purse and valuables in too. Rogers, you down and wait for the ambulance. You might tell that excited skin-merchant on the first floor, who accosted me, he came in, to dry his tears. It's probably not contagious."

"Is—is it dangerous?" Philip asked.

The Doctor, who was himself a young man, shot him a look. "It's life or death," he said. "But we'll make it life."

A moment later the ambulance came, and Philip watched the poor wrapped figure carried down the dim, dirty stairs and between lines of curious, gaping people. Dr. Knight touched on the arm.

"The Health Department may be around to clean up," he said. "If she's alone in the world, you'd better gather up her possessions—paint-stuff, and clean clothes and any valuables we find—and look after 'em. Lock 'em up in a trunk, or something."

Philip went back, followed by the bookkeeper, and with a look of profanation, yet a curious feeling, too, of pathetic indulgence, began to pack up the contents of her bare little room. It was an old and battered trunk in a corner, into which the clean clothes and the few gowns.

"She wa'n't never much of a dresser," said the bookkeeper. "Guess she wa'n't much of an eater, neither," she added, padding around on the table where the girl had evidently prepared meals. "I used to see her buying fruit sometimes at the stand. Must be hell to be an artist. You know her last stand."

"Since three days ago," Philip replied with a grim laugh, "was going to make some drawings for me, and I cause 'em."

"Well, it's lucky you come," said the bookkeeper. "She a' died, and we downstairs been none the wiser. My mother look at how worn the lace is on them—No, you'd better take 'em."

She finished with a giggling smirk at him, and Philip

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Philip spoke hesitatingly. "The Big Town's not much like home, is it, when you're all by yourself in it? And it was meant for us to—to live together."

away with a surge of hot disgust. He wanted to throw the female down the stairs, and finish the job alone, for he had just found the beginnings of the ink-sketches she had been making for him, along with the original sketch-book, and also a fat portfolio of crayon and ink drawings and sketches, evidently the product of months.

"These are my sketches," he said. "You can be a witness that I'm taking them away. And this sketch-book, too. We'll stack the rest of the things in a corner."

"Sure," said the woman. "I'll see the janitor puts a new lock on the door when he comes in the morning. You must be awful strong to bust in a door that way! Say, I'm glad you wasn't sweet on her. 'Twould 'a' been kind o' rough, eh? The poor—"

But Philip was already on his way downstairs, with the sketches hugged under his arm, fleeing her voice.

"Nobody can tell yet," Dr. Knight was saying to him a few hours later. "Typhoid is a dangerous disease. How'd she get it? How does anybody get it? On some fruit, perhaps. It couldn't be our city water. The poor child's body wasn't in shape to resist anything—she's half starved."

"What if I hadn't gone there this afternoon!" Philip exclaimed.

"She'd have been dead before morning, probably," said the Doctor. "Do you know how to reach her family?"

"Good Lord, no! I didn't even know her own name till I saw it on the door to-day."

He quickly sketched for the Doctor the whole brief history of their relations.

"Just a bubble on the surface of the big pond," the Doctor mused. "Well, there was nothing in her purse or handbag to give us a clue. God knows, there was little enough of anything in her purse! I've got her key and proper authority. Suppose you and I go around there and see what we can find."

As the two started out, Philip demanded: "But why on earth, when she was hungry, wouldn't she go to dinner with me, and when she was sick, wouldn't she go to see you?"

"My boy," said the Doctor, "you ought to know by this time that there's nothing so proud as a poor woman. Besides, she's a new woman. She's down here in New York to make her way like a man. Can't you see how, in her sick state, to take a meal

from you, or a charity call from me, was a confession of She'd rather have died than do it—and she may die yet. "No, no, she mustn't!" Philip cried. "I—I can't imagine she's got into my life."

"You don't have to," the Doctor said.

They found no trace of a home address in her few belongings, and it was not until she regained consciousness that the Doctor learned she did not wish her father notified unless she died.

"She says she told her father she'd never bother him again long as she lived," the Doctor told Philip. "And she means it."

PHILIP was not allowed to see her for many days, as she was making her fight for life. He employed his spare time working eagerly on two or three special sketches to go with character-sketches and street-scenes picked from his portfolio, and he sold them all to the supplement-editor for his own share of the profits he employed to purchase a sketch-book, which he had framed for his room. Armed with sketches, he besieged several men he knew in his bachelor apartment-house, telling them her story, and sold five more for dollars apiece. All told, he had accumulated over a hundred dollars for her, and won for himself the good will and interest of the supplement-editor and a new and more interesting field of work on his paper, before the glad news came that she would recover and that he could go to see her the next day.

His heart was hot with happiness and expectation as he lay in the hospital. She lay on the white bed, a white and fragile flower in her hands, he thought, almost transparent, and turned her to his with a smile of welcome. He took her hands without word, and held them hard. It was almost a shock to him to see how glad, how inexplicably glad, he was to see her recover.

"I'm going to send the life and color back into you," he whispered. "Poor little hands!"

She was looking at him with her blue eyes, which seemed big now in her white, thin face.

"Dr. Knight tells me you saved my life," she said. "It was worth saving, but I'm grateful—really, I am."

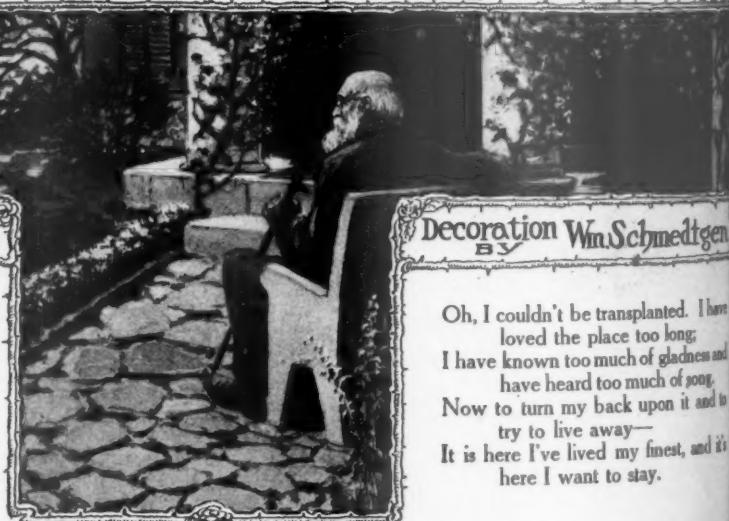
"Sh!" said he. "No more of that talk. Why didn't you call for the doctor before you got so sick?" (Continued on page

Too Old to Transplant

By Edgar A. Guest

I'M tangled up with roses, and the roots of me are deep,
Where the pansies are in blossom and the morning glories creep.
I'm hedged about by fancies that have claimed me for their own,
And I'm shackled and I'm fettered by the joys that I have known.

I have crept into the brickwork and the woodwork of the place,
Till I'm part and parcel of it. Mine's a very curious case;
I am tangled here in laughter and in all the bygone joy
Of a certain little lady and a certain little boy.



Decoration by Wm. Schmedtgen

It is here we live together; it is here we've romped and played;
It is here the recollections that I treasured most were made.
And there's not a battered panel nor a scar the eye can see,
But is now the glorious symbol of a happy day to me.

(Copyrighted, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest)

Oh, I couldn't be transplanted. I have loved the place too long;
I have known too much of gladness and have heard too much of song,
Now to turn my back upon it and to try to live away—

It is here I've lived my finest, and it's here I want to stay.

I'm tangled up with roses, and the roots of me are curled into every nook and corner of this little bit of world,
And there's not a joy or sorrow that through all the years I've known,
But has fastened me with shackles and has claimed me for its own.



The RIDER of the KING-LOG

By HOLMAN DAY

Résumé of Preceding Chapters

CLARE KAVANAGH had come back from finishing school to live with her lumberman father in the forests of the Great Toban. Old X. K., as Kavanagh was called, had journeyed to see her graduation, and had rocked everyone by a quarrel with Colonel Marthorn, president of the school trustees, and also a rival lumber operator. It had been a hard day for Marthorn; a report had just come that his son, a promising engineer, had married a widow of dubious reputation. This report was only partly true; after the ceremony, young Marthorn discovered that the lady had already a husband living, a wealthy Omaha man; and he had forthwith set out with her for Omaha, to straighten the matter out.

Clare resumed life in the Toban. Donald Kezar, grandson of her father's old treasurer, paid ardent court. But Donald was a fellow of devious ways; he had wheedled his grandfather into handing over money from Kavanagh which the young man used in shady business deals; by means of an Indian marriage-rite, he had betrayed Lola Hébert, a beautiful half-breed girl.

The Indian girl Lola had been commanded by her father to marry a neighboring *habitant*. Because of her secret Indian marriage to Donald Kezar this was of course impossible, and she fled from home with the ancient chief Noel the Bear. She was angry also with her Indian adorer Paul Sabatis, for Kezar, to escape from her, had spread reports that she was engaged to him, and Lola supposed Sabatis himself had bruited the rumor. Not long after Clare's return from school her father died, and she undertook herself to conduct the X. K. business, appointing Donald Kezar as her field-boss. And when Colonel Marthorn and his party came north and asked Clare for a conference, she accepted the invitation to come to his camp. There the Colonel tried to buy out the X. K.; but Clare, knowing that she sold, many of her father's old employees could be thrown out of work, refused.

Later Kenneth Marthorn endeavored to compromise the situation, and after a stormy

session with the Temiscouata directors, he was empowered to deal with Clare. He promptly set out and overtook her at a frontier inn known as Dolan's; and there he advised her to hire a good engineer and a good lawyer to protect her own interests. Donald Kezar was at Dolan's also; he suspected Kenneth's motives and jealously resented his interference in what he considered his private field of action.

Later Noel tried to persuade Kezar to acknowledge Lola; Kezar refused, and Noel invoked the aid of the Indian god of vengeance. Lola then consulted Father Pierre, the Curé, and on his advice she set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne. . . . Paul Sabatis, Lola's Indian lover, was traveling through the same region, pursued by game-warden Wallin.

CHAPTER XXV

AFTER a time, it became Game-warden Jesse Wallin's profane opinion that a few days' devotion to gin and melody had caused him to "lose a perfectly good Indian." The warden had prolonged his stay at Dolan's House. He had not believed that Sabatis would leave the valley of the Toban. When the warden finally set out up-river, he found that he was chasing a man who was always a few days in the lead; Wallin showed his blue badge, asked plenty of questions and got that information.

At the Sickle-hook take-out he learned that his quarry had gone over the height of land by way of the long portage. Mr. Wallin had worked himself up to a particularly ugly mood. He had started his propaganda along the river, reporting that Sabatis was a self-declared outlaw and must be caught. Therefore men were expecting Warden Wallin to perform.

The wilderness had swallowed up the quarry. Wallin was obliged to do some guessing as to the route Sabatis had taken, but as he thought on it, it seemed probable that the Indian had kept on across the lakes, seek-

Illustrated by
HAROLD M. BRETT

ing the outlet which flowed down into the Laurentian valley.

The likelihood that Sabatis was over the border, out of the States, had no effect on the officer's determination. He was not allowing any consideration of international law to conflict with strictly personal business.

But the strong winds from the north cuffed the whitecaps down the lakes, and Mr. Wallin was obliged to loaf away the hours of sunlight in sheltered coves, brewing his tea and frizzing his bacon. When the winds were hushed in the night, he paddled along under the stars, holding so close to the shore that he could hear the expiring waves splashing against the rocks.

Here and there, now and then, he saw the flicker of a campfire, and hailed and went ashore and made friends with timber-cruisers and other forest stragglers. And so, by dint of this persistency, one night he came upon Paul Sabatis, who had not hurried after he came to the lakes.

The young man greeted the warden unsuspiciously and went on tending the fire which had been a beacon for the pursuer. It was not an ordinary cook-fire; it was partly banked by sweet duff and dried fungi which sent up much smoke; a funnel of hemlock bark led the smoke to a bark box. It was a forest smoke-house. The warden smelled the odor of curing flesh, and he saw part of the carcass of a deer hanging from a tree.

"Help yourself," invited Paul.

"Being a game warden," returned Mr. Wallin loftily, "I reckon I'd be poisoned, eating off'm any deer killed by a man who hasn't taken out a regular hunting license."

"I haven't taken out any license."

"I reckoned you hadn't. I have heard the word you have been giving out."

The Indian straightened up from the fire. "Are you here to arrest me?"

"Good Lord, no!" expostulated Mr. Wallin. "Rest easy on that, Paul." Sabatis had come upon his feet suddenly, and his size, outlined by the firelight, was intimidating. The warden held firm opinion that Indians were notional and treacherous and must be met with guile. "And to tell you the real truth, Paul," he went on, "I aint a game warden just now; I've taken a job cruising for ties and ship-knees. Besides, this is over the border and out of my jurisdiction, anyhow!"

"Warden or no warden, I am not afraid to tell you what I have told others, Mr. Wallin. I have the treaties in which the right is given to the Algonquins and the Tarratines to hunt the woods and fish the streams and take basket-wood and bark, forever. I hope to make enough noise about it in the world so that the white man will hear and be ashamed. I did not kill this deer for sport—I killed it because I was hungry. So have the other Indians hunted and killed, and they have been put into jails."

"That's right! Law says jail, Indian or no Indian." He gave the same ironic twist to "Indian" that Paul had applied to "warden."

Paul turned back to his fire.

Mr. Wallin lighted his pipe and settled down with the air of a man who proposed to stop for a while. After his hard chase he had at last come up with this visible and valuable equivalent of ready money and of cozy rest in the society of ministering woman. There was no weakening of determination. The warden had had excellent luck in the self-infliction of wounds; he nestled his arm against his side to make sure of the comforting presence in his shirt pocket of his iodine, his antiseptic medicament, of his homemade tourniquet—a strap of leather armed with an overshoe snap-buckle.

The young man did not speak to Wallin again.

After a time Paul banked the smoke-fire with damp moss, buttoned his jacket closely and lay down, his head upon his pack. Either he had no suspicion that the warden intended mischief, or he contemptuously disregarded danger from such a source.

He slept; Wallin puffed his pipe and waited. The pursuer

was in fine form to keep a vigil; he had been sleeping while the headwinds cuffed up whitecaps. When he decided he was ready for operations, he put his pipe in his pocket and went to his canoe, tiptoeing in his moccasins. From his pack he obtained two lengths of new clothesline which he had woven and worked into pliable condition. They were slip-noods, braided eye-splices and well-placed catch-knots.

Sabatis lay on his back, his feet together, and slept withadian indifference as to shelter.

Wallin crept to him, holding one piece of rope looped ready on his forearm. The ground was uneven, and the warden was able to slide one end of the other piece of rope under his legs; he slipped the end through the eye-splice and then, straddling astride the young man's body, he drew the noose taught with a jerk. He had had experience in that mode of capture; as expected, Sabatis snapped up into a sitting posture, and Wallin dropped the other noose over his captive's head to the shore set his foot against the Indian's breast and yanked him. He made a few turns, some quick knots and then back.

"So, you lied to me, white-man fashion, Wallin?"

"I'm running my own business in my own way."

"I'm arrested, am I?"

"No, I'm playing cat-and-mouse with you." The first part of the Indian's job had been attended to, and the warden was willing to be human according to his lights.

"You yourself declared that you are out of your jurisdiction, as you it."

"You don't think I'll tell judge jury where I arrested you, do you? It's my word that'll be believed; laws don't get any show in court."

"I am not an outlaw!" protested Sabatis angrily.

"You will be, after they get a story about you," stated Mr. Wallin with bravado. "Now, if I'll help you stand up, will you hop to that canoe of mine, or shall I roll you down bank?"

Sabatis had too much dignity to need help; he brought his puny feet under him and leaped up. "I suppose you'll be decent enough to do me one favor," he rasped. "Put my pack into my canoe and then roll me down bank?"

"I will not! I'll cache the pack thing here. You won't be needing my canoe for a long time. No need my fooling with an extra canoe."

Hop!" The warden kicked down the little smoke-house and trampled on the fire; he carried away the meat. Paul made the best of his way to the warden's canoe, rolled into it and lay still; he wore the air of a man who knew that further argument would be self-insult.

The warden lighted a lantern and arranged its reflector so that he could observe every motion made by the captive. When they were on their way down the lake, Wallin showed a willingness to talk, but Sabatis turned away his face and shut his mouth. His arms ached; his feet were numb, protest raged in him, but he argued and complained no more.

After the sun came up, Wallin began a continuous growl anathema; the wind had shifted to the southwest, and he viewed the change, if one could judge from his language, as something calculated by the higher forces for his sole and personal convenience. He was compelled to go ashore. He built a fire and fed his prisoner, who resolutely refused to engage in conversation even though the captor loosed the ropes enough so that Sabatis could lift his hands to his mouth.

The warden soon found relief from this unsociability, other voyagers from the north, who had stuck it out longer than Mr. Wallin because there were two paddles to his one, lay around the point and came ashore through frothing waves which they spied men and a camp-fire. They joined with Mr. Wallin in an amiable chorus of curses for the wind; they produced a big bottle of white rum, and they heard what the warden had to say about the desperate character of his prisoner. Mr. Wallin

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Never wrote a better story in his life than—

"THE FIRST THOUSAND"

— which will be published in the next number of this magazine, and every reader of his splendid stories of our present-day American life knows that that is saying a good deal. But those same readers will agree the statement is justified when they read the story.



Mulkern leaped out among them. In his hand he swung a dynamite-stick with its ominous stripings of red. "You've been having it over behind my back long enough. Now out with it! Out with it, you sneaking pups! Out with it!" He screamed his command.

lied frankly and unashamed and elaborately, without bothering himself to draw apart from Paul's hearing.

In spite of their friendly manners these visitors were unwelcome; they had obliged Mr. Wallin to change his program materially. He had planned fiction which had to do with an unprovoked attack by Paul. It would now be necessary to frame a lie which would account for a wound received during a desperate attempt of the prisoner to escape. But the warden had often tested his inventive powers, and on this occasion he found them in good working order. However, he could not lie out of the fact that his little blue badge did not give him authority on that side of the border. The visitors were quite friendly in their reference to that fact, but they explained that they were game patrols for the sportsmen's syndicate which controlled hunting in that section, and that they wanted to show results to their employers; it was their opinion that this desperate character should be turned over to them. But Mr. Wallin was deeply committed to the "bird in hand" doctrine. They entered into a long discussion.

The captive had scornfully refrained from any comment on the warden's lies; he was silent during the profane meanderings of the three, but he hitched about cautiously and tried to find a rock or thrust of ledge against which he could saw the rope which bound his feet. The rocks, however, were too smooth and the soapy rope resisted.

"If you Canucks want Indians for prisoners, or for pets or show purposes," declared Mr. Wallin, reiterating a statement he had made many times during the afternoon, "go get some for yourselves. I've got mine. I know just what I'm going to do with him." Then all of a sudden he scrambled up and teetered on unsteady feet and pointed. "There's some! Help yourselves!"

In a situation where the fine points of human rights and wrongs had been clouded until it seemed to be merely a question of supply of prisoners, what was now offered promised to solve the dispute. There was not only an Indian apiece for all—there was an extra one.



"Now you will be cared for," said Paul. "Now you will be safe."

nos. "You shoot our canoe."

"We want you. You're arrested," explained one of the Canadians.

"For what?"

Fine points of rights were no longer clouded; the clouds and the fine points were ruthlessly brushed aside and were away. Here were Indians. Their rival had settled a dispute among cers of the law.

"Where's your hunting-license?"

"We no hunt."

"What are those rifles for? To pick your teeth with?"

"But we no hunt."

"You can explain that to the judge. You're arrested. Here! Come away from that canoe. Touch those guns, and there'll be a couple more Indians rapping on the back door of hell."

"Dunos and Peter!" called Sabatis. "Take no chances with these men now. They're drunk. There's no sense in them."

The Canadian officers were better provided with catch-pole gear than was Wallin. While one held ready rifle, the other went forward and snapped handcuffs on the wrists of the captives. "Mind your eye, boys, and there'll be no trouble," was the patronizing promise when the men had been secured.

WALLIN, like others of the lower Toban, knew of the White Lily, though he had never seen her; slight as was her disguise, he did not guess at her identity; his wits were not clear enough for much shrewd guesswork. He went to the canoe and offered his hand and leered amiably.

"Excuse all accidents, sis. They're bound to happen. Don't be scared. I'll take care of you."

She avoided his hand and stepped out of the canoe. She turned to Paul, but he narrowed his eyes, and she accepted his stern demeanor as signal of hostility or hint that she was not to show recognition; nor in that moment, despite his plight, was she sure that she had forgiven him for those rumored boastings and his disastrous meddling. She found it easy to be coldly oblivious too.

"What have we done? You do not tell us," ventured Peter.

"It'll all be explained before the court. Better not talk any more. It will be used against you," advised the man with the rifle.

"But I have a right to know why we have been stopped in this manner!" cried Lola. "I am in a great hurry."

"The hurry will have to wait."

"But I beg you. I'll go down on my knees and beg you to let us go on. The canoe can be soon mended. I have far to go."

The tremor of choked sobs shook her tones.

"It's no good to argue and coax, little squaw. Later we'll see what can be done." He exchanged looks with his colleague. They confessed in that interchange of glances that this thing had been done on muddled impulse, but now they promised each other, by squint and cock of eyebrow, that they would stand by and see it through.

"We'll have to do a little private discussing on the matter," stated the other. "Make up your minds to stay here till we have made ours up." They walked off a little way.

"We don't propose to have any of this Indian-style plotting and treachery going on here," blurted Warden Wallin. "You two new ones go over there and sit on that knoll. Don't you go nigh my Indian. And now, sis, you can cuddle down side of me and tell me your troubles." He touched her arm; she drew away.

"You and those men are making great trouble for me right now. Please, oh, please—"

"It's no good to beg for what can't be allowed, sis. It only spoils a good time. What's your name? I wouldn't wonder if it's something pretty. It's pretty if it goes with your looks. Don't be afraid of me, I tell you. I'd never harm a hair on this head." He patted her cheek and then set thumb and forefinger under her chin, raising her face closer to his.

PAUL may, perhaps, have misjudged Mr. Wallin's amorous intentions; perhaps the philanderer did not intend to kiss the girl. But his attitude and his silly grin gave such ominous evidence of his design that the crazed lover did not pause to waste any time in speculating. That rude touch on her face had been more than enough provocation for him. Jean Paul Honoré Heureux had taught to his nephew the virtue and the viciousness of the *coup-à-pied*. Paul's feet were pinioned close together, and he was prevented from dealing the real blow—the swinging blow. But he made three tremendous leaps forward, snapping his feet off the ground, and landed squarely against the dodging Wallin's breast. The kick knocked the man down the slope and against the boulders of the shore; Paul himself fell on his back—fell so helplessly that breath and senses left him for a few moments.

Wallin was up first; he groaned and limped about in a circle; blood was oozing from a jagged cut on his forehead.

When he started back up the slope, he was a slowly moving picture of malevolence; his head was set forward; his jaws were jammed hard together; his arms were stiff and outspread, and his fists were doubled. But he did not hurry. He was heading

toward a victim who was not able to run away. The manacled Indians stood at one side helplessly; they were shot with moccasins, and their kicks could not prevail. Lola stepped in front of the moving menace and raised her hands in anxious appeal, but Wallin thrust her to one side. Paul was on his feet by the time the warden had reached him. The Canadians looked on and said no word. Wallin was so slow, so calculating in his action that he masked his brutal design. He brought his fist around in a wide arc and drove a vicious blow against Paul's jaw. The victim went down and lay motionless.

"That's enough, Wallin!" shouted one of the officers. "It's an even split as it stands—though you don't get much credit for hitting a man with his arms tied. Enough, I say!" He hurried to Wallin and pushed him away; the warden had raised his foot over the Indian's face.

Lola ran to her fettered men, and knelt behind them.

But the warden was not in the mood for courtship; he stumbled away to the shore, dashed water against his forehead and doctored the cut.

When consciousness returned to Paul, he made no move which betrayed that fact. The night had settled over the lake, and the wind was stilled. For a time he listened to an acrimonious debate carried on by the three officers at the camp-fire. The discussion concerned the custody of the girl. Wallin insisted that he be allowed to take her back to her home, wherever it might be. The Canadians put equal insistence on their claim that she must go with them to serve as witness against the two prisoners. The debate was arriving at no conclusion, because both parties knew that their claims were subterfuges, and they were not willing to admit the truth.

THE waves were splashing lazily in the cove; the lake was going to sleep. Sabatis felt that these dogs would soon be doing something else besides prolonging a quarrel over this morsel; they would be taking advantage of the calm to go their ways. If Wallin should prevail, what sort of agony would the pinioned lover be called on to undergo?

The poor boy rolled upon his face and moaned; bound hand and foot, bruised, numb and aching, he was such a broken and useless weapon for her defense!

The next moment he felt her two warm hands on his two cheeks. "Paul—Paul!" she whispered. "What have we done? What does it all mean? Oh, I pity you. He was wicked!"

Wallin leaped from the fire; he had seen her when she hurried to Paul. The warden set hands on her and pulled her to her feet. "No conniving here, sis! What are you up to?"

"He is much hurt. He groaned. I came to help him."

Wallin suddenly crushed his lips against hers. "You think of me! It's enough for you to be thinking of. I'll look after you." In spite of her struggles, he drew her to the fire. "Look here, men! Let the girl say something about it. Sis, if you go with these men, you'll be put into jail. If you come with me, I'll take you to your home, wherever it is. I'm taking that prisoner back."

"My men—"

"It's no use to argue about that. They go the other way!"

She gazed up at the stars—into the north. In that moment she looked deeply into her own heart as well. The pitiful, battered figure lying near her under the tree! He had defended her as best he could. She did not dare to glance in his direction; she knew that she would betray herself and him by speaking what she wanted to tell him. Then inspiration helped her in that crisis. "I'm trying hard to know what is best, sir. Will you wait while I say my prayer to the Great Spirit? I want to know what is right to do."

"He'll probably tell you to go home. So go ahead and pray," consented the warden.

She clasped her hands and raised her eyes and spoke to the heavens in the Mellicite tongue. "Brave, good boy, I am talking to you. I do not understand. It breaks my heart because I cannot go on. But after what you have done to help me, I would be too selfish if I go on, even if I might. I'll go with you and try to stop that wicked man from hurting you any more."

She was silent for some time.

"You haven't said 'Amen,'" prompted Mr. Wallin. "If you're done, though, what's the verdict?"

"I will go with you, sir."

To the tortures of Paul was added this new agony of knowing that she had failed in some precious quest, and in her own trouble was willing to assist him in his woe. Gratitude flamed in him, and zeal in her behalf urged him to repay her with deeds. Could his muscles have swelled as did his (Continued on page 129)

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No more powerful story than this has ever been published in this magazine. Its force will be felt by every adult man and woman who reads it.



Illustrated by
C. ALLAN GILBERT

The TREE and the BOUGH

By MARY SYNON

AT four o'clock of any afternoon in summer, Washington is the city of the picture postcards, wide-vistaed, aloof, detached from human hurry and human struggle, as immobile and as smooth of surface as its own omnipresent Monument. Under heavily branched trees the White House gleams in dappled radiance. Up Pennsylvania Avenue the Capitol dome looms significantly supreme. Out on Sixteenth Street marble palaces of transplanted multimillionaires face forward with blinded eyes of barred windows. Over on Massachusetts Avenue grim domiciles of green stone and brown, vanguard of a passing generation, give to touring school-teachers the hauteur of boarded doors. Here and there an embassy drowses in sunshine, its flag flapping loosely before a breeze grown listless on its way from the Blue Ridge to the sea. That is at four.

But at thirty minutes past the hour, Washington shifts not the scene, but the players, pouring out upon her spacious stage horde upon horde of men and women, old, young, middle-aged, haled from the four corners of the country and all the States between for the common cause of their labors in governmental departments. With their coming the face of the town changes. Gone are the great and the gaping, swamped in the inundating flood of home-going workers. Some of them, speeding with the lightness of youth, move as if toward definite goals of pleasure. Others, released from work, go onward as if their leisure brought them less joy than their tasks. Others yet—and most of these are women—step forth as if determined to play their parts as long

as any gaze may find them. One of these, with the stride of standard-bearer, Mrs. Hardy walked.

At the end of the torrid August day she had come out of Treasury into the unshaded glare of Fifteenth Street, poised a gay parasol over her shoulder until its variegated shadows fell on her white gown. Only another woman forced to the same prudence and pathetic economies would have known the cheapness of her raiment, for she wore her clothes with a jaunty simulation of youth that subtly increased their value as it decreased her years. Because she had just come from a room crowded with women older than herself, civil servants gone beyond desire for youth, she felt curiously, light-headedly young, and she whirled her parasol as she sauntered, with the blithe insouciance of half her years.

Only as she passed the doors of a fashionable hotel from which thrummed the sound of half-barbaric music did she falter for a moment in her manner of finding the world a glorious thing. Across her mouth passed a flicker of mutinous longing, left there by a thought that had it not been for her sense of duty about Joan, might be with Corliss, sipping at cooling drinks and talking the absurd and inconsequential nonsense of the people of the world to whom she had once belonged and which she still tangented. Of course as Corliss had once said, Joan wasn't her child, and Julie's mother should not have imposed the burden of Joan's care upon her, but if Joan wasn't her own, Julie was, and Margaret Hardy had never been able to see any living thing that belonged to her, however remotely, suffer without striving to alleviate the

Even now the thought that Joan was waiting for her was sending her homeward with a lessening of the regret with which she had turned Corliss' telephoned invitation.

Her progress, slow in the heat, grew slower for her sociable greetings. Out of a queerly checkered life that had begun in poverty on a Westmoreland County plantation, swung into wealth with her marriage to Worthington Hardy, and swung back into want and obscurity with his death, Margaret Hardy had brought the gift of a democratic interest in human beings. Out of it, secure in her inalienable birthright of a Virginia ancestry better than his own, she gave laughing repartee to Senator Kinross, her husband's cousin, when she met him on his gouty way from the Capitol to his club; and out of it, because the impulse was inextricably mixed with the birthright, she held friendly parley with Benny Wicks, who ran the G Street jitney she boarded, and with heavy-handed, slow-brained Mercer, at whose butcher-shop she paused to buy her frugal order of meat for Joan's dinner and her own.

Up K Street, however, her footsteps lagged, and the parasol slipped a little from its impertinent guard. A sudden sense of contrast between the Kinross house, big, old-fashioned, impossibly correct in its spacious site on the other side of the city, and this narrow, cheap apartment near the railroad-elevation weighted her spirit. Life seemed leaden for the moment, a dull treadmill on which Government clerks went from dull homes to dull routine, and back again to dull homes. But a swift recollection of the moment that had lightened her day, Corliss' call to her to come out of the grind of it all, almost erased the gray weakness of her mood, and as she unlocked the door and went into the place she called home, she was to all appearances the care-free Margaret Hardy who went to work every day for herself and Julie and Joan.

In answer to her call, cheerier in intention than a sound, Joan came bounding down the stairs, flinging herself on Margaret with a force beyond her look of fragility, and welcoming her grandmother with soft cooings of delight. Margaret, breathlessly setting the child down, laughed at her excited greetings. "I've only been away since morning," she protested against Joan's earthen embraces.

"But I was lonesome," Joan insisted, cuddling into Margaret's arms when her care upon Margaret Hardy had slipped into the rickety rocker beside the window. There belated, an eerie child

with wide eyes and pensive mouth, while Mrs. Hardy's gaze traversed the room, finding everywhere evidences of the disorder left by a woman who has dressed in haste. A pink silk gown, apparently rejected for its torn sleeve, lay on the table. A soiled kimono had been thrown onto the floor. A pair of slippers had been kicked under the square piano. A box of rouge topped the yellowed ivory keys. A petticoat, none too clean, draped the back of a chair. "Where's Julie, girl?" Margaret asked.

"Gone out."

"Where?"

"Don't know."

"When did she go, dear? Very long ago?"

"Don't remember."

"Did you have any lunch?"

"Yes."

"Did Julie fix it for you?"

"No, I fixed Julie's and mine."

"Why didn't Julie?"

"She said she was sick."

"Oh!" Margaret drew Joan a little closer in the hurt that the child's understanding of her mother's lazy subterfuges always brought her. "Was she sick when she went out?"

"Oh, no! She went to a party."

"Where?"

"I don't know, dearest. Somebody telephoned. And Julie said, 'If you want me,' and she laughed a lot, and she told me to be a good girl, and she took your white silk stockings, and she went out. What are we going to have for supper?"

"Oh, something nice," Margaret promised. "Come, and we'll fix it."

As Margaret hunted in the closet to find a house-apron to take the place of the dress that she had decided was crisp enough for another day's wear, she kept coming on other testimony of Julie's hurry. Her own clothes had been pulled down from the hooks, and as she paused to put them back into place, she saw that the dress which she had purchased only last week in anticipation of wearing it on Sunday when she should go with Corliss for a run up into the hills, was gone. She made a little exclamation of annoyance, then sighed with the thought that Julie was young. Finding the apron, she donned it hastily and went out to the kitchen.

Joan, setting the table, put a place for Julie; but Margaret, out of a deeper knowledge of her daughter's ways, refrained from preparing Julie's food. "We have a better time, anyhow, when she isn't here," Joan said philosophically as they took their



P. Allen Gilmore

Others step forth as if determined to play their parts as long as any gaze may find them. One of these, Mrs. Hardy walked.

places. Because of her inner acceptance of the truth of the child's observation, Margaret rebuked her so sharply that Joan whimpered, and they ate their meal without further speech.

When they had done the dishes, though, Joan came to Margaret, smiling her way back to caresses. Margaret, with a laugh, took her up into her arms, rocking softly in the chair beside the window, and crooning songs that had been the lullabies of her own childhood. As she sang them to Joan, they seemed to become little white boats, each bearing a cargo of recollections, whirling down the stream of her life. Little by little, as Joan drowsed into slumber, the boats merged into one swift-moving craft. From the shore of her queerly impersonal consideration of herself, that state of mind in which the conscious mind watches the subconscious with the detachment of a spectator, Margaret saw the craft as the great force of her life. To her it visualized that power which had transformed her past into a preparation for one real experience, her present into a time of tremulous hope, and her future into a sea of splendid certainty, of contented fulfillment. The ship on which she was staking herself and her dreams, her happiness and her womanhood, was her love for Corliss. She smiled to herself in the dark at thought of him, and drew Joan a little closer into her arms. It was such a safe ship, that love of Tom Corliss, that Margaret luxuriated in the security that thought of it brought to her. As those pilgrims who begin to chant their hymns of praise when they come within sight of the shrine toward which they have journeyed through lands of sand and storm, so did she sing as she came close in vision to the towers of the consummation of her love for the man who had, like Jacob, held faithful to her for seven years; yet her chanting was no hymn, but the soft old melodies of her girlhood's land.

They had locked Joan in sleep, and Margaret put her to bed without awakening the child. Her movements, however, broke her mood, and she vainly tried to regain it. She scanned the evening newspaper listlessly, telling herself, as she flung it aside, that she wanted to live life, not to read of it. She wanted to hear music, even the music of open-air movie-theaters. She wanted to be among people who sought and found pleasure. She wanted to be part of the crowd. Again she wished passionately that she had accepted the invitation Corliss had urged. It was too late for that, of course, but the hunger for pleasure, awakened in her, gnawed at her heart. She realized that she might go out, but she knew that all joy in her going would be clouded by her fear of what might happen to Joan in her absence. With an urgency that almost voiced her thought she wished that Julie would come home so that she might go; but she told herself that of course Julie wouldn't come. Julie never did. But even as she was shrugging acceptance of the inevitable, Julie came in.

A LITTLE, stoop-shouldered, pathetic figure, for all her borrowed plumage of her mother's one presentable gown, Julie stood in the doorway, regarding Margaret with a strangely intent stare before she jerked out a sharp "Good evening," and crossed the room with a self-conscious walk that bespoke defiance at every step. As she came under the gas-light her deep-blue eyes, which had seemed unutterably sad while she had stayed in shadow, lightened into hard hostility and her mouth, pensive before in its drooping corners, tightened into a straight, determined line. Had it not been for her childishly soft, light hair, blowing into tiny curls around her face, she would have looked cruel, but the aura toned down her selfish bitterness of expression until to the casual observer Julie was but a tragic girl-woman to whom the world owed recompense for her sorrows, whatever they might be.

In answer to Margaret's "Well?" and inquiring glance, Julie sat at the table, resting her sharp elbows upon it, and setting her pointed chin in her hands, while she kept staring at her mother. "Where were you?" Margaret asked, trying, in the face of Julie's manner, to make her tone casual.

"Oh, I just went to a party. Some people I knew called me, and I went downtown."

"Anyone I know there?"

"Yes. We'll talk about the party after a while. I want to talk about something else now." Her voice rasped in its intensity. Slowly she began to describe fantastic figures on the tablecloth. Her eyes roved around the room, then came fixedly upon Margaret. "Mother," she said, her tone lashing all tenderness out of the word, "have you ever told anyone in Washington about me?"

"About you?" Margaret's eyes widened. "Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean about Joan."

"Oh, Julie, you know I wouldn't!"

"But have you?"

"Of course I haven't. Do you think that I—" "You've never told Mr. Corliss?"

"He'd be the last one I'd want to tell."

"Well,"—her shoulders lifted in relief,—"I suppose you wouldn't. In a way, it was as much your fault as mine. If you taken better care of me, it wouldn't have happened."

"Julie! You know that is not true."

"It's true in effect, isn't it? Oh, yes, you watched me and protected me and guarded me in all sorts of old-fashioned ways, but you didn't consider my temperament in my training, and when I came to a crisis, I followed my temperament. Girls do, even their mothers don't expect it. If you had brought me up differently, do you suppose I'd have run away with John Blakeslee? I'd have had better sense than to expect him to marry me, though. But I thought then that love was everything in the world. That was your creed. But it isn't true, and you shouldn't let me believe, for one minute, that it was true. If you'd only taught me what I've learned since, that money and position and power are the big things of life, I should have gone as strong as you have. You don't suppose I'd have risked them for a boy like Blakeslee?"

"Julie, don't!"

"You don't like it? Well, I don't like, either, the knowledge that I made a hideous mistake. And I shouldn't have made if you'd taught me right."

"Julie!"

"Well, it's done, I suppose, and it can't be undone. These times, though, when I wish I had died before I found out what a fool I'd been."

"You have Joan."

"Yes, I have Joan, to be a drag on me all my life. How can we the good times other girls have when men are always remembering that I have a child?"

"But they think you're a widow. And nowadays—"

"Oh, yes, nowadays women are beginning to think that having children outside marriage isn't the final crime. You've told yourself that there was one worse. But they're not my kind of women. I'm no Brunchilde, and I'm no martyr. I can't see a self struggling and starving and slaving for Joan all the rest of my days."

"But you don't."

"I might have known that you would fling in my face that you support us both. But I know that you wouldn't support us long if you had a chance to get out."

"That's a lie." Margaret Hardy leaned over the table, looking at Julie until Julie shrank before the glare of her eyes. "You know that I left home to come here so that people wouldn't know about you. You know that I have lied for you from the very beginning. You know that I have held to that lie always."

"But will you?" Julie's voice thickened. "Will you keep holding to it?"

"Of course." Margaret flung it out scornfully.

"You'll promise me that you'll never tell the truth, no matter who asks you? You'll swear to it?"

"I don't need to swear to it. I promised myself years ago I should never tell a living soul. If it weren't for your sake, you suppose I'd throw that cloud on Joan?"

"Then you promise?"

"I promise."

WITH a sigh of relief Julie relaxed. Her face, in its tension, fell into attractive softness; but Margaret, plunged into the bitterness of old regrets, gave it no heed. Julie resumed her pattern-tracing on the tablecloth. The silence between the two women grew heavy and more portentous of disaster than their quarrel. Upon it came the jangle of a bell. Margaret did not stir. She raised her head. "Is that the telephone?"

"I don't know."

"Mother,"—Julie leaned forward again,—"Clement was at the party to-day."

"Willis?"

"Yes, the man who was at Etruscan Springs when I went there—with John. He didn't see me there, but he heard my name."

"Well?"

"He thought then I was Mrs. Hardy. John told me. And I think he has remembered."

"Did he say anything?"

"Yes. He asked me if my mother came from Westmoor."

"Well, that doesn't—" A sudden possibility smote Margaret.

"Who was at the party?"



Margaret Hardy closed the door and stood with her back against it as she faced the man who fronted her with a manner of expectation that had a hint of threat in its quiet.

"Oh, just Mr. Corliss. He'd called me because Willis was coming. When he couldn't get you to come, he didn't ask anyone else."

"Oh!"

Again the bell crashed into their stillness. Julie arose, then paused, listening. "Say I'm not in," she ordered, as Margaret went languidly to the telephone,

The voice that answered her trailing greeting was so swiftly peremptory that for an instant she failed to recognize it for Corliss'. Under the recognition of it she brightened, only to be thrust back into listlessness by his abrupt words. "Are you going to be home for the next half-hour? Then I'll run up. There's something I must see you about." The message, which would have roused her to vivid happiness a little while before, sent her back to the table almost fearfully, so ominous had been Corliss' tone.

Julie, thrusting out her underlip considerably, watched her mother with peculiar menace of gaze. "Was that Mr. Corliss?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Is he coming to-night?"

"Yes."

AGAIN Julie cupped her chin in her hands, letting her hard gaze rest on Margaret's wearied face. "We've known Tom Corliss at least seven years, haven't we?" she asked. "Ever since we came to Washington."

"And to-day was the first time, I'm sure, that he ever looked at me." She laughed self-consciously in the face of Margaret's inquiring stare. "Really, he never did before. I might have been a maid, or an ornament on the mantelshelf, or a substitute stenographer, for all he knew. I never could say that his attentions were flattering, could I?"

"Well, he didn't come to see you, did he?"

"Oh, you both gave me to understand that very distinctly. But he might have pretended to take an interest in the household pets, for your sake, if not for mine."

"He's good to Joan."

"He's good to most people, isn't he? I think he would be kind to anyone whom he thinks is in trouble through no fault of their own. But he'd be hard as steel on anyone whom he thought had deceived him."

"Perhaps he would." Margaret sighed a little. "He had one experience of a woman's trickery. I fancy he doesn't want another."

"Few men do." She shrugged her thin shoulders. "But there are so few Corlisses and so many Blakeslees, that the Corlisses are usually fooled over and over again to balance the account."

"They shouldn't be."

"Life isn't a game of what should be. If it were, any stupid fool could win." Julie's mouth twisted satirically. "A fool and her future are soon parted," she paraphrased. Into her eyes came a gleam of tense calculation. "If you thought I could be happy," she asked Margaret, "would you stand in my way?"

"Why, you know I wouldn't." The answer came spontaneously. Only when it had been given, did an echo of Julie's tone pierce into Margaret's brain, trumpeting warning. What did Julie mean by this catechism, this insistence upon talk of Corliss? For the first time since she had answered the telephone, she looked at her daughter questioningly, and met the deviltry back of the girl's eyes. There came to her, as it had sometimes come before, a fearful wonder that Julie was her child, so strangely alien did this calculating creature seem to all the traditions that were Margaret Hardy's. Knowledge that her daughter never talked without purpose awoke. At what was Julie driving now? She answered her own questioning as well as Julie's when she spoke. "I may not have done the right thing to insure you happiness, but I always sought to do it. Why should you think I would stand in your way now?"

"You might care for some one else more than you do for me." "Joan?"

"No-o. For Tom Corliss."

"But how could that—" Margaret's mouth fell open in the amazement of a speeding thought. Could it be that Julie cared for him? She was shoving away the fear as an absurdity when Julie answered the half-spoken query.

SLOWLY, deliberately she framed her speech, as if she were dragging it, all dressed, from the wings of her brain to parade on the stage she had made ready for its entrance. "I told you," she said, "that Tom Corliss never even saw me before to-day. Whether or not he keeps on seeing me depends on —you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he woke up to the fact that I am a woman he will love and marry, if nothing happens to stop him."

"But—"

"Oh, yes, I know, he has been coming to see you for years. But don't you know that no woman can keep a man long where you've kept him, without taking the chance of him? If it's not to me, it will be to some one else. You really care for him, you know, or you would have married long ago. Why be the dog in the manger?"

"You know why I haven't married him. I couldn't put the burden of you and Joan."

"Why not? He's rich."

"As if that mattered!"

"It does to me. I wouldn't look twice at any man who—But if I do love him?"

Julie laughed, not tauntingly, but with the lightness of a brushes off danger. "You should have told him," she said, "but he began to give comfort and consolation to your day."

"For what? What did you say to him?"

"I didn't say anything. Willis said it."

"Said what?"

"He told Corliss that you were the woman who went to Springs with Blakeslee."

"I? Oh, God!" She put her clenched fists over her eyes.

"And you let him believe that? You told him it was I?"

"I told him nothing. I only kept still. You don't think tell him I was the one, do you?"

"What had Willis said?"

"I don't know, exactly. He'd told it before I came. I that something had been said when I met them. I thought course,"—Julie shrugged in a dramatic reproduction of her hidden defiance in the scene,—"that it was of me they had to tell when Willis went, Tom Corliss asked me if I had ever to Etruscan Springs."

"And you said—"

"I told him that I had been there when I was a child. I asked if you had been there eight years ago. I said that you

"What did he say?" Margaret's voice was bleak as her eyes held the smoldering fires of the crater.

"He asked me if I'd known Blakeslee. I said that I had you speak of him."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Yes, he said to me, 'You poor little kid!' as if he were to himself. Then he changed the subject. He asked me

"Would go up to the Blue Ridge with both of you on Sunday." he threw the hint of an interrogation into her statement, but Margaret made no answer. Then: "What could we do with

she asked. "We couldn't take her, could we?"

MARGARET, staring at Julie consideringly rather angrily, could not restrain a sneer at her tiredness, trying to shift the issue from the important to the trivial. Under the sneer Julie flushed hotly. "I suppose," she said, "you'll think me a coward and a liar. Well, any woman would be a coward and a liar under the same circumstances. Would have told Corliss the truth, if you had been I?"

"I am wondering," Margaret said slowly, "just how I shall him the truth now."

"You can't!" Julie half rose, bending over the table. "can't tell him. You promised me that you wouldn't tell him."

"I didn't know that I was sacrificing my own life by promising him."

"But you promised!" Her voice rose to a shriek. "You promised for Joan's sake. You can't break that promise!" Her had grown livid with fear.

"Why not? It will be no worse than your silence."

"But you can't!" Panic cried out in her tone. "You have the right. You've given your word, and you've always kept that you never broke it."

"I never had such provocation."

"Oh, I know I shouldn't have let it go that way. I should told him. But I couldn't, I couldn't, I tell you." She faced mother again, her eyes blazing with rage and determination. couldn't tell Tom Corliss that, for I love him. Yes, I do. I shouldn't I? Just because he's been coming to see you for you and both of you were ignoring me as if I didn't exist, did I to be the clod you thought me? I'm young, and I'm pretty. I want love, and I want life. And I'm going to have that tell you. You had them. You had your husband, and you've me, and you've had gayety and joy (Continued on page

30-86

The
SAFE
and
SANE



Committed by
JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

TWAS when I was boardin' at Sophrony Gott's place in East Trumet that the thing happened. You've never been to East Trumet? Never mind—don't that worry you. You aint lonesome or eccentric on that account. If, as they say, there's a hundred millions of folks in the United States, I presume likely it's a safe bet that not more than five hundred of 'em have ever been to East Trumet; and four hundred of them have never been anywhere else. Six miles from railroad and the highest town; one road with houses stretched along it; sand, pitch-pines, salt marsh and mosquitoes—that's East Trumet.

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I'd been boardin' at Sophrony's because 'twas the cheapest place to board. For two weeks I'd been there, and then I got over to Setuckit Pint on a fishin'-cruise. I got back around the o'clock in the afternoon of the third of July. After I'd an-ored my boat and come ashore in the skiff, I started to walk up the boardin'-house.

Well, when I struck the three or four houses and the store that to make up all the middle there is to East Trumet, I see right that there was somethin' doin', somethin' way out of the com- mon run. Cap'n Ebenezer Bassett's house, which is the biggest there is in the place, was all trimmed up with red, white and blue stuff, and there was an old election flag with "Vote for Hank and English" on it, h'isted over the front door. Aunt Abbie Shoop's front fence was tied up with colored carpet-rags, and there was a crowd of as much as six folks, not countin' dogs, on the platform of Ansel Olsen's store, which was trimmed fancy and gaudy with buntin' and evergreen and cigar-signs. Ansel was boardin' on the front steps talkin' loud, and I walked over to see what 'twas all about.

When I got there, I noticed that the store wa'n't the only thing that was decorated; Ansel himself was rigged out in a faded blue chit'in' coat with brass buttons, and he was wearin' a badge as big as a sasser.

"Hello!" says I. "What's up? What's all hands trimmin' ship?"

Nobody said anything for a minute, just stared and whispered

Aided and Abetted by
REA IRVIN

amongst themselves. Then Ansel kind of drawed himself up and spoke.

"Sol," says he, "I'm glad you've come."

"Thank you," says I. "Of course, I didn't expect to be welcomed in this way, but I appreciate it just the same. The decorations are real pretty."

I intended this as a joke, but it didn't take. Nobody cracked a smile.

"Yes sir," went on Olsen, "I'm mighty glad you've come. Not that 'twouldn't have been all right if you hadn't. I'd have looked after him. That's part of my business. When I undertook to run for constable, I—"

I put in here. This was brand-new.

"You run for constable?" I sung out. "What are you talkin' about, Anse Olsen? How long since you run for constable?"

The whole half-dozen started in to answer me, but Olsen hollered loudest, an' so he won out.

"Since a week ago last Thursday," says he, proud. "And last Tuesday night I was elected. I beat Gaius Paine by three votes. I am constable now."

Here was news, sure enough. Gaius Paine had been constable in East Trumet since Noah landed from the Ark, or thereabouts.

"Well, I swan to man!" says I. "And that's what the flags are flyin' for!"

But it wa'n't. All hands started to tell me so. The next day was Fourth of July; didn't I know it? It was; and East Trumet was goin' to have a new kind of Fourth, a safe and sane Fourth.

"No more ringin' the schoolhouse bell," declared Ansel. "No more young ones firin' off torpedoes and thunder-crackers and things, wakin' everybody up at ungodly times of night and blowin' their heads off, same as when Gaius Paine was runnin' this town. No sir, Cap'n Bassett and me have fixed all that. We've read about safe and sane Fourths in the Boston paper, and we decided

to have one. That's why they elected me constable. I'll see to it. Yes, and I'll see to this jailbird critter of yours, Sol Pratt. He won't make no trouble. You can sleep in peace."

I looked at him.

"Jailbird critter!" says I. "What on earth—"

"Why, the one that's comin' to live along with you. The one that's to be kept hid and—and peaceable and all the rest of it. The—the telegram one."

To judge by the way this was said, it ought to have explained everything, but it didn't—not to me. Was all hands of 'em goin' loony?

"Comin' here?" I says. "To live with me? Telegram? What telegram?"

Nobody answered right off, but they all stared. Finally Ansel spoke up.

"Gosh!" says he, fervent. "He don't know! I bet you he aint never seen the telegram or the letter neither!"

"But he must have," sings out Beriah Eldridge. "He must have seen the letter, anyway. Sophrony, she sent it down to Setuckit by Issachar Snow, and he—"

I put in my oar. One thing seemed to be fairly plain: there was a letter or a telegram or somethin' for me somewhere, and everybody *but* me knew all about it.

"Where is this telegram, or whatever 'tis?" I asked.

"Over to Sophrony's." They all said it at once, and they kept on sayin' other things. I didn't wait to hear 'em, though. I hurried across the road to the boardin'-house.

Afore I got inside the side door of the boardin'-house, I found out that all the excitement wa'n't out in the road by a good deal. There was loud voices in Sophrony's dinin'-room. One of the voices, the loudest, was Sophrony's, an' t'other belonged to Adoniram Gott, her husband. They was havin' some sort of row.

"But I'm goin', Sophrony," says Adoniram, shrill, and surprisin' determined for him. "I've got to go, Sophrony," he says. "I promised George Bailey I'd be on hand at the Center by five o'clock to-morrow mornin'. They'll be waitin' the parade for me."

His wife was down on him like a flatiron on a damp shirt. "I don't care," says she. "You aint goin'. Do you suppose when we've taken such pains to have a nice, sensible, sane Fourth of July here, that I'm goin' to have my husband traipsin' up in the middle of the night to Trumet Center to make a bigger fool of himself than comes natural to him? You! You! Rigged out in fool-ducks and drivin' a cart in an Antiques and Horribles procession! I guess not! You'll go to bed and stay there; that's what."

"I sha'n't! I can't! I promised. By godfreys! I—I'll go anyhow. I'll go on my own hook."

"You try it! Just you try— Why, Mr. Pratt! Where'd you come from? Did you hear this ridiculous husband of mine talk? Wants to be a Horrible—at his time of life!"

"Never you mind my time of life. I aint so old as you be," declared Adoniram. "And Sol, I've got up the cutest rig to wear. Funny! You ought to see me in it. You'd laugh, I bet you."

GENERALLY speakin', anybody would laugh at Adoniram without his dressin' up. But I wa'n't laughin' just then. "Look here, Sophrony," says I. "What about this telegram for me that all hands are talkin' about?"

I didn't get any further. Both she and her husband made a bounce and a grab. Sophrony got ahead as usual, and 'twas she that handed me the yellow envelope.

"It came last night," she says. "That Joshua Baker boy fetched it down from the Center. He—"

"Sh-h-h!" says I, and tore open the envelope. The telegram was a long one, what they call a "night letter," and this is what it said:

Solomon Pratt,
East Trumet, Mass.

Have received no answer to my letter so suppose everything is all right. Mike Bodley and companion will arrive by evening train, July third. If you have found suitable place, take him there and look out for him. He must not be seen or interviewed. You will understand why. Say nothing to him concerning his conviction or the island as he is sensitive on both subjects. Write how he is getting on.

E. VAN BRUNT.



"Feller-citizens," says he, "as ex-constable of this town, I order you to help me to get this man."

"E. Van Brunt" meant Edward Van Brunt, who was received the pair of New York brokers who lived what they call the usual life with me on Ozone Island years afore. Van Brunt and his wife was starin' at me with mouths open. They was shakin' with excitement. "Ed,"

"Aint it awful?" began Sophrony, but I stopped her.

"It says there's a letter," says I. "I haven't seen any letter."

Then there was a powwow. A letter for me had come a week before, and Sophrony had given it to Issachar Snow to carry to me at Setuckit, just as Olsen had said. But I had seen Issy nor the letter either.

"But aint it awful!" says Sophrony again. "The whole talkin' about it."

"I know they are," I answered, sarcastic. "I've heard But as I understand it, this telegram was to me. How is it they read it?"

Oh, it happened that they didn't read it, exactly. But young foolhead of a Josh Baker, who brought it down workin' in the Trumet Center depot, and he'd read it and everybody he met. And that of itself was enough to set Trumet talkin'. Telegrams didn't come there every day.

"I know just how you feel," says Sophrony again. "I bird, one that's been convicted and sent to Deer Island, to this town for you to take care of! Mercy! I'm scared to death. Everybody is. I don't believe a single soul will this night. A Deer Island convict in this town! And here to hide! Mercy on us!"

Well, that explained some of it, of course. "Conviction" "the island" don't mean anything but Deer Island jail in Harbor to anybody within a hundred miles of there. I knew better. The name "Bodley" sounded sort of familiar to me; seemed as if I remembered some of Mrs. Van Brunt's named that, though the "Mike" part didn't fit very well anyhow, I knew mighty well Ed Van Brunt wouldn't be any convict to hide. However, that's about all I did know. And this "Bodley," whoever he was, and his "companion," ever he was, was due to arrive at Trumet Center in less than three hours! I hustled out of that house and headed for depot. As I went out of the door, I heard Adoniram make more declarations that he was goin' to be in the Horribles. And when I went past Olsen's store, the gang there looked scared and suspicious, as if I was breakin' out with smallpox.

I reached the Center depot half an hour ahead of time. There I got one ray of comfort. Seems the "conviction" belong in that telegram at all. Seems that Ed Baker, older brother, who is depot-master, had written it out.



er to help me. Fall in! They fell in, and the next thing I knew, off they went down the road.

who was a received it, but young Josh had spilled ink all over the copy, they call it as sacred to tell, and had written another one as well as he Van Brunt's and his dime-novel imagination could make it out. The word it's and stars he had a wasn't "conviction"—twas "affliction."

"Ed," says I, "you've been to New York more'n I have. Is any island around there where they keep afflicted folks?" "Humph!" says he. "Why, there's Blackwell's Island; there's hospital there, I believe. Yes, and there's Randall's Island; that's got an insane asylum on it."

I nodded. "That's more like it, anyway," I told him. "Either hospital or an asylum is better'n jail. Probably this Bodley some poor fellow just out of the sick-bay or the asylum, who's been sent down here to rest up. Yes sir, I'll bet that's the answer. Either an invalid or a lunatic is what I've got to expect, and this 'companion' that's comin' along with him can tell me which."

But when the train drawed into dock at the platform, and the folks begun to get off, I didn't see a soul that looked as if he was "companions" anybody. Most of the passengers was Center people and summer folks down for the Fourth. The only stranger was thin old fellow, straight up and down as a ramrod, who wore eyeglasses made fast to him with a black ribbon, and who stepped kind of feeble and looked round him as if he was lost.

Thinks I: "You aint the one. You may be an invalid or a loony, but your name aint Mike, I'll bet a booky."

All at once he walks over to me, and he says, kind of snappy and sharp:

"My man, do you know anyone named Pratt?" I started. "That's my name," I says, surprised.

He just stared at me.

"I am lookin'," says he, "for a man named Pratt—David, Jonathan—demn it all! What is that name? Yes, Solomon Pratt. Do you know him?"

"Why, yes," says I, soon's I could say anything. That's my name. Was you lookin' for me?"

He didn't answer—that is, what he said wa'n't rightly an answer. 'Twas more as if he was thinkin' out loud. "I was to meet him here," he says. "Is this place east—what the devil!—East Trumet?"

"It's Trumet Center," I hollered at him. "Your name don't happen to be Bodley, does it?"

The answer I got was a kind of sniff and a glare through the glasses.

"Don't look at me like that," he snapped. "And don't fidget. I want to find a person named Solomon Pratt. My name is Bodley, and I— Stop wavin' your hands, can't you?"

I didn't know I was wavin' 'em, though the idea that this pompous, high-toned—lookin' critter was Mike Bodley was enough to make the average person wave a distress-signal. However, I stuck my hands in my pockets before I answered.

"I'm Pratt," says I. "You're in the right port, Mr. Bodley. Come right along with me."

You'd think that was plain enough, but it wa'n't. He just glared and fidgeted some more.

"Don't talk to me," he says. "It's no use. Do you know this—this Pratt person?"

Well, I judged I was gettin' the answer to my conundrum; the poor old chap was out of his head; that was what ailed him.

"Oh, dear!" he snapped. "Oh, dear! I shall choke that Higgins creature when I see him. To leave me like this! And to carry off my drums! I—I will choke him! I swear I will!"

That settled it. Ravin' about "drums" and chokin' somebody was enough for me. I took hold of his arm.

"There, there!" I hollered. "Take it easy. You're all right. I'm Pratt."

I pounded my shirt-front when I said it. He looked at me.

"Eh?" he says. "Are you Pratt?" I nodded and said "Yes" once more. It didn't seem necessary, but you have to be gentle with crazy folks. He acted more rational.

"Good!" he says. "Thank the Lord! Now take me away from this hole."

That drive down, I sha'n't forget in a hurry. Trumet Center's

Fourth wasn't goin' to be safe and sane if East Trumet's was. The stores was all lit up, and the young ones was firin' crackers and carryin' on, and there was crowds of folks along the main road. The Bodley man noticed this, and it made him more fidgety and crazy than ever. He kept on groanin' and sputterin'.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! What a hole, what a hole!" he kept sayin'. "I thought I was to find quiet and rest. This is outrageous, sir, outrageous!"

I tried to explain that East Trumet was quiet enough to suit a dead man, but my explainin' was wasted. I got more orders not to talk, and he went on ravin'



"Don't talk to me," he says. "It's no use. Do you know this—this Pratt person?"

about Higgins, who, it seemed, had run off and left him, and about his "drums" and I don't know what all. Higgins' and them "drums" was his pet notions. I must find Higgins—right away.

Of course, Ezra, who was drivin', couldn't make head nor tail of all this, but I tipped him the wink and tapped my forehead, and he winked back to show he understood. Then we pulled up in front of Sophrony's door, and I got him out and into the house just as fast as I could. Then I got Sophrony and Adoniram to one side and told 'em that the jailbird wasn't a jailbird at all, but a poor, feeble loony who'd run away from his keeper.

"Course he said the keeper run away from him," I said, "but it's more likely t'other way about. We must keep him quiet and safe until to-morrow, and then this Higgins—I judge that's the keeper's name—will most likely show up."

So Sophrony—she'd had an uncle who went crazy—got over her scare and was all sympathy. We gave poor old Bodley his supper,—his appetite was all right, even if his mind wasn't,—and then we led him upstairs to bed. There was two rooms vacant, but one of 'em had a corn-husk mattress on the bed, so, bein' as t'other had feathers, we decided to give him the feather one. But no sir, he wouldn't have it. 'Cause we picked out one room, he was sot on havin' t'other. And when we tried to tell him, he ordered us to keep quiet, and began to rave about the drums and Higgins. And his language got more brimstoney every minute.

"Land sakes!" whispered Sophrony to me. "Let him have his corn-husks. You have to humor crazy folks. Why, Uncle Noah had to be humored all the time. One spell he just wouldn't rest unless he could wear the preserve kettle on his head every time it rained. To keep from havin' water on the brain, he said. We let him. Land sakes, Mr. Pratt, let this poor Mr. Bodley have his corn-husks."

So we did let him have 'em, and a nightgown of Adoniram's into the bargain. He cussed the nightgown blue. Sophrony was the only thing that reconciled her to believin' his name was his language.

"He looks like George or John or Henry or any other-toned, respectable name," says she, "but he swears like I give in to that."

We didn't lock him in, because Sophrony said Uncle Noah always raised hob if he was locked in. I left him on the floor, husks, tossin' and fidgetin', and went to my own room, which was in the front of the house. Sophrony and Adoniram went to bed too. I was too anxious and worried to sleep; so I lay under my window I could hear somebody walkin' by about every twenty minutes. I caught a glimpse of the walker, a clear place against the sky, and I made out who 'twas. Ansel Olsen, the new constable, on duty same as he said he was goin' to be. Yes sir, Ansel was on the job. And two of the bedroom windows along the road were lit up. East Trouton was takin' any chances with a new kind of Fourth in town, a convict along with it.

It got to be one, and then two o'clock. I had about time to goin' to raise a rumpus, but was sleepin' like a Christian.

And then, just as I had begun to unbutton my collar, I heard a noise downstairs—a noise like a window bein' raised. Then came a yell from outdoors. "Hi! Stop! I say Stop where you be, in the name of the law!" Then a gun off—Bang!

I grabbed the lamp from the bureau and ran out into the Just as I reached it, I heard Sophrony scream, and then a thumpin' on her bedroom door.

"What is it?" I yelled. "What's the matter?"

More shouts from outside, and more yells from Sophrony's room.

"He's gone! He's gone!" she was screamin'.

That was enough for me. I gave one jump to Bodley's window and holdin' up the lamp, looked in. The bedclothes was flung on the floor in a heap, and the bed was empty.

I was out of that house in one minute. The first thing heard when I come down the steps was a yellin' and screamin' from round the corner in the yard. Round there I put, and there was Ansel Olsen all snarled up with the barbed-wire fence.

"He's out! He's out!" says Ansel.

"Who's out?"

"That dum jailbird critter of yours. He got out of the window. I see him. All dressed in white, he was."

I looked. The dinin'-room window was wide open.

"Good land!" I sung out. "Which way?" And then, memberin' the bang I'd heard: "You—you lubber, you shot him, have you?"

"No, no. Course I aint shot him! I wouldn't shoot nobody. I had my shotgun along with me, and it went off when I run afoul of this dum fence. Haul me loose, why don't you?"

I was too busy to haul him loose. "Which way did he go?" I hollered.

"Up the road. Here! Where you goin'? Come back and help me loose."

Up the dark road I put, full tilt. "Here! Mr. Bodley! Mike! Where are you?" I kept hollerin'. And as I run and hollered, I could hear windows and doors openin', and women screamin' and men shoutin'.

I run as far as the last house on the main road, but I didn't see hide nor hair of the Bodley man. So I turned and run back again. But the return trip wa'n't easy navigatin', by a good deal; there was too many other craft in the channel. All the houses were lit up now, and every gate I passed had some body comin' out of it. Old Cap'n Ebenezer Bassett grabbed me by the arm. He had on an oilskin coat and carpet-slops—pers—at least, this was all of his rig that I noticed special—and was wavin' an old navy revolver.

"Hi!" he roared. "Heave to or I'll fire! Hey? Is it you, Sol? What's the matter? Who's hurt?"

I told him nobody was hurt yet, but that somebody was liable to be if he didn't let go of my arm. I broke loose and him just in time to bump into Miss Abbie Cahoon, who was run in circles in the middle of the road screamin' "Help!"

I got clear of her, and then Gaius Paine waylaid me. He had his duck-gun under his arm, and he sung out he'd been expectin' it; with Anse Olsen for constable, anything might happen.

I shook him off; but by the time I got (Continued on page 87)



"Next thing I knew, this Old Man of the Sea and his gang of Matteawan graduates had hold of me."



LIEUTENANT SMITH-OLDWICK, of the Royal Air Service, was on a reconnaissance flight. A hardly credible rumor had come to the British headquarters in German East Africa that the enemy had landed in force on the west coast and were marching to reinforce their colonial troops. The new army was supposed to be no more than ten or twelve days' march to the west. Therefore Lieutenant Harold Percy Smith-Oldwick flew low toward the west, searching with keen eyes for signs of the more numerous German army. Vast, dense forests which a German army corps might have lain concealed unrolled beneath him.

Always hoping that he might discover some sign of their passage, he continued farther and farther westward until well into the afternoon, above a tree-topped plain through the center of which flowed a winding river, he determined to turn about and start for camp. It would take straight flying at top speed to cover the distance before dark; but as he had ample gasoline and a trustworthy machine, there was no doubt in his mind that he could accomplish his aim. And it was then that his engine stalled.

He was too low to do anything but land, and that immediately while he had the more open country accessible, for directly east of him was a vast forest into which a stalled engine could only have plunged him to certain injury and probable death; so he came down in the meadow land near the winding river, and there started to tinker with his motor.

Lieutenant Smith-Oldwick was fair-haired, blue-eyed and slender; as he worked, he hummed a tune. And not only was he outwardly careless of the immediate future and of his surroundings, but actually so. That the district might be infested by countless enemies seemed not to have occurred to him. He bent assiduously to his work of correcting without so much as an upward

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The DEBT

Which is the fifth story in this new series of adventures of the amazing

TARZAN, THE UNTAMED

By
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Illustrated by
CHARLES
LIVINGSTON BULL

glance at the surrounding country. And even had he looked, it is doubtful if he would have seen the score of figures crouching in the concealment of the undergrowth at the edge of the forest. He hummed peacefully, and his adjustment completed, tried out his motor for a minute or two, then shut it off and descended to the ground with the intention of stretching his legs and taking a smoke before continuing his return flight to camp. Now for the first time he took note of his surroundings, and was immediately impressed by both the wildness and the beauty of the scene.

Some gorgeous blooms upon a flowering shrub at a little distance from his machine caught his eye, and as he puffed upon his cigarette, he walked over to examine the flowers more closely. As he bent above them, he was probably some hundred yards from his 'plane, and it was at this instant that Numabo, chief of the Wamabo, chose to leap from his ambush and lead his warriors in a sudden rush upon the white man.

The young Englishman's first intimation of danger was a chorus of savage yells from the forest behind him. Turning, he saw a score of naked blacks advancing rapidly toward him. They moved in a compact mass, but as they approached more closely, their rate of speed noticeably diminished. Yet Smith-Oldwick realized in a quick glance that the direction of their approach and their proximity had cut off all chances of retreat to his 'plane.

Numabo was in the forefront, and it was at Numabo that the Englishman aimed his first shot. Unfortunately for him, it missed its target, for the killing of the chief might have permanently dispersed the others. The bullet passed Numabo, to lodge in the breast of a warrior behind him, and as the fellow lunged forward with a scream, the others turned and retreated. But to the Lieutenant's chagrin, they ran in the direction of the 'plane instead



The young Lieutenant bent to his work. Even had he looked, it is doubtful if he would have seen the score of figures crouching at the edge of the forest.

of back toward the forest; he was still cut off from reaching his machine.

Presently they stopped and faced him again. They were talking loudly and gesticulating, and after a moment one of them began to leap into the air, brandishing his spear and uttering savage war-cries which soon had their effect upon his fellows, so that

soon all of them were taking part in a wild show of song which would bolster their waning courage and presently them on to another attack.

The second charge brought them closer to the Englishman, though he dropped another with his pistol, it was not before or three spears had been launched at him. He now had

and there were still eighteen warriors to be accounted for.

Now they were longer in initiating a new rush, but when they so, it was more skillfully ordered, for they scattered into three which, partly surrounding him, came simultaneously toward from different directions; and though he emptied passed with good effect, they reached him at last.

He seemed to know that his ammunition was ex-

hausted, for they circled close about him now, with

evident intention of taking him alive.

For two or three minutes they circled about him until at a word from Numabo they closed in simultaneously, and though the slender young lieutenant stuck out to right and left, he was soon overwhelmed by superior numbers and beaten down.

He was all but unconscious when they finally dragged him to his feet, and after securing his hands and his back, pushed him roughly along ahead of them toward the jungle. They had marched for perhaps half an hour when the Englishman saw ahead them in a little clearing upon the bank of the river, thatched roofs of native huts showing above a crude but strong palisade, and presently he was ushered into a village street, where he was immediately surrounded by a throng of women and children and warriors. Here he was soon the center of an excited crowd whose intent seemed to be to dispatch him as quickly as possible. The women were more venomous than the men, striking and scratching him whenever they could reach him, until at last Numabo was urged to interfere to save his prisoner for whatever use he was destined.

The warriors pushed the crowd back, opening a space through which the white man was led toward a hut, Smith-Oldwick saw from the opposite end of the village a number of negroes carrying odds and ends of German uniforms. He was not a little surprised at this, and his first thought was that he had at last come in contact with some portion of the army which was rumored to be crossing from the west coast.

Among the partly uniformed blacks was a huge fellow in the rôle of sergeant, and as this man's eyes fell upon the British officer, a loud cry of exultation broke from his lips, and immediately his followers took up the cry and pressed forward to bait the prisoner.

"Where did you get the Englishman?" asked Usanga, the black sergeant, of the chief Numabo. "Are there many more with him?"

"He came down from the sky," replied the native chief, "—in a strange thing which flies like a bird and which frightened us very much at first; but we watched for a long time and saw that it did not seem to be alive, and when this white man left it, we attacked him; and though he killed some of my warriors, we took him, for we Wamabos are brave men and great warriors."

Usanga's eyes went wide. "He flew here through the sky?" he asked.

"Yes," said Numabo, "—in a great thing which resembled a bird flew down out of the sky. The thing is still there where it was down close to the four trees near the second bend in the river. We left it there because, not knowing what it was, we were afraid to touch it; it is still there if it has not flown away again." "It cannot fly," said Usanga, "without this man in it. It is a terrible thing which filled the hearts of our soldiers with terror, for it flew over our camps at night and dropped bombs upon us. As well that you captured this white man, Numabo, for with such a great bird he would have flown over your village to-night and taken all your people. These Englishmen are very wicked white men."

"He will fly no more," said Numabo. And he pushed the young officer roughly toward a hut in the center of the village, where he was left under guard of two warriors.

For an hour or more the prisoner was left to his own devices, which consisted in vain and unremitting attempts to loosen the bands which fettered his wrists; then he was interrupted by the appearance of the black sergeant Usanga, who entered his hut and approached him.

"What are they going to do with me?" asked the Englishman. "My country is not at war with these people. You speak their language. Tell them that I am not an enemy, that my people are the friends of the black people and that they must let me go in peace."

Usanga laughed. "They do not know an Englishman from a

German," he replied. "It is nothing to them what you are, except that you are a white man and an enemy."

"Then why did they take me alive?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Come," said Usanga, and he led the Englishman to the doorway of the hut. "Look," he said, and pointed toward the end of the village street, where a wider space between the huts left a sort of plaza.

Here Smith-Oldwick saw a number of negroes engaged in laying fagots around a stake and in preparing fires beneath a number of large cooking vessels. The sinister suggestion was only too obvious.

Usanga was eying the white man closely, but if he expected to be rewarded by any signs of fear, he was doomed to disappointment. The Lieutenant merely turned toward him with a shrug: "Really, now, do you beggars intend eating me?"

"Not my people," replied Usanga. "We do not eat human flesh, but the Wamabos do. It is they who will eat you; but we will kill you for the feast, Englishman."

Smith-Oldwick remained standing in the doorway of the hut, an interested spectator of the preparations for the coming orgy that was so horribly to terminate his earthly existence. It can hardly be assumed that he felt no fear; yet if he did, he hid it perfectly beneath an imperturbable mask of coolness.

Usanga had walked away toward a group of his own fighting men who were congregated near the stake, laughing and joking with the women. A few minutes later the Englishman saw them pass out of the village

gate, and once again his thoughts reverted to various futile plans for escape.

SEVERAL miles north of the village, on a little rise of ground close to the river where the jungle, halting at the base of a knoll, had left a few acres of grassy land sparsely wooded, a man and a girl were busily engaged in constructing a small *boma* in the center of which a thatched hut already had been erected. They worked almost in silence with only an occasional word of direction or interrogation between them.

Except for a loin-cloth, the man was naked, his smooth skin tanned to a deep brown by the action of sun and wind. He moved with the graceful ease of a jungle-cat, and when he lifted heavy weights the action seemed as effortless as the raising of empty hands.

When he was not looking at her,—and it was seldom that he did,—the girl found her eyes wandering toward him, and at such times there was always an expression of puzzlement upon her face. At first she had felt only the terror which her unhappy position naturally induced. To be alone in the heart of an unexplored wilderness of Central Africa with a savage wild man was in itself sufficiently appalling, but to feel also that this man was a blood enemy, that he hated her and her kind, and that in addition thereto he owed her a personal grudge for an attack she had made upon him in the past, left no loophole for any hope that he might accord her consideration.

She had seen him when some months ago he had entered the headquarters of the German high command in East Africa and



At the edge of the forest she saw him swing lightly into a tree and disappear.

carried off the luckless Major Schneider, of whose fate no hint had ever reached the German officers, and she had seen him again upon that occasion when he had rescued her from the clutches of the lion and had made her prisoner. It was then that she had struck him down with the butt of her pistol and escaped. That he might seek no personal revenge for her act had been evidenced in Wilhelmstal on the night when he had killed Hauptmann Fritz Schneider and departed without molesting her.

No, she could not fathom him. He hated her, and at the same time he had protected her, as had been evidenced again when he had kept the great apes from tearing her to pieces after she had escaped from the Wamabo village to which Usanga the black sergeant had brought her a captive. But why was he saving her? For what sinister purpose could this savage enemy be protecting her from the other denizens of his cruel jungle?

Fraulein Bertha Kircher was by nature a companionable and cheerful character. Tarzan, on the other hand, was sufficient unto himself. Long years of semisolitude among creatures whose powers of oral expression are extremely limited had thrown him almost entirely upon his own resources for entertainment.

His active mind was never idle, but because his jungle mates could neither follow nor grasp the vivid train of imaginings that his man-mind wrought, he had long since learned to keep them to himself, and so now he found no need for confiding them to others. This fact, linked with that of his dislike for the girl, was sufficient to seal his lips for other than necessary conversation, and so they worked on together in comparative silence.

With the waning of her fears, however, she became sufficiently emboldened to question him and so she asked him what he intended doing after the hut and *boma* were completed.

"I am going to the west coast, where I was born," replied Tarzan. "I do not know when. I have all my life before me, and in the jungle there is no reason for haste. When I have been here long enough I will go on toward the west, but first I must see that you have a safe place in which to sleep, and that you have learned how to provide yourself with food and clothing. That will take time."

"You are going to leave me here alone?" cried the girl.

"Why not?" asked Tarzan. "I did not bring you here. Would one of your men accord any better treatment of an enemy woman?"

"Yes," she exclaimed, "they certainly would! No man of my race would leave a defenseless white woman alone in this horrible place."

Tarzan shrugged his broad shoulders. The conversation seemed profitless, and it was further distasteful to him for the reason that it was carried on in German, a tongue which he detested as much as he disliked the people who spoke it. Then it occurred to him that as he had seen her in disguise in the British camp carrying on her nefarious work as a German spy, she probably did speak English, and so he asked her.

"Of course I speak English!" she exclaimed. "But I did not know that you did."

Tarzan looked his wonderment but made no comment.

Again they worked on in silence upon the *boma*, which was now nearly completed, the girl helping the man to the best of her small ability. Tarzan could not but note with grudging approval the spirit of helpfulness she manifested in the oftentimes painful labor of gathering and arranging the thorn-bushes which constituted the temporary protection against roaming carnivores. At last he bade her stop.

"Why?" she asked. "It is no more painful to me than it must be to you, and as it is solely for my protection that you are building this *boma*, there is no reason why I should not do my share."

"You are a woman," replied Tarzan. "This is not a work. If you wish to do something, take those gourds this morning, and fill them with water at the river. You it while I am away."

"While you are away?" she asked. "You are going away?"
"When the *boma* is built, I am going out after meat," replied. "To-morrow I will go again and take you and show you how you may make your own kills after I am gone."

Without a word she took the walked toward the river. As them, her mind was occupied with forebodings of the future. So was she with her gloomy present, she had neither ears nor eyes for what on about her. Mechanically she gourds and taking them up, turned to retrace her steps to the house, immediately to voice a half-stifled scream, shrink back from the menacing figure before her and blocking her way but.

Golat, the king-ape, hunting a deer from his tribe, had seen the woman at the river for water, and it was he who confronted her now. Golat was not a creature when judged by standards of civilized humanity—though the men of his tribe, and even Golat himself, were his glossy black coat shot with silver, his huge arms dangling to his knees, his head sunk between his mighty shoulders, his marks of great personal beauty. His bloodshot eyes and broad nose, his mouth and great fighting fangs, enhanced the claim of this Adonis of the forest upon the affections of his tribe.

But Bertha Kircher saw only a beast, a fierce and terrible creature. Tarzan heard the girl's crying up, saw at a glance the cause of terror. Leaping lightly over the *bois*, swiftly toward her, as Golat had drawn closer to the girl. As Tarzan drew near, he called aloud to the ape, and then heard from the human lips the same words that had fallen from those of the apoid.

"I will not harm your she," Cob to Tarzan.

"I know it," replied the ape-man.
she does not. She is like Numa and
who cannot understand our talk.
thinks you come to harm her."

By this time Tarzan was beside the man.

"You need not be afraid. This ape has learned his lesson. He learned that Tarzan is lord of the jungle. He will not harm you which is Tarzan's."

The girl cast a quick glance at the man's face. It was to her that the words he had spoken meant nothing to him that the assumed proprietorship over her was, like the bond a means for her protection.

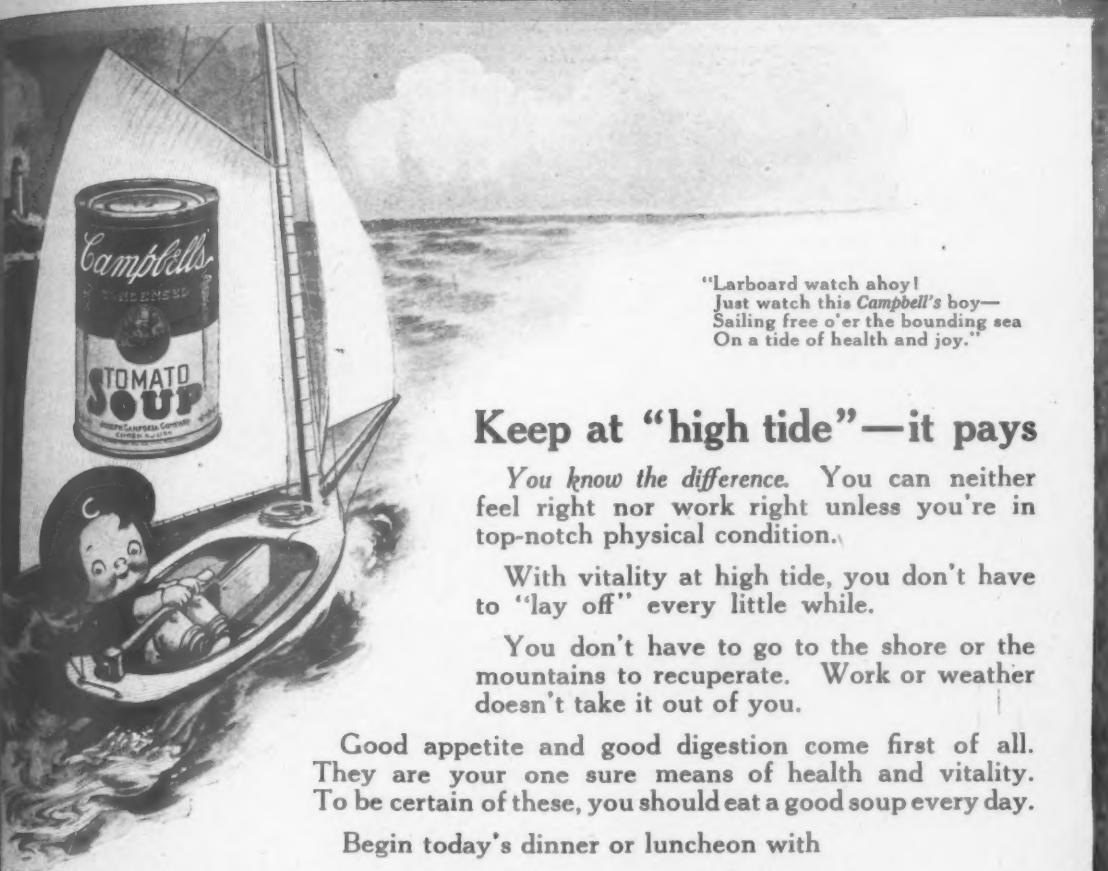
"But I am afraid of him," she said.
"You must not show your fear. You will be often surrounded by these apes. At such times you will be safest. Be sure to leave you, I will give you the means of protecting yourself. If they should one of them chance to turn upon you, if you run from them, I would seek their society. Few are the animals of this globe that dare attack the great apes when there are several of them together. If you let them know that you are afraid of them, they will take advantage of it, and your life will be constantly in danger. The she apes especially would attack you. I will let you know that you have the means of protecting yourself and of killing them. Then they will respect and fear you."

"I will try," said the girl, "but I am afraid that it will be difficult. He is the most frightful creature I have ever seen."

Tarzan smiled. "Doubtless he thinks the same of you. By this time other apes had entered the clearing, among were several bulls, some young shes and some older ones with little *balus* clinging to their backs or frolicking around them. Though they had seen the girl the night of the *Dua-Dua*...



Zu-tag took up his position in a tree from which he could overlook the village.



"Larboard watch ahoy!
Just watch this *Campbell's* boy—
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Sheeta had forced her to leap from her concealment into the arena where the apes were dancing, they still were curious regarding her. Some of the shes came very close and plucked at her garments, commenting upon them to one another in their strange tongue. The girl by the exercise of all the will-power she could command succeeded in passing through the ordeal without evincing any of the terror and revulsion that she felt. Tarzan watched her closely, a half-smile upon his face. Suddenly he turned to the apes.

"Tarzan goes to hunt for himself and his she," he said. "The she will remain there." He pointed toward the hut. "See that no member of the tribe harms her. Do you understand?"

The apes nodded. "We will not harm her," said Golat.

"No," said Tarzan, "you will not. For if you do, Tarzan will kill you." And then turning to the girl, "Come," he said. "I am going to hunt now. You had better remain at the hut. The apes have promised not to harm you. I will leave my spear with you. It will be the best weapon you could have in case you should need to protect yourself, but I doubt if you will be in any danger for the short time I am away."

He walked with her as far as the *boma* and when she had entered, he closed the gap with thorn-bushes and turned away toward the forest.

TARZAN sought Bara the deer or Horta the boar, for of all the jungle animals he doubted if any would prove more palatable to the white woman; but though his keen nostrils were ever on the alert, he traveled far without being rewarded with even the faintest scent-spoor of the game he sought. Keeping close to the river, where he hoped to find Bara or Horta approaching or leaving a drinking-place, he came at last upon the strong odor of the Wamabo village, and being ever ready to pay his hereditary enemies an undesired visit, he swung into a detour and came up in the rear of the village. From a tree which overhung the palisade he looked down into the street, where he saw the preparations going on which his experience told him indicated the approach of one of those frightful feasts the *pièce de résistance* of which is human flesh.

Tarzan's view was circumscribed by the dense foliage of the tree in which he sat, and so that he might obtain a better view, he climbed farther aloft and moved cautiously out upon a slender branch. Outwardly it appeared strong and healthy, and Tarzan could not know that close to the stem a burrowing insect had eaten away half the heart of the solid wood beneath the bark.

And so when he reached a point far out upon the limb, it snapped close to the bole of the tree without warning. Below him were no larger branches that he might clutch, and as he lunged downward, his foot caught in a looped creeper so that he turned completely over and alighted on the flat of his back in the center of the village street.

At the sound of the breaking limb and the crashing body falling through the branches, the startled blacks scurried to their huts for weapons; and when

the braver of them emerged, they saw the still form of an almost naked white man lying where he had fallen. Emboldened by the fact that he did not move, they approached more closely, and when their eyes discovered no signs of others of his kind in the tree, they rushed forward until a dozen warriors stood about him with ready spears. At first they thought that the fall had killed him, but upon closer examination they discovered that the man was only stunned. One of the warriors was for thrusting a spear through his heart, but Numabo the chief would not permit it.

"Bind him," he said. "We will feed well to-night."

And so they bound his hands and feet with thongs and carried him into the hut where Lieutenant Smith-Oldwick awaited his fate. The young Englishman had heard the sound of Tarzan's body crashing through the tree to the ground, and the commotion in the village which immediately followed, and now he looked with mixed feelings of surprise and compassion upon the fellow-prisoner that the blacks carried in and laid upon the floor.

As he watched the man, he presently noticed that his eyelids were moving. Slowly they opened, and a pair of gray eyes looked blankly about. With returning consciousness the eyes assumed their natural expression of keen intelligence, and a moment later, with an effort, the prisoner rolled over upon his side and drew himself to a sitting position. He was facing the Englishman, and as his eyes took in the bound ankles and the arms drawn tightly behind the other's back, a slow smile lighted the handsome features.

"Is there no escape?" asked the Englishman.

"I have escaped them before," replied Tarzan, "and I have seen others escape them. I have seen a man taken away from the stake after a dozen spear thrusts had pierced his body and the fire had been lighted about his feet."

Smith-Oldwick shuddered. "Lord!" he exclaimed. "I hope I don't have to face that. I believe I could stand anything but the thought of the fire. I should hate like the devil to go into a funk before the devils at the last moment."

Tarzan laughed. "Roll over here," he said, "where I can get at your bonds with my teeth." The Englishman did as he was bid, and presently Tarzan was working at the thongs with his strong white teeth. He felt them giving slowly beneath his efforts. In another moment they would part, and then it would be a comparatively simple thing for the Englishman to remove the remaining bonds from Tarzan and himself.

It was then that one of the guards entered the hut. In an instant he saw what the new prisoner was doing, and raising his spear, he struck the ape-man a vicious blow across the head with its haft. Then he called in the other guards, and together they fell upon the luckless men, kicking and beating them unmercifully. Then they bound the Englishman more securely than before and tied both men fast on opposite sides of the hut. When they had gone, Tarzan looked across at his companion in misery.

"While there is life," he said, "there is hope." But he grinned broadly to voiced the ancient truism.

Smith-Oldwick returned the other smile. "I fancy," he said, "that we are getting short on both."

ZU-TAG hunted alone, far from the others of the tribe of Golat the great ape. Zu-tag, *Big-neck*, was a young bull, but recently arrived at maturity. He was large, powerful and courageous, and at the same time far above the average of his kind in intelligence. Already Golat saw in this young ape a possible contender for the laurels of his kingship, and consequently the old bull looked upon Zu-tag with jealousy and disfavor. It was for this reason, possibly, that Zu-tag hunted so often alone, but it was his utter fearlessness that permitted him to wander far afield away from the protection which members gave the great apes. One of the results of this habit was a greatly increased resourcefulness which found his constantly growing in intelligence and powers of observation.

To-day he had been hunting toward the south and was returning along the river upon a path he often followed, because it led by the village of the Gomangani, whose strange and almost apish actions and peculiar manners of living had aroused his interest and curiosity. As upon other occasions, he took up his position in a tree from which he could overlook the interior of the village and watch the blacks at their vocations in the street below.

Zu-tag had scarcely more than established himself in his tree when, with the blacks, he was startled by the crashing of Tarzan's body from the branches of another jungle giant to the ground within the palisade. He saw the negro gather about the prostrate form and later carry it into the hut; and once he rose to his full height upon the limb where he had been squatting, and raised his face to the heavens, about to scream out a savage protest and a challenge, for he had recognized in the brown-skinned Tarmangani the strange white ape who had come among them a night or two before in the midst of their *Dum-Dum*, and who by so easily mastering the greatest among them, had won the savage respect and admiration of this fierce young bull.

But Zu-tag's ferocity was tempered by a certain native cunning and caution. Before he had voiced his protest, there formed in his mind the thought that he would like to save this wonderful white ape from the common enemy, the Gomangani, and so he screamed forth a challenge, wisely determining that more could be accomplished by secrecy and stealth than by force of muscle and fang.

At first he thought to enter the village alone and carry off the Tarmangani, but when he saw how numerous were the warriors, and that several sat directly before the entrance to the lair into which the prisoner had been carried, it occurred to him that this was work for many rather than one; and so, as silently as he had come, he slipped away through the foliage toward the north.

The tribe was still loitering about the

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Try this famous treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it well with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always dry your skin carefully.

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Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.* These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce enlarged nose pores: Try the special treatment given above and supplement it with the steady, general use of Wood-

bury's Facial Soap. But do not expect to change immediately a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c.

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1707 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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clearing where stood the hut that Tarzan and Bertha Kircher had built. Some were idly searching for food just within the forest's edge, while others squatted beneath the shade of trees within the clearing. The girl had emerged from the hut, her tears dried, and was gazing anxiously toward the south into the jungle where Tarzan had disappeared. Occasionally she cast suspicious glances in the direction of the huge shaggy anthropoids about her.

IT was while she was occupied with these depressing thoughts that there dropped suddenly into the clearing from the trees upon the south the figure of a mighty young bull.

It was evident that the newcomer was filled with suppressed excitement. As the other apes saw him coming, many advanced to meet him, bristling and growling.

There was a certain amount of preliminary circling, growling and sniffing, stiff-legged and stiff-haired, before each side discovered that the other had no intention of initiating an attack; and then Zu-tag told Golat what he had seen among the lairs of the Gomangani.

Golat grunted in disgust and turned away. "Let the white ape take care of himself," he said.

"He is a great ape," said Zu-tag. "He came to live in peace with the tribe of Golat. Let us save him from the Gomangani."

Golat grunted again and continued to move away.

"Zu-tag will go alone and get him," cried the young ape, "if Golat is afraid of the Gomangani."

The king-ape wheeled in anger, growling loudly and beating upon his breast. "Golat is not afraid," he screamed, "but he will not go, for the white ape is not of his tribe. Go yourself and take the Tarmangan's she with you if you wish so much to save the white ape."

"Zu-tag will go," replied the younger bull, "and he will take the Tarmangani's she and all the bulls of Golat who are not cowards." And so saying, he cast his eyes inquiringly about at the other apes. "Who will go with Zu-tag to fight the Gomangani and bring away our brother?" he demanded.

Eight young bulls in the full prime of their vigor pressed forward to Zu-tag's side, but the old bulls, with the conservatism and caution of many years upon their gray shoulders, shook their heads and waddled away after Golat.

"Good!" cried Zu-tag. "We want no old shes to go with us to fight the Go-mangani, for that is work for the fighters of the tribe."

ALL this time Bertha Kircher was a wide-eyed and terrified spectator to what, as she thought, could end only in a terrific battle between these frightful beasts, and when Zu-tag and his followers began screaming forth their fearsome challenge, the girl found herself trembling in terror, for of all the sounds of the jungle there is none more awe-inspiring than that of the great bull-ape when he issues his challenge or shrieks forth his victory cry.

If she had been terrified before, she

was almost paralyzed with fear now as she saw Zu-tag and his apes turn toward the *boma* and approach her. With the agility of a cat, Zu-tag leaped completely over the protecting wall and stood before her. Valiantly she held her spear before her, pointing it at his breast. He began to jabber and gesticulate, and even with her scant acquaintance with the ways of the anthropoids, she realized that he was not menacing her, for there was little or no baring of fighting fangs, and his whole expression and attitude was that of one attempting to explain a knotty problem or plead a worthy cause.

problem or plead a worthy cause.

At last he became impatient, for with a sweep of one great paw he struck the spear from her hand and coming closer seized her by the arm, but not roughly. She shrank away in terror, and yet some sense within her seemed to be trying to assure her that she was in no danger from this great beast. Zu-tag jabbered loudly ever and again pointing into the jungle toward the south and moving toward the *boma*, pulling the girl with him; he seemed almost frantic in his efforts to explain something to her. He pointed toward the *boma*, herself, and then to the forest, and then at last as though by a sudden inspiration, he reached down and seizing the spear, repeatedly touched it with his forefinger and again pointed toward the south.

Suddenly it dawned upon the girl that what the ape was trying to explain to her was related in some way to the white man whose property he thought she was. Possibly her grim protector was in trouble, and with this thought firmly established, she no longer held back but started forward as though to accompany the young bull. At the point in the *boma* where Tarzan had blocked the entrance, she started to pull away the thorn bushes, and when Zu-tag saw what she was doing, he fell to and assisted her so that presently they had an opening through the *boma* through which she passed with the great ape.

Immediately Zu-tag and his eight apes started off rapidly toward the jungle, so rapidly that Bertha Kircher would have had to run at top speed to keep up with them. This she realized she could not do, and so she was forced to lag behind much to the chagrin of Zu-tag who kept constantly running back and urging her to greater speed. Once he took her by the arm and tried to drag her along. Her protests were of no avail, since the beast could not know that they were protests; nor did he desist until she caught her foot in some tangled grass and fell to the ground.

Then indeed was Zu-tag furious, and growled hideously. His apes were waiting at the edge of the forest for him to lead them. He suddenly realized that this poor weak she could not keep up with them, and that if they traveled at her slow rate, they might be too late to render assistance to the Tarmangani; and so without more ado the giant anthropoid picked Bertha Kircher bodily from the ground and swung her to his back. Her arms were about his neck, and in this position he seized her wrists in one great paw so that she could not fall off, and started at a rapid rate to join his companions.

Dressed as she was in riding breeches, with no entangling skirts to hinder or catch upon passing shrubbery, she soon found that she could cling tightly to the back of the mighty bull, and when a moment later he took to the lower branches of the trees, she closed her eyes and clung to him in terror lest she be precipitated to the ground below.

Not once did Zu-tag pause until he came to a stop among the branches of a tree at no great distance from the village. They could hear the noises of life within the palisade, the laughing and shouting of the negroes, and the barking of dogs, and through the foliage the girl caught glimpses of the village from which she had so recently escaped. She shuddered to think of the possibility of having to return to it, and of possible re-capture, and she wondered why Zu-tag had brought her here.

NOW the apes advanced slowly one more and with great caution, moving as noiselessly through the trees as the squirrels themselves until they had reached a point where they could easily overlook the palisade and the village street below.

Zu-tag squatted upon a great branch close to the bole of the tree, and by loosening the girl's arms from about his neck, indicated that she was to find a footing for herself; when she had done so, he turned toward her and pointed repeatedly at the open doorway of a hut upon the opposite side of the street below them. By various gestures he seemed to be trying to explain something to her, and at last she caught at the germ of his idea—that her white man was a prisoner there.

Beneath them was the roof of a house, onto which she saw that she could easily drop, but what could she do after she had entered the village?

Darkness was already falling, and the fires beneath the cooking-pots had been lighted. The girl saw the stake in the village street and the piles of fagots about it, and in terror she suddenly realized the portent of these grisly preparations. Oh, if she only had some sort of weapon that might give her even a faint hope of some slight advantage against the blacks.

Zu-tag was evidently waiting for darkness to fall before carrying out what ever plans had matured in his savage little brain, for he and his fellows sat quietly in the tree about her, watching the preparations of the blacks. Presently it became apparent that some altercation had arisen among the negroes, for a score or more of them were gathered around one who appeared to be their chief, and all were talking and gesticulating heatedly. The argument lasted for some five or ten minutes; then suddenly the little knot broke, and two warriors ran to the opposite side of the village, from whence they presently returned with a large stake which they had soon set up beside the one already in place. The girl wondered what the purpose of the second stake might be—nor did she have long to wait for an explanation.

It was quite dark by this time, the village being lighted by the fitful glow of many fires, and now she saw a number of warriors approach and enter the

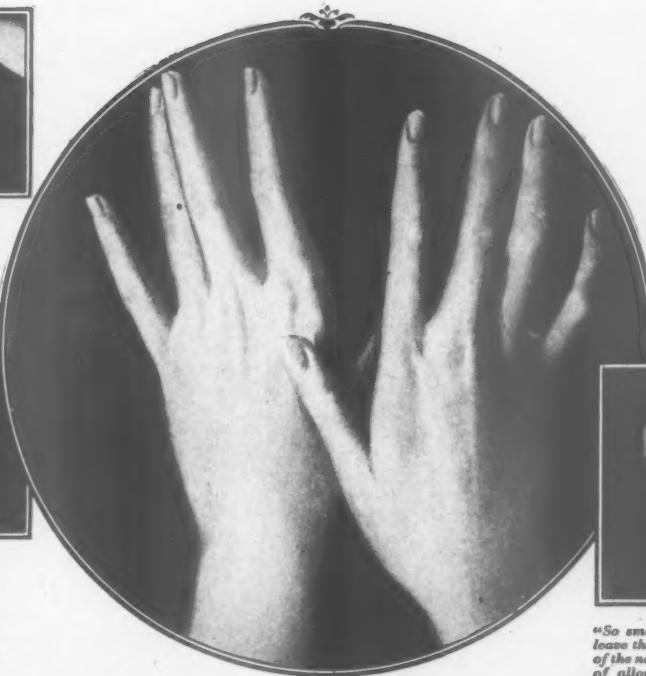
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hut Zu-tag had been watching. A moment later they reappeared, dragging between them two captives, one of whom the girl immediately recognized as her protector, and the other as an Englishman in the uniform of an aviator. This, then, was the reason for the two stakes!

Arising quickly, she placed a hand upon Zu-tag's shoulder and pointed down into the village. "Come," she said, as if she had been talking to one of her own kind, and with the word she swung down lightly to the roof of the hut below. From there to the ground was but a short drop, and a moment later she was circling the hut upon the side farthest from the fires, keeping in the dense shadows, where there was little likelihood of being discovered. She turned once to see that Zu-tag was directly behind, and could see his huge bulk looming up in the dark. Beyond was another one of his eight; doubtless they had all followed her, and this fact gave her a greater sense of security and hope than she had before experienced.

Pausing at the side of the hut next the street, she peered cautiously about the corner. A few inches from her was the open doorway of the hut; and beyond, further down the village street, the blacks were congregating about the prisoners, who were already being bound to the stakes. All eyes were centered upon the victims, and there was only the remotest chance that she and her companions would be discovered before they were close upon the blacks. She wished, however, that she might have some sort of weapon with which to lead the attack, for she could not know, of course, for a certainty whether the great apes would follow her or not. Hoping that she might find something within the hut, she slipped quickly around the corner and into the doorway, and after her, one by one, came the nine bulls. Searching quickly about the interior, she presently discovered a spear; and armed with this, she again approached the entrance.

TARZAN of the Apes and Lieutenant Smith-Oldwick were bound securely to their respective stakes. Neither had spoken for some time. The Englishman turned his head so that he could see his companion in misery. Tarzan stood straight against his stake. His face was entirely expressionless in so far as either fear or anger was concerned. His countenance portrayed bored indifference, though both men knew that they were about to be tortured.

"Good-by, old top," whispered the young Lieutenant.

Tarzan turned his eyes in the direction of the other and smiled. "Good-by," he said. "If you want to get it over in a hurry, inhale all the smoke and fumes you can."

"Thanks," replied the aviator, and though he made a wry face, he drew himself up very straight and squared his shoulders.

The women and children had seated themselves in a wide circle about the victims; the warriors, hideously painted, were forming slowly to begin the dance of death. Again

Tarzan turned to his companion. "If you want to spoil their fun," he said, "don't make any fuss, no matter how much you suffer. If you can carry on to the end without changing the expression upon your face or uttering a single sound, you will deprive them of all the pleasures of this part of the entertainment. Good-by again, and good luck."

The young Englishman made no reply, but it was evident from the set of his jaws that the negroes would get little enjoyment out of him.

The warriors were circling now. Presently Numabo would draw first blood with his sharp spear, which would be the signal for the beginning of the torture—after a little of which the fagots around the feet of the victims would be lighted.

Closer and closer danced the hideous chief, his yellow, sharp-filed teeth showing in the firelight against the background of his thick, red lips. Now bending double, now stamping furiously upon the ground, now leaping into the air, he danced step by step in the narrowing center that would presently bring him within spear-reach of the intended feast.

AT last the spear reached out and touched the ape-man on the breast; when it came away, a little trickle of blood ran down the smooth brown hide—and almost simultaneously there broke from the outer periphery of the expectant audience a woman's shriek which seemed a signal for a series of hideous screams, growlings and barkings, and a great commotion upon that side of the circle. The victims could not see the cause of the disturbance, but Tarzan did not have to see, for he knew by the voices of the apes the identity of the disturbers. He only wondered what had brought them and what the purpose of the attack, for he could not believe that they had come to rescue him.

Numabo and his warriors broke quickly from the circle of their dance to see pushing toward them through the ranks of their screaming and terrified people the very white girl who had escaped them a few nights before—and at her back came what appeared to their surprised eyes a veritable horde of the huge and hairy forest men upon whom they looked with fear and awe.

Striking to right and left with his heavy fists, tearing with his great fangs, came Zu-tag the young bull, and at his heels, emulating his example, surged his hideous apes. Quickly they came through the old men and the women and children, for the girl led them straight toward Numabo and his warriors. It was then that they came within range of Tarzan's vision, and he saw with un-

mixed surprise who it was that led the apes to his rescue.

To Zu-tag he shouted: "Go for the big bulls while the she unbinds me." And to Bertha Kircher: "Quick! Cut these bonds. The apes will take care of the blacks."

Turning from her advance, the girl ran to his side. She had no knife, but she worked quickly and coolly, and to Zu-tag and his apes closed with the warriors, she succeeded in loosening Tarzan's bonds sufficiently to permit him to extricate his own hands so that in another minute he had freed himself.

"Now unbind the Englishman," he cried, and leaping forward, ran to join Zu-tag and his fellows in their battle against the blacks. Numabo and his warriors, realizing now the relatively small numbers of the apes against them, had made a determined stand, and with their weapons were endeavoring to overcome the invaders. Three of the apes were already down, killed or mortally wounded, when Tarzan, realizing that the battle must eventually go against the apes unless some means could be found to break the morale of the negroes, cast about him for some means of bringing about the desired end. And suddenly his eye lighted upon a number of weapons which he knew would accomplish the result. A grim smile touched his lips as he snatched a vessel of boiling water from one of the fires and hurled it full in the faces of the warriors. Screaming with terror and pain, they fell back, though Numabo urged them to rush forward.

Scarcely had the first cauldron of boiling water spilled its contents upon them ere Tarzan deluged them with a second; nor was there any third needed to send them shrieking in every direction.

By the time Tarzan had recovered his own weapons, the girl had released the young Englishman, and with the six remaining apes, the three Europeans moved slowly toward the village gate, the aviator arming himself with a spear discarded by one of the scalded warriors. Numabo was unable to rally the now thoroughly terrified and painfully burned warriors; and so rescued and rescuers passed out of the village into the blackness of the jungle without further interference.

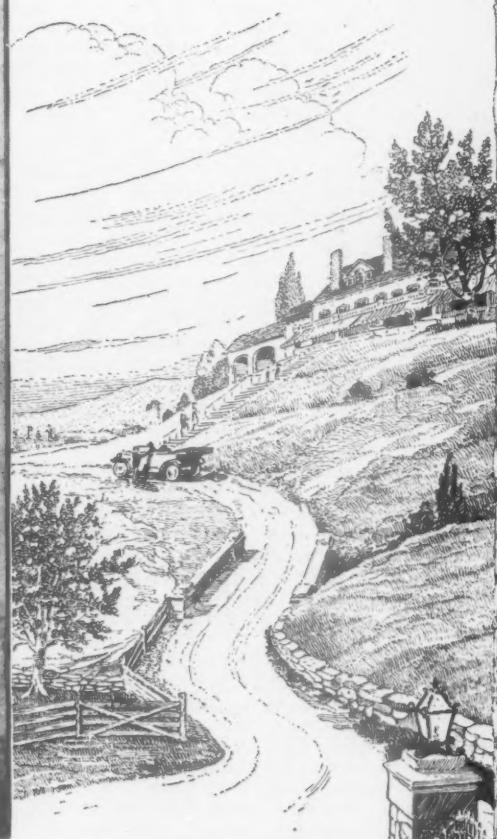
Tarzan strode through the jungle in silence. Beside him walked Zu-tag the great ape, and behind them strung the surviving anthropoids, followed by Franklin Bertha Kircher and Lieutenant Smith-Oldwick, the latter a thoroughly astonished and mystified Englishman.

In all his life Tarzan of the Apes had been obliged to acknowledge but few obligations. He won his way through his savage world by the might of his own muscle, the superior keenness of his five senses and his God-given power to reason. To-night the greatest of all obligations had been placed upon him—his life had been saved by another; and Tarzan shook his head and growled.

The next of the stories of Tarzan of the Apes is entitled "The Black Flyer." It will appear in the forthcoming, the August, Red Book Magazine.

EVERY woman knows—and smiles at—a man who "knows women." Every man knows one too—better than he knows anybody else, in fact, for it's always himself. So every man and every woman will make a personal application of Sinclair Lewis' ripping story in the August Red Book—

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THE LITTLE GOD IN THE SQUARE

(Continued from page 78)

"Please don't talk about it! I was going to; then I lay down again to rest a minute before I dressed, and that's all I remember. The sketches! I'm so sorry I disappointed you about them. Will it be too late when I get well?"

Philip chuckled, and fished in his pocket.

"See!" he cried. "Here's the first article. I used some of the pictures in your portfolio. I've sold two more articles, and seven sketches; here's your profits."

He dived into his pocket again, and laid a roll of bills beside the clipping.

She gave a little gasp.

"You—you—are you telling me the truth?" she demanded.

"Look at the clipping—can't you see those are your sketches, and your name, all in real print?"

"Yes, I see that. But did they really pay me for them?"

"Yes, and they want more."

"I think I can get up now!" she laughed, and at the sound a nurse turned in surprise. "I—I've nobody else to ask. Will you take twenty-five of it and pay my rent up to the first of next month?"

"I'll pay your rent up to-day," said Philip, "and move your things down to my place and store them for you. You're never going back to that rat-hole!"

"Just because you saved my life, are you going to be my dictator?" she said.

"Yes marm," said he.

"Then maybe you'll tell me where I am going when I leave here?"

"You'll know in good time," he laughed. "Your whole job is to quit worrying and get fat and well. Just lie here and think how the ripe huckleberries smelled in among the gray rocks on Deacon Sanborn's hill."

Her eyes looked at him dreamily. "And how the whippoorwills sang in the hedge after dark, opposite Lucy Pratt's house," she said. "Mr. Horace Greeley, why are you taking all this trouble for me? You see, I'm past resenting it now. My pride is all gone."

"No, it isn't," he smiled, taking her hand to say good-by, at the nurse's warning. "You'll always be as proud as Lucifer. But you know now I'm your friend—I'm—I—"

He broke off, with a long look into her face, while her clear, big eyes rested on his.

"Yes, I think you are," she said.

HE was back the next day with another sketch sold, and the announcement that he'd been made assistant to the supplement-editor, and possibly would get his job, as the editor was leaving the paper in a few weeks.

"It's all because of those articles, too," Philip cried. "I'd been so busy kicking because I didn't have a chance to write good stuff that I hadn't tried to write good stuff. Then you came along, and I had to pull you out of the hole somehow, and here I've landed at least four rungs up the ladder! Gosh, it helps to have somebody to work for!"

"I'm glad I was sick, Horace."

"Funny," he mused. "As a matter of fact, what a lot of good *has* come out of it! You've busted into print, and I'm on the way to a job that can keep you in print, and we've got acquainted, and you're all mixed up with my life now, and—and everything!"

He finished with the boyish phrase, and a boyish blush, and the frail convalescent on the bed, smiled a deep and enigmatic and motherly smile, the sort of smile which makes a man wonder, and makes him thrill.

"Mary," Philip whispered, leaning over the bed, "it was God brought us together in the Square, wasn't it? Anyway—the little god."

"It was somebody very kind—Philip," she whispered back.

AS soon as the time approached for her to leave the hospital, Mary worried about her destination, and both Philip and Dr. Knight would tell her nothing. She was quite helplessly in their hands, too. When the day arrived finally, Philip drove her in a cab to the Doctor's house, and the Doctor's wife took her in charge.

"I don't know what they're going to do with you to-morrow, my dear," she said, "but to-night you're going to stay with me, and get your trunk sorted out."

"I was never so bossed in my life," the girl declared helplessly.

"It's good for women to be bossed now and then," the Doctor grunted.

The next day, which was Sunday, Mary was put into the Doctor's motor, and the four of them set out. Her trunk and equipment were to go by express. Up through Westchester they rolled, and across into Connecticut, and up into the Litchfield Hills, stopping at last in a little upland village nested in a high green bowl between wooded summits, where the air was cool and fresh and dry. They left her at a comfortable old house presided over by a motherly female who, apparently, had cared for many patients of Dr. Knight's in the past; and as the car sped away, Philip saw her waving him good-by from her chamber window.

He wrote to her every evening. She did not write quite so often to him, but she sent him fascinating and comical little sketches of village scenes and village types, and she told him how well and strong she was getting, and how she had begun a portrait in oil of her landlady.

"You are going to be a portrait-painter," Philip wrote back. "You will paint my portrait to hang in the pantheon of great editors. I'm supplement-editor already, and busy as seven bees. I'm going to see you next Sunday, though."

Mary was standing on the veranda to greet him, and he could scarcely believe his eyes. Her color, which he had never seen, had come back; her face had filled out; she was not pathetic now, but provocative. It was only by an effort that he refrained from taking her in his arms.

She put a circumspect hand into his and led him in to supper.

"Sponge cake and blueberries—actually!" she whispered.

The next morning she took him out, and they went through the little village, and up a hill between walls of goldenrod and clematis, and then into a high, rocky pasture, where under a maple they sat down.

"Isn't it lovely and peaceful and old-time Americana here?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied, looking at her. "I can't see anything but you."

She colored and looked away.

"I've got to leave it soon," she said. "I've been here a month now, and I'm getting absurdly fat, while my pocketbook is getting absurdly lean again. I suppose you and Dr. Knight have decided when I am to go when I return to town."

"I've decided," said Philip, "and I'm sure the Doc will agree."

"And where is it?" she asked, darting him a glance, at something in his tone.

"Well," he spoke hesitatingly, a strong emotion choking his words, "you ought to be working into portraits, and be comfortable while you're doing it; and you can't be left so alone again, anyhow. And I—I'm pretty lonely, and the big Town's not much like home, is it, when you're all by yourself in it? And it was meant for us to—to—to live together."

There was a long silence.

"You—you mean—" the girl finally breathed.

"I mean, dear, that I love you," he cried. "That's all of it, in a word."

"It is a beautiful word," she whispered.

He leaned quickly to her, to take her hands, but she gently repelled him.

"You thought I was hungry the night you—well, you picked me up, as we say back home. And that made you pity me," she said. "Then I was sick, and you pitied me more. Are you sure it isn't pity, and not love? I don't want to be loved that way, Philip. I don't want to be pathetic. I won't be pathetic! I used to be an artist, and I don't want to end just a wife! That's failure!"

"Yes, it would be," he said. "And it's true I pitied you at first. I don't know when it turned to love. After about six minutes, I guess. But I never loved you as I love you now, with the flush of health all over you. Then I wanted to pat your hand—now I want to kiss you. And if we live together and work together, success will come quicker to both of us. If you stop painting, I promise to divorce you. It's a partnership, dear. Please—you do care for me a little, don't you?"

She turned her big blue eyes on his face. The tears were swimming in them.

"I'm just a woman after all," she said, and in some mysterious way her lips vibrated his.

A long time later she said: "I must go back to town to pick out our studio."

"That's all arranged—tentatively, of course," he admitted.

"Well, you are a very certain person. I must say!" she cried. "Please, may I select the window-curtains?"

They went down the pasture hand in hand, picking huckleberries on the way.



Perspiration hurts fabrics

Launder your blouse the moment it gets soiled

YOU had a very precious little blouse, and you laid it away so carefully—and yet it wore out almost before you knew it!

Your soft taupe crépe de Chine, your dull yellow chiffon, your latest lilac voile—how promptly the threads grow weak and break when you lay them away without washing them.

If you only knew how to make them last longer!

When you put away a blouse that is even slightly soiled, have you ever stopped to think what happens to it? Perspiration contains acids—acids that attack the fabric and make it "tender." Leaving your blouse even a day like this will damage it.

The moment your blouse gets soiled, dip it into pure Lux suds!

Lux comes in dainty white flakes—pure and transparent. They melt instantly in hot water. You whisk them up into the richest foamiest suds, the most wonderful suds there are for dainty things!

You add cold water till lukewarm, and dip the fabric through the delicate suds again and again. Then rinse in clear water once, twice,

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Use Lux the moment a thing becomes soiled. The gentle Lux way of washing saves it from the damage even a trace of perspiration does to delicate things.

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

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a color is fast

First wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it before washing, by soaking in half a cupful of vinegar to a gallon of cold water, *first testing sample*. Then rinse before washing. *Lux won't cause any colors to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.*

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Chiffons	Crêpe de Chine Blouses
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LUX

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PINCHING A WILDCAT

(Continued from page 61)

any drilling troubles," the speaker said; "and enough stock was sold to pay for the well, and more too. It looks kind o' funny to me. If anybody else but Jack Baggott was running that company, perhaps I wouldn't think anything of it, but give Jack a bull oil-market to play in, and he gets so crooked that when he goes out for a walk he meets himself coming back."

"What's that about Jack Baggott?" Bill asked. "Has he bought in on the Doyle-Sampson wildcat?"

"Some folks think he was in all the time—that he backed Tom Sampson in the promotion. Somebody must have; Sampson was pretty well down and out after that last fluke of his up in the Territory. He put all his own money in, you know, like he always does."

"You don't happen to know how Doyle-Sampson stands on the Oil Exchange up there at Spiller, do you?"

"I heard it had gone down to something like a dollar sixty. Stories are getting around that there must be something the matter with the well. Of course, there could be. On the other hand, Baggott might be doing things to the market."

CAPTAIN TITUS left for Spiller that night to find out. The trip would cost him time and money, but neither seemed very important in view of the fact that he was due to lose three thousand dollars anyway.

A call at the Oil Exchange showed Doyle-Sampson Oil and Development stock quoted at a dollar and a half, with few buyers. A search for Tommy Sampson proved fruitless, Tommy being out of town for the day. Captain Bill made a trip to the property and conversed with the boss driller, a taciturn man who grudgingly gave him a limited amount of information. The rig was working one shift a day; the hole was down about sixteen hundred feet; no especially bad formations had been encountered; they had not lost any tools, and had not had to waste any time with fishing jobs.

Bill's eye fell on another derrick, less than a half-mile to the north. "Who is drilling over there?" he asked.

"Thurman Oil Company," the driller informed him. The name was quite unfamiliar, and the driller didn't know anything about the owners; the name "Thurman" came from the farmer on whose land the lease was located.

"How far down are they?"

"About a thousand feet, I reckon."

"One shift or tour?"

"One shift."

Bill went back to town and awaited Tommy Sampson's return. He found the optimistic promoter in his little shack of an office the next afternoon, and saved time and misunderstanding by laying before him, as a preliminary to discussion, his power-of-attorney to represent Mrs. Meadows. Then he asked why the well had progressed so slowly, and was not satisfied with the reply, which dealt vaguely with unexpected drilling difficulties.

When he started a gentle cross-examination, seeking to ascertain the exact character of these difficulties, Sampson ejaculated:

"Don't ask me, Cap'n. You know I'm not a practical oil-man. I have been busy with other things—selling stock, and gathering in some new leases, and one thing and another. I've left the running of things on the property to Baggott. He'll be here pretty soon."

"What is Baggott's job with the company?"

"He is in with me on the promotion. I look out for the business, and he runs the producing end. He's a good oil-man, Cap'n—none better in Texas."

"He knows his business," Bill agreed, without going further in sharing Sampson's enthusiasm. "How much salary is he drawing?"

"None. He and I each put in our time until the first well is down for our promotion-stock. That's a pretty fine arrangement for the stockholders, to get a man like him without having to pay a big salary."

"Still, as long as you are president, I guess I ought to talk to you. I'd like to see the log of the well, if you don't mind."

ATALL, hard-faced man of middle age darkened the door. "Here he is now," Sampson cried. "You know Cap'n Titus, don't you, Baggott?"

"Howdy, Cap'n," Baggott said, and Sampson hastened to explain the reason for Bill's call. "Don't you think we're doing our best?" he asked, a trifle nastily, when Sampson had finished.

"I can tell better about that when I've seen the log," Titus replied. "I'd like to look at it, please, suh."

Titus thought from the expression on his face that Baggott would have told him the log was elsewhere if it had been possible, but Sampson had already opened a small safe and was producing the book. Captain Bill sat down and studied it. When he looked up, his tone was milder than the implication of his question:

"What's the idea of holding things back so?"

Baggott met his gaze, level-eyed. "If you mean that we are holding drilling back, you are mistaken."

Bill's reply was entirely courteous: "Somebody is. Maybe it's the driller. No oil-man as experienced as you are would claim that it ought to take five days to go through thirty-eight feet of blue shale, as it did last week."

"He had trouble with the tools."

Bill shook his head solemnly. "You ought to fire that man for being a liar. When having trouble with the tools is a perfectly good excuse for slow work, a driller that will tell stockholders he never had any is no asset. Yes suh, he told me that himself only yesterday."

"What business have you to go nosing around that well? If you want to know anything, why don't you come to Sampson or me?"

"I have, suh. As to 'nosing around,'

maybe you forget a little statement that Tommy, here, gave out in writing when he was selling stock. It said the owner of a hundred or more shares of stock could at all times have access to all the books and other property of the company. Didn't it, Tommy?"

Baggott nodded. "And this power-of-attorney shows I represent the owner of fifteen hundred shares. So, you see, I've sort of got a right to ask questions—such questions, for instance, as the one I asked a few minutes ago: 'What's the idea of holding things back so?'"

"I don't like your inference," Baggott said, and his scowl was unpleasant. Baggott was a rough man, whose early history included incidents with gunpowder complications that were common knowledge in the oil-fields. He had the reputation of taking personal criticism with dangerous seriousness.

"That's too bad," Titus said, in his softest voice, "because I can't see my way clear to altering it unless you want to explain things a little more fully." He waited, and Baggott sat in truculent silence, while Sampson, looking very uncomfortable, forbore breaking in on the discussion of two so much stronger men.

"As I told Tommy, here, some time ago," Bill went on after a minute in an easy, conversational voice, "I have any confidence in your wildcat; that isn't why I'd like to see you hurry. I know as well as you do that there probably isn't any oil there."

"I believe there is oil there!" Baggott exclaimed, and Bill was convinced he meant it.

"That being the case, if you had anything to do with holding back work on a well that you thought ought to prove a good one,—while the price of the stock was falling all the time,—anybody that didn't think well of you might say you were trying to shake out the little feller that furnished the money for the drilling."

"Do you say—?"

"Me? No. I don't know enough about the situation to say anything—except that the hole isn't going down fast enough and that it isn't the formation that is to blame. No. As I was saying, I don't believe there's oil under that well, but some people did, and put their good money into the hole—including my old friend Miz Meadows. So naturally they've got to have a run for their money."

"If you think that well can be drilled any quicker than—?"

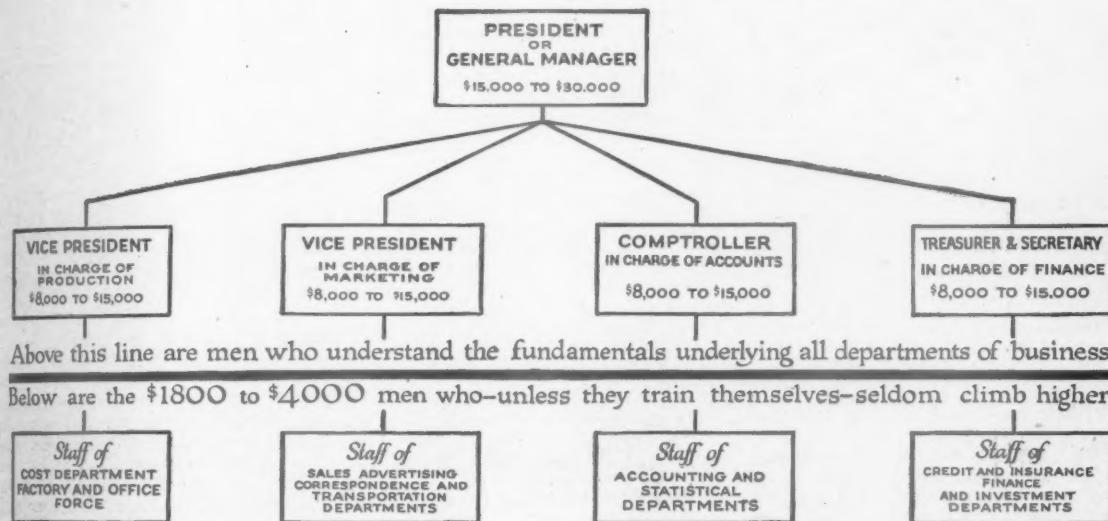
"Thanky," suh. Exactly what I was going to suggest. I'll put in a few days on the derrick and let you know what's the matter."

"That wasn't what I was going to say, and we don't need you on the derrick. Cap'n Titus, nor on the property. I'm competent to oversee the drilling of this well, or any other well."

"But I'm going to be on the property," Bill insisted. "Starting in right early to-morrow mawnin'!"

Baggott had been holding his temper

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FACTORY AND OFFICE
FORCE

Staff of
SALES ADVERTISING
CORRESPONDENCE AND
TRANSPORTATION
DEPARTMENTS

Staff of
ACCOUNTING AND
STATISTICAL
DEPARTMENTS

Staff of
CREDIT AND INSURANCE
FINANCE
AND INVESTMENT
DEPARTMENTS

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in check, and now it got away from him. "If you show up on that land, after I've told you to keep off—" he began hotly, but Bill broke in on him:

"If you should order me to keep off, me having a right to be there, it might mean one of two things. It might mean I'd think it best to go to a court and begin proceedings to see how this company was being managed—with especial reference to tips you've given people around the Oil Exchange that things were looking kind o' bad out at the well." Baggott's face showed this shot was not wide of the mark. "Or it might mean I'd have to protect myself." Bill sighed. "I haven't had to go protected for some years, now, but if a man threatened me with danger if I went where I had a right to be, I reckon I could."

The manipulator looked into Bill's eyes and saw that he meant it. He had no illusions as to what Bill was promising. "Going protected," with him, would not mean that he would hire a bodyguard. Baggott had a reputation of his own for fast and accurate gun-play, but everybody in Texas had heard of the incredible speed with which Bill Titus, in his day, had been wont to go into action with a forty-five; and though Bill was rather out of practice, so was he.

"So," Bill continued evenly, as though he had not paused, "while it might make trouble if I showed up on the property after you told me to keep off, there wouldn't have to be any trouble if you never told me."

"You don't expect me to instruct the driller to take orders from you, do you?"

"No, indeed. No suh. You and me, we both want that well to go down just as *pronto* as possible, so it won't cost the stockholders any more of their money than it has to. So you tell that driller to do his best—and I'll sort of hang around and see that he does it. If he doesn't, I'll tell you first."

FROM the following morning Bill Titus' presence in the vicinity of the Doyle-Sampson derrick was a familiar sight to all passers-by. He was too famous an oil operator for the news not to spread. Based on the idea that he wouldn't be fooling with a property that did not at least have possibilities, the quotations on Doyle-Sampson stock in the Oil Exchange slowly advanced until they nearly reached par.

To his satisfaction, the boss driller, who really understood his business and was perfectly willing to work at whatever speed his employers demanded, be-

gan to make satisfactory progress. With no more delays than were likely to befall any well in that field, the hole went steadily down.

A week or so later, returning from a flying trip to San Antonio, Titus noticed signs of increased activity at the derrick just to the north. Wandering over there to gossip with the workmen, he learned that some new interest had bought into the Thurman Oil Company, and that orders had been given to speed up the work. The Thurman well was now being drilled night and day. With ordinary luck, it might be expected to overcome the handicap of the Doyle-Sampson's earlier start and reach the oil-sand—if there was any—at about the same time.

A WHITE-HAIRED man in expensive clothes, top boots and a big hat drove up to the Thurman well one forenoon, and after a while got into his car again and came over to where Bill was sitting on the edge of the Doyle-Sampson derrick platform. Titus knew him very well; he was Ike Noxon, one of the biggest and wealthiest oil-operators in Texas, a man distinctly in Bill's own financial class. Bill knew Noxon had valuable holdings not far from the Spiller Discovery well and down on Mule Creek, but he had never seen him up this way.

"Hello, Ike," he hailed him. "Come up to look over our li'l ol' wildcats?"

Noxon shook hands. "How are you coming along?" he asked. "We ought to be into the sand in a few days, now."

"We! Do you mean you're interested in that Thurman Company?"

"Control," Noxon told him laconically. "But I thought you never pinched wildcats. I always heard—"

"Seems to me there's a story that you never go in for wildcats, yourself, oil-timer. Which goes to prove that any of us is likely to get foolish when he gets along in years."

Noxon, one of the hardest-headed operators in the State, fussing with a dubious prospect like this Thurman Oil Company! Bill could hardly believe it. He wondered if it could be possible the old man was paying heed to the predictions of that rattle-brained young geologist Kendallman, directly contrary to the judgment of all the good men.

He made inquiries, that evening, regarding the Thurman Company. It was just the same sort of promotion as the Doyle-Sampson. Its shares had the same par value,—two dollars,—and its present quotation was a dollar-ninety, with no stock to speak of either being offered or called for. The quotation on Doyle-Sampson was a dollar ninety-five.

He had learned nothing more than might give him a line on Noxon's motives when, four days later, the Thurman well suddenly and unexpectedly came in as a thousand-barrel gusher.

Bill happened to be looking in that direction when the sensational event occurred. He heard the familiar roar and rumble. He saw men running and waving their arms. Up over the top of the casing and onto the platform, then, came pouring a dark flood of oil which swelled almost instantly to a torrent, mounted to a fountain and finally geysered blackly

above the topmost timbers of the derrick.

Without a second glance Bill turned and ran to his little automobile, cranked it and stepped on the throttle.

There was no telephone in this section. If he could reach the Oil Exchange before the news got there, he could buy stock in the Doyle-Sampson Company at par or a little over; and he thought, although his bidding might force it up, there was quite a bit of the stock handy that he could gather. He suspected it would be useless to bid for Thurman; there might be a little in sight, but Ike Noxon usually owned most of the stock in companies he bothered with.

He didn't care much about the Thurman, anyway; Doyle-Sampson ought to be about as good. With a gusher less than a half-mile to the north of it, and the whole Spiller field of development to the south, the chance that the well wouldn't come in for a fair quantity of production was very small. He thought, as he drove recklessly, that he would be willing to pay five or six dollars a share, if he had to, for Doyle-Sampson stock. Mrs. Meadows had made—Well, if the Doyle-Sampson came in for as much as five hundred barrels, the price ought to go to six dollars a share, and she could sell for nine thousand.

His automobile grunted, muttered, snarled, cursed him violently and stopped.

WITH his head under the hood, he heard a car coming from the direction of the new well and recognized Ike Noxon in it. "Hi!" he yelled. "Hold on!" He waved his arms. Noxon, leaning out and seeing that whatever the trouble was, it concerned the automobile and not Bill, spoke to his driver, waved his hand, grinned and went roaring by.

Two more cars came along. Neither of them even considered stopping; the second one nearly struck him.

He knew he couldn't walk the three miles in the time it would probably take him to fix his machine, and went back to work on it. While he sweated and astrophized the gods, a man on horseback galloped past. Bill recognized him as one of the Doyle-Sampson driller. "Even that roughneck quits his work and beats me to it!" he growled. Some time afterward the automobile took a notion to let itself be fixed.

As he shot over the last rise in the prairie road and streaked for town, puffs of smoke beyond the jumbled buildings and derricks told him the noon train from the south was in. Baggott, who had been away three days, was due to arrive on that train. Baggott would hear the news and beat him to the Exchange, but he smiled grimly as he thought that Baggott seldom had much money and never had exceptional credit, and in a market such as this would be, one or the other was absolutely essential. He swung into the main street at dangerous speed, leaped out of his car and dived at the crowd outside the Oil Exchange.

"No use, Cap'n," somebody shouted at him. "Stand in line and wait your turn is the only way. I don't believe any of us will get in this evenin'. Nobody comin' out. Too much excitement."

Bill picked out a sentence from the

"If a lot of writers would lay off writing until they had something to say, it'd be a lot more pleasure reading a good deal of what they do write." A man said that, but neither man nor woman could say it of the story by Harold MacGrath that begins in the August Red Book Magazine. Once begun you'll "carry on" to the end

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WINTON SIX

roar inside. "Twenty-five Thurman at nine!" A clamor told him several men at once had tried to buy it. "Twenty Thurman at ten!" Another yell of buyers. "Thirty Thurman at ten-fifty!" No reply. "At ten!" A sale.

There was a new turmoil in another part of the room. He made out, through the confusion, the words, "Doyle-Sampson." He couldn't hear the prices.

"Say, Mr. Handley!" he called to an acquaintance who was much nearer the open door. "What's that Doyle-Sampson quotation?"

The man strained his ears. "Twenty-one fifty," he cried over his shoulder. "Now she's gone to twenty-two. She seems to be holding pretty steady at twenty-two."

"Twenty-two!" Bill shouted. "You didn't understand me. I said Doyle-Sampson."

"I got you. Twenty-two is right. Wait a minute. Twenty-two and a half."

"But how in blazes could that go to twenty-two, when the Thurman, which has already come in, is only ten?"

A stranger at Bill's elbow looked at him curiously. "Where you been that you didn't hear the news?" he demanded. "That Thurman well isn't but a thousand barrels. That Doyle-Sampson, that came in a-roarin' about fifteen minutes after the Thurman did, is a good *three* thousand."

Crowding angrily out through the door came Jack Baggott, and spied Bill. "You're responsible for this!" he rasped, his chagrin overcoming his discretion. "If you hadn't butted into the game, I'd have had all the stock I wanted, at about one twenty-five. But you had to come nosing in, and look at it! All the work I've done for that company for nothing! If you had kept out, I'd have made a killing. You cussed, interfering—"

"I wouldn't say it, Baggott, or I might take a notion to make one, and not in oil. I aint very good-natured myself, this evenin'."

Baggott swallowed hard, grimaced, took counsel of wisdom and went his way. The stranger at Bill's elbow addressed him eagerly: "He said you did it, Mister. You must have a lot of that stock."

Bill glared at the man a second, and then laughed in his face.

"Not one damn' solitary share," he confessed.

CAPTAIN BILL found at his office, when he got back to San Antonio, an urgent request that he reach Mrs. Meadows by telephone. Mrs. Meadows had phoned many times, his secretary said. He called the number.

"Oh, Cap'n!" the woman cried, excitedly. "You know what's happened to the Doyle-Sampson stock."

"Yes ma'am. I've been up to Spiller, sort of helping it happen."

"It's twenty-three dollars a share. And it was twenty-six."

"There was only one sale at twenty-six. Then it slid back to twenty-three. To-day I guess is about the same. It ought to be twenty-two, anyway."

"I want to sell my stock."

"Yes ma'am. That is what I would advise—some of it, anyway."

"All of it. If I knew it would go again

to twenty-six, or higher, I'd keep it, but now that it is dropping back—"

"Yes ma'am. Stocks do drop back sometimes, thataway. I reckon you'll be easier in your mind if you sell it. Myself, I think when the well gets onto settled production the price will go off to eighteen or twenty. Maybe it will go up again when they get another well, and maybe not. If you don't want to worry about it—"

"I'll bring the stock right down to your office, Cap'n, just as soon as I can get there."

"Wait a minute! You haven't got it. It's in my safe-deposit box."

"Yes, some of it. I mean I'll bring what I've got, and you can get me what you've got in the box, and we'll sell it all. Lawdy, Cap'n! I can hardly think to-day. It comes, as near's I can figure it, to more'n seventy thousand dollars."

"More than—I don't think I exactly follow you. You bought fifteen hundred shares, for three thousand dollars."

"Oh, but I got some more. I haven't seen you since then, have I? I couldn't ask you about it, because the chance came kind of sudden, and as the young man said, I had to take it or leave it right at that minute; and anyway, you would have advised me to. It was awful cheap—a dollar and seventy cents a share. Of course, when I had that chance, it didn't take any business experience to know what to do. If it was worth two dollars a share, it was an awful bargain at a dollar-seventy, and I knew it was worth two dollars, because if it hadn't been you wouldn't have let me buy it."

"Natchully," murmured Bill, in some what of a daze. "So—"

"So I took the other three thousand out of the bank and invested *that* too. But I got a lot more stock, of course, than I did for the first three thousand. Mr. Baggott sold me seventeen hundred and seventy shares."

"Mr. Baggott?"

"John T. Baggott. I never met the gentleman, but that was the name on the back of the stock-certificates."

CAPTAIN TITUS tightly squeezed five cards, along toward midnight the following Saturday in Reese Warland's parlor, and squinted at their pips. "Pass!" he declared. "Pass!" echoed the others, around to Warland.

"Not me! She's off for five brown seeds," Warland said. "I'd make it ten, but the way you've been holding 'em this session, Bill, has got me so that I wouldn't dare put in anything really remunerative if I had twice as good cards as these."

Bill sniffed in derision.

"Got a good one, eh? Making poverty-stricken conversation to tempt somebody to raise you. Well, I've got a pretty fair hand myself—in the makings. If I should fill it, I'd raise merry blazes with you, whatever you've got. If I don't— Well, a man has to go wildcatting once in a while." He pushed in his five dollars, and Ewing and Bannister followed suit; Ansell dropped out.

Warland, grinning appreciatively at Bill's having exactly gauged his play, remarked that he would try to worry along with such cards as he already had. Bill drew two. Ewing called for one and

proceeded to hurl the resulting five into the discards with maledictions. Doctor Bannister, musing that he wouldn't know what to do with his hand if he betthered it, took three.

"Fifteen dollars," bet Warland—a somewhat larger amount than was customary in a pot of that size, and hence perhaps aimed at causing his good friends to pay excellent money to find out whether he had a legitimate pat hand.

TITUS carefully inspected his cards and pushed in a respectable stack. "And twenty-five," Bannister threw away his hand with a sigh of relief.

"You old crook! You're trying to me!" Warland cried. "Well, you can't. You made it or you didn't." He matched Bill's pile. "Beat a king-high flush and take it."

"Didn't I tell you I was wildcatting?" exulted Bill as he displayed a full house—two aces, two queens and the joker, which everywhere in Texas counts as another ace or as any part of a straight or flush. "You see, I had that ace of spades, queen of spades and the joker. Two aces as she stood; chance for a straight, a flush or a great big royal. And who should come drifting in but another lady, and right on her heels, another ace. Of course, I don't ordinarily allow to draw two three-card flushes, but being a chance for a royal—"

"Why the labored explanation?" broke in Doctor Bannister, gathering up the cards and pushing them across the table for the next deal, while Warland briefly demanded another twenty dollars' worth of chips from the banker. "Why not let the horrible result show for itself?"

"I want to get it into the heads of you poor fish that when I say a thing, in a game of draw, I'm always telling the truth. I said I was wildcatting, and Reese ought to have known enough not to pinch a wildcat's tail. Those darn things scratch like thunder."

Warland looked up from stacking his replenished treasury. "I ran into old Mr. Noxon up in San Antonio the other day, Bill," he said. "He tells me he made a big clean-up, up there in Spiller last week, and that you were responsible."

"Me?" echoed Titus incredulously. "Me responsible for Ike Noxon's clean-up? We just happened to be interested in adjoining wells—that's all."

"But he wouldn't have gone into his if you hadn't gone into yours. He told me he never went in for wildcatting in all his life, and he knew you didn't, either, so when he found you were running that drilling for the Doyle-Sampson outfit, he knew you must have some geologist's report, or something, that convinced you it wasn't a regular wildcat, and he just thought enough of your judgment to trail along."

"Doesn't that prove Ike is a wise old owl?" Bill demanded admiringly. "Now, for the love of Peter, adjourn the debating society and play cards; it's getting late, and I need the money, to make up for the last time. And don't expect me to go wildcatting again. The next time I draw two cards, it will shorely mean that I've got threes to start with. Wildcats I only play once in so often. They're too darned uncertain—and harrowing."



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THE TREE AND THE BOUGH

(Continued from page 82)

and happiness. I've never been happy. I've never had the things other girls had."

"You took what you wanted."

"How did I know the cost? Why didn't you tell me, when I was a child, that women pay the price of every folly in misery? That would have held me back. If I'd ever guessed what I'd have to pay for one week of madness, do you suppose I'd have taken it? I've never been an utter fool. But you taught me, day by day, that love was worth whatever price a woman paid for it. Well, I've been paying all these years for a counterfeit, and I'm through. I've found the real thing, and I'm going to fight for it!"

"But he doesn't love you."

"He will love me. He began to love me to-day when he grew sorry for me. He's that kind."

"But when he knows that you have lied to him, he—"

"How will he know?"

"Julie, you must tell him the truth."

"I?" She laughed sharply. "Not I, ever."

"You must."

"Who'll make me? I'll vow to the end that I never saw Blakeslee."

"But if I tell?"

"He's sorry for me now. Even if you tell him the truth, and he believes you, he's going to keep on being sorry for me. He's going to be sorry that I have the sort of mother who didn't guard me when I was a child, and who sacrifices me now to her own interests."

"Do you know what will happen if I tell him?" Margaret Hardy's voice was startlingly quiet. "I know him better than you do, Julie, for I know his mind as you'll never know it. For you're a Hardy, for all you're my daughter, and you Hardys know the flesh and not the spirit. But if I tell him the whole truth, tell him that you have always had the Hardy selfishness and wildness and willfulness in your blood, tell him that none of my teachings could restrain you, tell him that you stole John Blakeslee's love from the girl whose dearest friend you pretended to be, and ran away with him for sheer wantonness; if I tell him that your terrible tempers alienated even Blakeslee after a fortnight; if I tell him that you lied to him by letting him believe that I was the woman who went with Blakeslee—I know that he will believe me. And no matter what he thinks of me, I know what he will think of you. For of all the world he abominates a woman who lies and cheats!"

"But you won't tell him? Oh, Mother, you won't. If you ever loved me at all—" She stopped as the sound of a motor throbbed into the street below. "He's come," she said. She took a step toward the door at the head of the stairs, then looked at her mother. "I shall see him downstairs," Margaret Hardy said.

She closed the door as if to shut Julie out of her going, and groped down the dark stairway, opening the street door after a fumbling with the lock. She closed that too, and stood with her back against it as she faced the man who had

come from the car at the curb and who fronted her now with a manner of expectation that had a hint of threat in its quiet.

She had known, she told herself as she looked at him, that Tom Corliss was rigidly conventional in his attitude toward women, but she had not known until this moment how adamantine would be his hold upon his code. For an instant, before she counted the cost to her of that hardness, she exulted in it, as she had always rejoiced in every demonstration of Corliss' strength.

As he began to speak, she heeded less his words than his voice, finding in its cadences reason for the flood of tenderness that engulfed her whenever she listened to its tones. For in his voice Corliss had a peculiar quality of endearment that brought him singularly close to Margaret Hardy. Now, as always, it held out to her the promise of protecting care. Usually she had succumbed to its influence, resting consciously upon the man's surety; but now, gathering herself together, she fought against her emotions, forcing her attention upon Corliss' words. He was asking her, she realized, to drive with him, but she refused hastily under the desire to hasten their understanding, not prolong the prologue. With an air of making him at home in a spacious drawing-room she invited him in turn to be seated on the low doorstep.

Corliss, scanning the street with whimsical consideration of its possible interruptions of playing children and strolling lovers, pointed to the car at the curb. "Let's sit there, at least," he urged her. "I've so much to say, and I don't know where to begin."

"Well?" she demanded as she took the front seat beside him. "You came to talk to me, you know." She tried to make her tone flippant, but it fell flat against Corliss' preoccupation.

"Yes," he said, "I know I did." But he was slow in starting, and she found herself taking count of his many points of dearness, of the way his hair hung on his forehead, of the curve of his cheek, of the set of his shoulders. "I suppose," he said, "that most women would not even let me begin to say what I want to say to you, what I must say to you. But you're different, Margaret. I've always believed that you were absolutely honest, absolutely candid. You and I haven't shunted the main issues with each other, have we?"

"No," she said, almost in relief of understanding that this was to be sharp attack without parry, and without shield.

"That is why I believe," he went on, "that there's only one way to meet this situation. Is it understood that we shall tell each other the truth?"

He turned, saw her nod and resumed speech. "Not long ago I met a man from your part of the country, Clement Willis. I found him pleasant, and I asked him to-day to meet you and Julie. When I told him that I had asked you, he inquired if I had ever known John Blakeslee. I had never heard of him. Some-

thing in Willis' manner made me know him what the connection was. He hummed and hawed, but finally let me understand that there was something about an engagement that had ended his cousin's engagement to Blakeslee. The woman, he said, was a Mrs. Hardy from Westmoreland. I told him that it couldn't have been you. But when Julie came, he asked me a few questions that seemed to settle the point for him. After he went, I questioned her a little. Perhaps I should have done it. But it meant so much to me, Margaret. I think you know that."

"Yes?"

"Somehow," Corliss took up the thread again, "I got the idea that Julie had something about it. I wouldn't have mentioned this to you otherwise. For a moment I had a hope and a fear that it might have been Julie, and not you, who had known Blakeslee. I thought she would be more forgivable. Then I knew that I should feel worse even than if it had been you, for after all, Julie's your child, and you've been responsible for her. And yet—and yet I don't want to be you, my dear. I've loved you something that this would kill."

"And yet—" Her dry lips half-framed the words.

"I know what you'd say, that it's more than I've done in my life. You're different, and this is different. It isn't altogether that you'd done it. It is that the woman I trusted could have built our house of hope from sand. That's why I am sure that, for all the look of the thing, it's not true. I suppose you should believe in you, even without your word. But I can't, Margaret. I want you to tell me that it isn't true."

"You'll believe me if I do?"

"Absolutely."

She gazed forward up the street, and commonplace between its sentinel rows of low red-brick houses. For the instant it seemed to her that Corliss was symbolic of Corliss' relation to her, something that would take her out from the flat, drear *cul-de-sac* of her existence from the unending routine of her daily work, from the weight of Julie and John, out into the open country of hope and contentment. The flashing thought of leaving it all behind shot into her soul an atom of the courage to cut the cords of habit, of responsibility. With a thrill of unwonted bravery of thought she envisioned the love and the life she might have with Corliss. And the only price she'd pay was the telling of the truth. But with the knowledge that she must tell the truth she had promised to conceal in order to win paradise, the engine of her fancy died, and the car of her hope stopped on the highroad. "What will you believe if I tell you that it was me?" she asked.

"What can I believe, except that—"

"That it was Julie? And you'll think then, that I failed in my duty to her?"

"Not exactly that, but—"

"I seem to be between the devil and the deep sea." She looked ahead at the scattered lights of the street. For the

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Occupation.....

moment they grew dim. Then suddenly her customary air of bravado came again, and she laughed tremulously. "I think," she said, "that I'll choose the sea. I've met the devil before." She twisted her hands a little uncertainly, then let one of them clutch the door of the car. "Willis was right," she said.

Corliss neither moved nor spoke, but she had the knowledge that she had stunned him. "Well?" she demanded. "Aren't you even going to offer me—condolence?"

"No," he said heavily. "I can't find that for myself."

"Then there's no more to say." Desperately she had the desire to slip down close to him, to reassure him by the truth, to let her head sink against his shoulder, to laugh at his departing hurt and at her own hideous heartache. If only— But she drew herself up quickly. After all, there was no other way. Julie was her child, the bough of her tree of life. Like the tree, she, Margaret Hardy, was responsible for the strength of the bough. Julie was right in blaming her. Corliss himself would blame her. Whatever she told him, truth or lie, the old relationship was broken, killed by Julie's untruth and his half-belief in it. She looked at him once more, as if striving to hold his likeness upon the camera of her brain just as he was at that moment. Then, "Good night," she said.

"Good night," he answered tonelessly.

As she opened the door of the car to let herself out, Julie came upon the doorstep. To her mother she seemed to have been waiting for the moment. "If you are going past the post office," she called to Corliss in the childlike voice she invariably assumed to men, "will you mail this special for me?"

She came to the pavement as she saw her mother alighting from the car. "Oh, aren't you going to ride?" she inquired. "It's such a lovely night." She sighed wistfully, and Corliss spoke. "Jump in," he bade her in the voice that Margaret knew had said: "Poor little kid!" The sound made her shiver for all the August warmth. "I'll run you down to the post office."

MIDNIGHT had come when Julie returned. Margaret, still at the table, looked up at the girl's entrance, half expectant of some radiant gladness on her daughter's face; but Julie, standing in the gaslight, looked strangely gray. "Well," she said after a moment's pause, "you did keep your promise, didn't you?" "Yes," said Margaret wearily.

"And Tom Corliss believed you." She laughed with staccato bitterness. "And then—" She stared at her mother as if she sought to read a hidden secret of Margaret's soul. "Well, give me a fool for luck!" she ended.

"What do you mean?" Old hopes flamed anew in the question.

"Only that I lost my head for a minute to-night as we went along the river road, and I said something about its being like the ravine road to Etruscan Springs. Funny, wasn't it?" Her mouth twisted to the old sneer; her shoulder curved to the old shrug. "Of course he caught it."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing, all the way in. He's waiting for you now, downstairs. Do you want my blessing?"

So pitifully futile did she seem for all her tense defiance, for all her bitter anger at herself, that Margaret's heart softened to the child who would have cheated her. "Julie," she began, "I—"

"Oh, go out to him," Julie cried, "and let me alone!"

With a jerking twist she flung herself out of the room. For an instant Margaret looked after her consideringly, pityingly. Then she went again down the stairs to Corliss.

He was waiting for her on the doorstep, his hat in his hand, his head hanging a little in the boyish fashion of penitence with which he was wont to come to her after any misunderstanding. "I don't know how to say it," he started awkwardly. "I had no right to believe you were the one. I had no right to believe you, even when you took the blame. Something inside of me knew better, Margaret. But you, you know that I—oh, don't you understand? Can't we go back a day? Can't we forget this ever happened?"

"We can't do that," she said slowly.

"You don't mean that you—"

"No," she said, "I don't mean that I don't love you." She put her hand on his arm, and he hastily set his other hand over hers, as if fearful that he might lose her if she went from him now. "But we can't go back to where we stopped last night. For all this mystery, this wretchedness of mine, has shown me the truth I had forgotten. You and I were building our house of life for just ourselves. I was forgetting my duty to Julie. Oh, yes," she overrode his protest, "I have a duty. And I'm going to do it."

A glint that was almost a smile flashed into Corliss' eyes as he faced her squarely. "Don't you think," he asked gravely, "that you need a little help with the problem? Oh, Margaret dear," he pleaded, all the gleam gone again in the face of her unvoiced denial, "let me help you a little in return for all you are to me. I'm asking you to share my problems, my chances, my life. Won't you let me lift one little burden for you?"

He was bending over her, his eyes wistful but his mouth confident, his hand upon her own vibrant with surety. For a fluttering instant she hesitated, held back by the old habit of sacrifice. Then, as if she had found wings for her spirit, she lifted her heart to his own. "Oh, my dear," she said, "my dear, I'm so glad you came back!"

Afterward, from her narrow window, she looked out upon the white stateliness of the Monument, gleaming under the focused searchlights and thrusting its point of luminous radiance into the unknown darkness of the summer sky; and with a thrill of quickened appreciation of the beauty of the world, she knew that not the fools but the brave have the luck of life. From old habit she had sighed when she had stolen in to see if Julie and Joan were asleep; but the smile that lingered on her lips as she watched the lights on the pinnacle was her pledge of hope to the morrow that was Corliss' and her own.

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THE LITTLE MOMENT OF HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 51)

satisfy herself if this were truth or jesting, and then she smiled the merest trifle. "It is well," she said softly.

"I'm on my way," said Bert, arising. "Got a bridge-game on at the Union. *Bon soir, mademoiselle!* And you, Ken, keep your feet on the ground."

"Keep your feet on the groun'," repeated Andréé when Bert was gone. "Oh, it mean nothing whatever. Thees English language, it is *très drôle*. What is thees keep your feet on the groun'?"

"It means that Bert agrees with Arlette that I need somebody to look after me," he said a bit ruefully.

"It is well. Here am I—here—here!" She laughed that fairy-laugh, and poked her finger toward the floor many times. "I am here, so he mus' not be afraid. I shall look after you. Oh, yes, I shall be mos' firm and ver' stern. You shall see." And she made a tremendous face to show him what severity she was capable of.

They went into the *salon*, with its absurd bronze statues, its tasteless gilt furniture and its absurd little throne between the windows. Andréé must observe herself closely before the huge glass above the fireplace and do little unnecessary things to her hair and touch her nose with a powder-puff. Ken watched her delightedly, and then carried her to her throne, where she sat dangling her tiny feet while he closed the heavy iron shutters to make it lawful for him to turn on the lights.

Andréé moved over to the sofa, looking up at him with that gravely curious expression which he saw so often on her face; she seemed to be wondering, always wondering, about something. Was it possible he was as strange, as unusual, as interesting to her as she was to him? He would have given much to know just what she was thinking; but somehow, even then, it was borne in upon him that he should never know—that she would always remain a sweet, bewildering, exotic mystery to him.

"Sit by me—ver' close," she said, and he sat by her and took her in his arms, while she snuggled against him with the contented sigh of a child.

"Do you love me?" he whispered.

She nodded emphatically, and then with an upward glance, said as she always said: "And you?"

"More than I can say. *Toujours*—always! I shall always love you."

"It is well. We shall make the pretense it is so—that you love me always. But the little moments, they are so sweet, well dear friend, that they could not be always—is it not so? If it could be always, then I theenk God, He would be jealous. No! But we mus' pretend. We mus' pretend there is no war, and that you shall never go to *Amérique* again and leave me *solitaire*."

HE was silent. This was a thought that had been growing in his mind from day to day—a thought he had refused to face or to consider. What was to be the end of it all? Suppose he

should be ordered home in a week—month—what then? She seemed to for some answer, for some assurance, he had none to make, and presently said, but not with the same happy in her voice:

"It may be that love is so great a that it cannot live forever—as it is us. Behol—one has a mos' beau jewel, and it is ver' nice, and there is joy to have it. But consider—if every one had is jewels, jewels, jewels, the firs' jewel it is not so nice, so uderful. *N'est-ce pas?* It may be is the same theeng with love. Do you understand? It is great and ver' beiful because it is only for the leetle w'en one is yong—and when a heart, it is ready for love. I theenk it is so. Then, what can matter, *bon ami?* Thees love of now is the theeng of all life, because, maybe, it can not live much long. Yes, yes, I have seen many ol' man and ol' woman say they remember thees love—but one who say he has thees love still, see, I theenk of it much."

"Yes, honey."

"And so I have not fear that you have only fear that something hap before our little moment of happiness done—never to come back again. Do you understand? One day, for all the love, it begins for fade and be less love. It becomes less strong, and not weeth so wonderfulness. I have seen. At last is but a friendship and a memory. Is it a great and a fine friendship because of the memory, it is not so? And the is marriage, my friend, that friend. It is but a good regard of each for the other, which comes like the bread and the beautiful growing wheat. Am I foolish?"

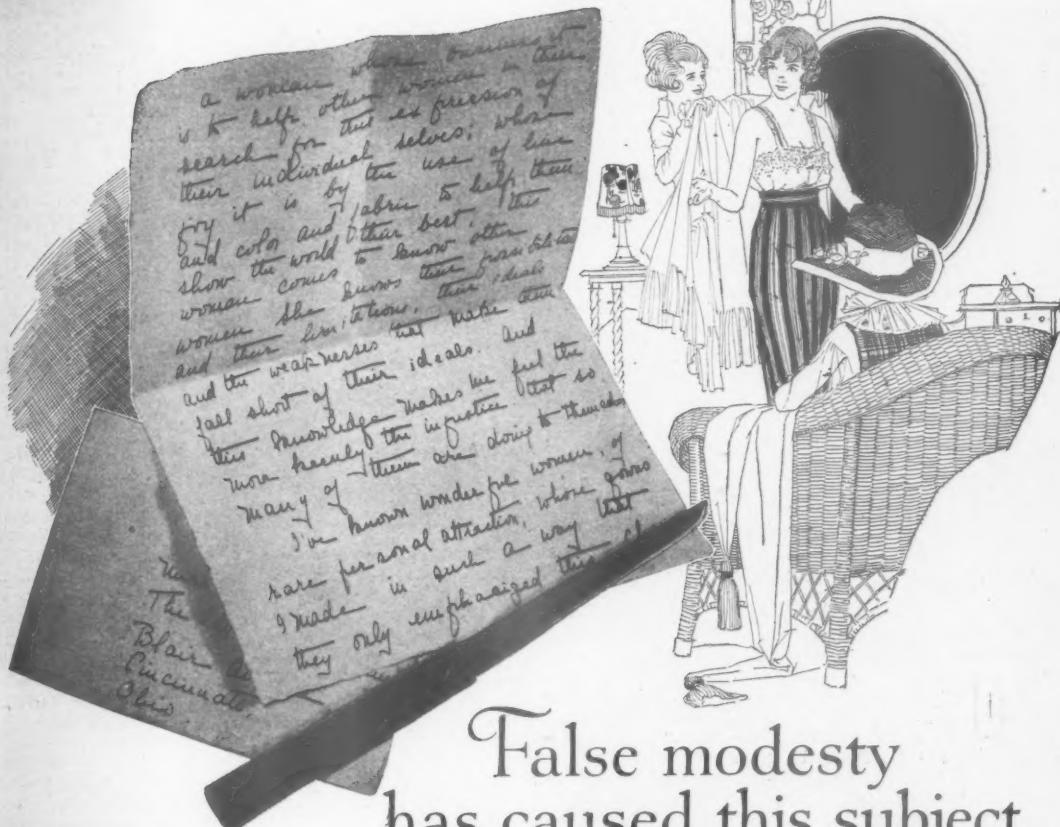
"No, no."

"Because of thees that I believe, the I am not sad, but ver' happy, and I do not fear. I have what is worth all the theengs—thees leetle moment of happiness which is love. I would pay for weeth ever'thing. It is worth to pay for weeth much sorrow and weeth much loneliness. If you mus' go, well dear friend, let it be before thees leetle moment fades. But we mus' pretend it shall never fade, and that we are together always as these. It is more better so."

She drew his lips down to hers, and he knew that blind, throbbing, winging happiness which has no language, no symbols, no words of description, which can never be remembered except as a mysterious, haunting ecstasy which once was in the dim outline of its spirit and an elusive something as of a sweet scent that once tinged the nostrils for an instant, to be wafted away forever.

CHAPTER XVII

NOW commenced a brief per which was, perhaps, to be the happiest of Kendall W whole life. It was happy because it



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Being in a position to come in close personal contact, professionally and socially, with women of wealth and distinction," writes a well known modiste, "I have come to very definite conclusions about this subject."

"Until now I have had no intention of making these conclusions public. But recently I have come to feel that it is a thing to be remedied only by open discussion. If you feel this letter will help, you are at liberty to publish it."

"A woman whose business it is to help other women in their search for true expression of their individual selves; whose joy it is by the use of fine and color and fabric to help them show the world their best, this woman comes to know other women. She knows their possibilities and their limitations, their ideals and the weaknesses that make them fall short of their ideals."

How many women are doing themselves grave injustice!

"And this very knowledge makes me feel the more keenly the injustice that so many of them are doing to themselves."

"I've known wonderful women, of lovely figure, of rare personal attraction, whose gowns I made in such a way that they only emphasized this charm, who yet, I knew, would fail miserably to make others feel that they were wholly lovely. They didn't seem to know that the odor of perspiration was destroying the effect of all my efforts, all the force of their own confident poise."

"They know that it has a real power to stand in the way of a woman's progress and charm. They notice the defect in others, but do not realize that others may notice it in them!"

"I'm glad of the present crusade to make women know. When they do know, they'll act—just as they've done in every other great movement for the betterment of themselves and their world."

It is a physiological fact that the odor which is caused by the chemicals of the body is practically always present whether we ourselves notice it or not. Too often we do not notice it. No amount of soap and water, or powder, can correct this. And the underarm perspiration glands are under such sensitive nervous control that sudden excitement or emotion or embarrassment is sufficient to make them more active, and therefore to cause this odor to become more apparent.

"This subtle nature of the thing we must face if we would be always at our best."

How fastidious women are meeting the situation

Fastidious women everywhere know that this cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of a woman's toilet. They are giving it the regular attention that they give to their hair, or teeth or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet water especially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono is antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives what women are demanding—absolute assurance of perfect daintiness. It restores the skin glands to a normal condition, correcting the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

So absolutely sure when made a regular habit

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Don't rub it in. Allow it to dry, then dust on a little talcum. The underarms will stay sweet and dry in any circumstances!

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, can keep their underarms normally dry and sweet by the regular use of Odorono.

If you are troubled in any unusual way or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. We shall be so glad to do so. Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 815 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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free from doubts and questionings. From the depths he had mounted to the heights from which he looked upon a world bathed in sunshine, rich in harvest, beautiful as a world could be beautiful only when it was freed from all evil. He saw everything as good, and it contented him. He ate of the lotus of inexperienced youth flavored with the pungent spice of sophistry, and the taste of it was sweet in his mouth. Plymouth Rock had sunk beneath its sands, the vestibule of the church had vanished behind the mists of an intervening ocean. He did not think; he only felt and acted—and was happy.

His work was interesting, and he could recognize its value; and so he became less dissatisfied with the necessity that held him far behind the battle-line. Not that he was content, rather that he was resigned. And at the end of the day there was Andrée.

"TO-MORROW is the great fête," said Andrée on one of those evenings. "There will be much to see."

"And I can't show it to you. I must work in the morning, and in the afternoon I am ordered to go to the front."

"How long?" she said quickly.

"But one day. I shall be here again Sunday—and we shall play, eh? We shall have *déjeuner* together and do something in the afternoon, and find a place to dine."

"It is well—but you mus' be ver' careful. You mus' not let the boche keel you. Oh, I should be sad, sad."

Already Paris was dressing for the American fête-day, the Fourth of July, which by methods of law had been made her own national holiday this year. Everywhere were American flags. There was no house in Paris too poor to show some small copy of the Stars and Stripes; for just now Paris was mad about America and Americans.

"The boche will pull off something to-morrow," said Bert. "You see. They'll do something to bust up the celebration."

This was the opinion of the Paris streets—that the Hun would, by some ingenious and disagreeable means, make the fête memorable in the history of the city.

"Maybe it's just as well I'm going away," laughed Ken. "So you, Mademoiselle Pourquoi—you look out for yourself. Don't you let anything hurt you."

"Me—pouf! It could not be. While there is you, nothing can happen to me—nothing! I am ver' safe."

They tried in vain to persuade a *voiture* or a taxicab to take them home, but with that perversity which belongs to the Paris cabby alone, none of them would go. One reason or another was given; the horse was tired; the gasoline-supply was depleted; it was the wrong quarter of the city. A large volume, serious or comic, might be written on the habits and moods of these public conveyances of the most charming city in the world.

Finally they were obliged to descend to the Metro, which carried them to the Place de l'Opéra, to change there for the short ride to the Palais Royal, where another change was necessary to carry them to the Etoile. It was late, and they were tired.

"Oh, we have make the *beaucoup travail*—the so great labor thees day," said

Andrée, shaking her head. "Je suis fatiguée. But it is well to be weary. Are you weary, Monsieur Ken?"

"I am happy," he said.

"Yes—yes. That is bes' of all—to be happy. Tell me, when you have gone to the front—will you theenk of me?"

"In the morning, at noon, in the afternoon—"

"Oh, oh! It is not possible. But sometimes—once, twice? For I shall be thinking of you always."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes." She nodded emphatically, and then—he would have missed it had she omitted it: "And you?"

"More than anybody in the world."

"More than thees yong American girl? I have seen her thees day. She is in Paris. Do you know?"

"You must be mistaken, *mignon*. Miss Knox is out at the front."

"It is so, it is so. I have seen her—thees day. Oh, do you theenk I do not know her? I am ver' jalouse—mos' jealous. She come for take you away from me."

"Don't you let her do it," said Ken happily. "Don't you dare let her do it."

"I do not know," she said, becoming suddenly grave. "You are American—she is American. Some day—" Then she laughed gayly, impishly. "Mais, these American girl, they do not know how to dress. Oh, it is terrible!"

"You mustn't judge all American women by these uniforms you see in France," said Bert. "Just now it is the style in America for women to get into something they think is a uniform. I wonder who designed these Y. W. C. A. uniforms, anyhow? But really, Mademoiselle Andrée, our women do know how to dress."

"I have never seen," she said stubbornly. "Also they do not always wear uniforms, but always they wear their feet. Their feet they cannot take off. Mais non! It is too bad. If only they could leave at home their feet."

Kendall suspected that American women were suffering for the sins of Maude Knox, and so he did not rush to their defense. He did not want to think about Maude Knox to-night—he wanted to think of no woman but Andrée.

"Méchante!" he whispered.

"It is so—what I say," she said severely. "I do not like American women. I do not like thees girl. She ees ver' wicked, for she wish to steal you from me."

The street was very dark. Kendall made youth's answer to youth's jealousy. He lifted her slight form in his arms and kissed her until she returned his kisses.

"There!" he said. "You are punished."

"It ees ver' nice to be wicked," she said. "Thees punishment is ver' well."

Maude Knox was banished. They two found themselves the sole inhabitants of a brightly glowing world.

NEXT morning Kendall made his way through early-assembling crowds to his office, where he was much occupied until noon making preparations for his trip to the front. Then he was driven through the crowded holiday-making streets to the *barrière*, and thence into the country. On every building waved an

American flag; in every buttonhole was a tiny American flag; and the appearance of an American military automobile was the signal for applause and lifting of hats. Small boys shouted as small boys of all countries shout; friendly old gentlemen waved their canes; young women smiled broadly or demurely, invitingly or shyly. Kendall felt as if he were enjoying some sort of a triumph, as if this celebration were for him. The frankness and open-heartedness and courtesy of it were delightful.

They drove rapidly through little villages. Soon the civil inhabitants disappeared. Whole villages were occupied by billeted troops. The country swarmed with soldiers *en repos*, a mile deep crowded with the guardians of Paris and of the Channel ports. No came forests in the depths of which could be caught fleeting glimpses of huge ammunition dumps, skillfully camouflaged; the a wonderful woods, clean as the floor of a kitchen, a forest of magnificent trees, as well kept as a Michigan peach-orchard. Dusk descended, then darkness.

Ken was riding in the depths of a blackness. To right and left the eyes encountered an *impasse*; ahead was only that dim milky way of road and those upsurging lights as the guns answered each other across the desert of No Man's Land. The car was traveling at breakneck speed. Suddenly came a tremendous snap almost in Ken's ears, a snap as of a mountain being cracked in twain by gun hands. There was a blinding flash across the road ahead, and the air was seeped by the scream of a departing shell. A battery by the roadside had taken up its work of the night. Kendall was in the midst of it now. Guns on both sides cracked and roared; projectiles screamed over his head, and now and then would come that easily distinguishable sound, the bursting of a German shell.

Presently the road sank below the level of the fields. The car was running between irregular rows of barely discernible lights which appeared to issue from the ground,—as indeed they did,—glowing from the dugouts of French artillerymen who had burrowed into the banks at the side of the road. The moon began to climb so that objects became dimly visible. The scene was like that of some village of prehistoric cave-dwellers, save for those breaks in the line of dugouts cunningly covered with nets of camouflage, under which lurked the cannon muzzles directed toward the foe.

Now they stopped in a battered, deserted village which was headquarters of our Twenty-eighth Infantry, a component of that First Division made up of our old regulars—a body of troops whose name will be famous as long as the history of America shall endure. And there in an enormous dugout entered through a narrow tunnel some fifty feet in length, Kendall found shelter for the night. He traversed the tunnel, descended steps carved out of the stone to a level twenty feet below, and found himself in a warren. But notwithstanding the hour of the night, was bustle and activity. Here were offices where sounded the click of typewriters and the staccato of the telephone; here were passages, bedrooms, a dining-room—a veritable maze hewn out of the chalk

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When a Cigarette Tastes Sweetest

WHEN IT'S A GOLDEN DAY FOR GOLF

After you've played a bully round—and think you'll stop and look a bit—and listen too—near the first tee perhaps—then a cigarette's aroma tastes the sweetest—and

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formation. Kendall was provided with a cot, and despite the sounds that penetrated here, the sounds of the Fourth of July celebration of the First Division, he slept.

EARLY in the morning Kendall awoke; then, after some hours spent with the regimental intelligence officer, he walked abroad to see this historic countryside. Far off to the left the glasses showed him that spot which had been Montdidier; almost straight ahead was the grisly, silent crumble known now to the world by the name of Cantigny.

The day was beautiful. It seemed strange, unnatural, that the country should be so beautiful as well. Even the gun-pits among which Kendall quickly found himself, did not detract from the beauty, for they were almost invisible even at a distance of a few yards, only appearing as low mounds, scarcely differing in color from the surrounding fields. Yet the guns were there under their tents of chicken-wire covered with stained burlap and grasses. Everywhere he looked were these mounds, which during the night that had just passed had been uncovered to the sky while shells filled with deadly gas had screamed through intervening miles of air to fall with deadly effect in the German lines. It had been mustard gas, six thousand rounds of it, he had been told. He was also told it was the first time American gunners had been supplied with that devilishness of war—to celebrate the Fourth. Now the gun-pits were neat as a New England parlor; guns were brightly polished. Nothing seemed to have happened there.

He stood above and looked down the slope of the valley—a valley which was a miracle of color. Never had Kendall seen such color,—acres upon acres of it,—nor such a profusion of flowers, gold and red and white and blue. And *peace!* That valley had been spread there for some painter—not for a battlefield.

Before him, knee-deep in poppies, moved half a dozen figures in khaki.

"The boys are gathering flowers for the funeral," he was told.

"The funeral?"

"Of the men killed last night."

PRESENTLY Kendall, his business completed, was driving toward Paris. He reached Paris in the darkness with a feeling of homecoming and pleasure, but he was thoughtful, troubled. His sternly believing mother was awake in him, asserting that he had seen with his own eyes a movement of the finger of God—that he had read a sign from Omnipotence. It weighed him down, filled him not with joyous faith, but with Calvinistic gloom to have this assurance that God was actually taking an active interest in His world.

He awoke in the morning as one awakes from an impressive dream, with a feeling of heaviness upon him, a consciousness of his personal existence, that made him dull company at breakfast. This humor did not pass away; it was rather laid aside for future reference and obscured by the events and anticipations of the day.

"Good trip?" asked Bert.

"Fine. Saw a lot."

"Wish I could get a crack at it some-

time. I haven't heard a gun go off yet—except in an air-raid. Was anything stirring up there?"

Ken described his experiences of the day and night, and strangely, from a different viewpoint than that from which he had beheld them. Yesterday the thing had been subjective, symbolical; to-day it was objective. He described the war he had seen as a tourist might describe some interesting scene in a foreign country—and he rather wondered at himself that he could think of it in that manner.

"When do you meet Andrée?" Bert asked.

"Eleven o'clock—at the Place de la Concorde. You and Madeleine are coming along?"

"Sure. We'll pick you up there at eleven."

"Anything happen here yesterday?"

"Not a thing. The boche disappointed everybody. I went to one of those dinners the crowd at the Union are always piloting a fellow to—this Society of French Homes, or whatever they call it. Four of us dined with a Madame Lefèvre."

"I want to see that sort of thing. People have told me that French family life is beautiful. One wouldn't think it, to judge from what we've seen."

"I don't know about the beautiful," said Bert, and Ken registered a thought that Bert would not be likely to notice domestic beauties, "but there was something fine about it. I liked it. That old grandmother was bully. They were all so doggone respectful. And there was a young lieutenant, a grandson—had his face shot away. Nothing left but his mouth and one eye. Wore a big triangular patch over his face. He must have been quite a fellow, though. Had the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor and the Médaille Militaire. Just been married, too,—to a mighty nice little girl,—one of these home bodies, looked as though. And by Jove, she acted like she was a heap in love with him. It sort of got me—especially when everybody in the room took the opportunity at some time during the evening to tell me that she never met him until after he was mutilated. I don't believe that sort of girl would pick up with a fellow, somehow. And I know mighty well her mother and grandmother never would have. I guess there are all kinds of French people, just the same as there are Americans."

"Of course," said Ken out of his abysmal ignorance. Then, defensively: "Maybe these aristocrats are different from the girls we know, but I don't care how they live, or how strait-laced they are, they're no better than Andrée—Andrée's good."

"Sure," said Bert. "And you're dotty. Meet you at eleven."

KEN wrote a few letters home, one to his mother, in which he went rather to descriptions and very little to personal matters. He spoke little of France and the French, but rather made it appear that he was living in a Paris inhabited exclusively by American soldiers who were all so busy with the war that they had no time to do anything else but work and sleep. He did mention seeing Notre Dame, which was a church, and of un-

doubted historic interest. It was a very circumspect letter, and not at all confidential.

Then he went to meet Andrée.

Presently she appeared, just as he knew she would appear, walking very erect with little steps that seemed almost stiff, her eyes cast downward or staring straight before her or seeming to see nothing whatever. He knew that she would approach within reach of his hand before she gave sign of recognition, and then she would regard him with grave query as if to ascertain if it were really he, and if, as she feared, she was not welcome. And then she would smile timidly, without taking her eyes from his and shake hands with quaint formality, and ask how he carried himself. If she had changed any particular of it he would have been alarmed; would have felt a sense of loss.

"Bert and Madeleine will meet us here," he said.

"It is well." She smiled and nodded. "You have been at the front?"

"Yes."

"You are ver' fatigué perhaps?"

"No. I had a bully night's sleep, and I'm ready for anything. We must have a regular party to-day. We'll paint the town and all the suburbs."

"Oh, so ver' fast. I do not understand. I do not understand. You mus' speak more slow. Give me the *dictionnaire*."

"It was nothing. Are you happy?"

"Are you not here?" she said gravely.

THERE was something so timid, yet so confident about her, so gentle, so kind-womanly, that the realization of it struck Kendall almost with the force of an accusation. It was the forerunner of self-accusation which might have come then and there, had not Bert and Madeleine turned the corner and waved to them. Immediately the girls were chattering French, after their inevitable formal handshake.

"Where to, children?" asked Bert.

They turned to the girls. "Where are you going?" Ken asked.

"Oh, out of the city. Let us go to the Bois—for the long day."

"Oui," agreed Madeleine, "the Bois. Everyone—*tout le monde*—make themselves to go to the Bois."

So, after some difficulty, they persuaded the driver of a *voiture* to drive them up the Champs Elysées and the length of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne to the gates of the park. There the *cocher* drew up to the curb inexorably and stopped without paying the least attention to the protests of the Americans.

"We must get down," said Andrée. "He cannot go inside."

"But there are *voitures* inside—lots of them. Why can't he go in?"

She shrugged her shoulders, but arose, and Madeleine followed her. They knew the way of the Paris coachman—or it may have been a rule, or an agreement for the division of patronage. At any rate, they got down and paid the absurdly low fare. Then, walking two by two, they entered the famous park.

The walks near the entrance were crowded, but as they penetrated the city's playground, the congestion became less dense. But it did seem as if Madeleine were right, that all the world had come

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to the Bois that day. Every seat, and they were scattered about generously, was occupied. Back among the trees family parties had pre-empted shady glades and were spreading lunches. Buxom young women played battledore with *pois* or *pois en permission*, or engaged with the most profound earnestness in what they seriously believed to be tennis. This tennis delighted Bert, who insisted upon stopping to watch more than one game. The players had no nets—only rackets and a ball. With these they placed themselves sometimes as much as twenty feet apart, and then lobbed the ball back and forth with such a seriousness and intensity that it seemed they were playing for life itself.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the lake, steaming with the heat of the day, its surface churned by the unskilled oars of pleasure-seekers. On the opposite shore was a dense crowd packed about a booth awaiting their turns to go upon the water and suffer. Two or three huge *bateaux* capable of seating a score of people made little voyages up and down, each propelled by one sweating, coatless individual who pulled the enormous weight at such terrific speed that a circuit of the pond might have been made in an hour. There were collisions, shouts, laughter, screams—and an intolerable heat. But the crowd was happy as only a Parisian crowd can be happy.

After a time they managed by bribery and cajolery to persuade a *cocher* to drive them about the park, and an hour or two later got down near to a toy railroad with a tiny engine which pulled crowded trains along a child's track. Bert, whose inhibitions were less pronounced than Ken's, insisted upon riding. The girls boarded the train as a matter of course, with no trace of self-consciousness, but as they bowled along past crowds that waved and pointed and laughed, Ken felt like the father of all idiots. Finally they arrived at the Zoo, which Andrée insisted upon inspecting.

The cages in the zoo which attracted the crowds contained dogs! Indeed, dogs were the backbone and almost the sum total of the animals to be seen. They were caged like bears, and ran round and round behind their iron bars with the ceaseless gait of wolves. It rather revolted Kendall, especially to see a beautiful English setter in such an environment. There were setters, Danes, bulls, fox terriers—and the crowds stood and stared and gasped and exclaimed as if they gazed at the Behemoth of Holy Writ.

THEY dined expensively at a table under the trees and near to a fountain, and Andrée exclaimed at the extravagance of it and declared that for days to come they must satisfy their hunger on bread and water. They were very gay and very young. For that one day, all cares and apprehensions had taken flight; they simply did what occurred to them, and the word *responsibility* was scratched from their vocabularies.

After a time they found a pleasant spot among the trees and sat down to rest, for such a day is very tiring.

"Thees day has been ver' well," said Andrée, nodding her head three times by way of punctuation.

"I wish all days were like it," Madeline said in French.

Andrée regarded her gravely a moment, then shook her head emphatically. "No. It would not be well. The days of thees day are ver' nice because they are seldom. To-day is for nothing but only happiness—yes. But it is not possible to be so happy to-day if we are not ver' unhappy some other day."

"Do you think that unhappiness makes happiness?" said Bert with a laugh.

"But yes, monsieur. If there is no sadness, there is no joy. It is of a truthfulness. *Certainement!* How do you know you are happy? It is because you theen of days when you are ver' miserable, and thees day is so different from that day. If all days shall be like to-day, then we shall be,—how do you say—we shall be bored."

"But if one is very miserable after he has been happy?" said Ken.

Andrée looked at him quickly as if trying to penetrate to the thought that prompted the question.

"It is well," she said softly. "On the unhappy day you theen often of the happy day—it makes the unhappiness to be less. After many, many days one may forget the unhappiness. The good God has made it a law. The sorrow becomes not so sharp. Even the greatest grief becomes jus' a theen to be remembered. But a happiness! Oh my friend, that live forever."

"A happiness cannot be made to fade. Always it live, and always it is ver' beautiful and makes itself to give other happiness. That is why," Andrée said softly to Ken, "that I have not great fear to love you. Do you see? W'en it is ended thees love of ours, there will be ver' sad but the sadness, it will become soft and make itself to fade after many years. The happiness, such happiness as thees ver' day, it will be always."

"But," said Ken, suddenly depressed and thoughtful, "isn't there a sorrow so great that it cannot be endured?"

"Oh, yes, yes! But that is terrible. I have thought many times of such a sorrow. There is only one like that. It is to love ver' much and trust ver' much and be ver' much happy, and then, one day, to know that one has been deceived entirely, to know that the friend one love' was on'y making to pretend, and did not himself love. That, one could not bear. Then all the little moments of happiness with him would make themselves to be black and wicked, and one must die."

Kendall lifted her hand and touched it with his lips, and looked into her eyes. "I do not know what will come, *maign*. But whatever does come, it must not be that. See, I am speaking the truth, so that you may remember it always: I love you."

For a moment she returned his gaze gravely; then into her dark-shadowed eyes came a glow that was real happiness; her lips smiled, and she leaned a little toward him.

"I believe," she said softly, "and it is ver' well."

This remarkable story of what France did to this typical young American, Kendall Ware, comes to its most interesting chapters in the next installment.

Midsummer Magic

By DOROTHY BLAIR

MARY ARMAND sat up in bed. Sleep was impossible. Through the open windows came the first gray light of dawn. For hours Mary had been awake. For hours she had tried to make the happy dream come true. But it was hopeless.

Slipping out of bed, she dressed. As she glanced in her mirror she saw the trace of a tear, the last one of many that had given expression to her feelings during the long night. She brushed it away and with a sad little toss of her head decided her course. She would decline Mildred Harrington's invitation.

Mildred was probably the only real friend Mary had. Making friends had been difficult for her. But some common point of interest had drawn the two girls together, although their positions in life lay far apart. Three years after her father's death, Mary had found it necessary to get an office position downtown and most of the money she earned went to her mother and was used for the bare necessities of life.

Money did not bother the Harringtons. Every summer they closed their home in the city and went to their cottage at the shore. Many of Mildred's friends summered at the same resort and from late May until early September there was one continuous round of pleasure.

So when Mary had been invited to spend her vacation with them, it had seemed like a gift from some fairy godmother. Besides being a chance to get away during one of the hottest months, it was a rare opportunity to enjoy the gay, care-free life, so different from her own.

Then last night she had gone to the Harringtons', where the girls had gathered to talk over their plans. Mildred's brother, Bob, was just leaving the house, but stopped to speak to her. "Mildred tells me you are going to join our colony this year," he said.

"Yes," Mary replied, "for a week or two."

"Well," he said smiling, "you will have a good time—everyone does down there!"

When he had said good night, Mary wondered whether Bob's presence would be added to the other pleasures this wonderful vacation held in store for her.

Mary found the girls in a gay discussion of their plans. They had something scheduled seemingly for every day of the summer. What happy days they were to be! There would be bathing every day and moonlight sailing or beach parties at night. Then, too, Mildred had planned many dances and week-end parties.

All these things had seemed like pleasant dreams to Mary. She could picture long stretches of sand and the ocean with a big yellow moon creeping up out of the silver streaked waters. She could see herself at these wonderful dances during the week-end parties. For a little while at least Mary Armand was to really live! She would be happy, gloriously happy—

"Oh, I got the most stunning evening dress today!" It was Kitty Wells talking. Clothes! Mere mention of them had ended Mary's dreaming. Once introduced, the subject had developed into a lengthy discussion—afternoon frocks—sport suits—shoes—hats—bathing togs!

Mary listened. Several times she tried to say something but words failed her. She was afraid they would ask about HER new clothes. What a thought! The mere possibility of it embarrassed her, and finally giving a quick, forced excuse, she said good night.

Outside she had walked slowly home. Pretty clothes! She had none. How many times it had caused her unhappiness! Now because she had "nothing to wear" she was to lose the vacation that had seemed so real—so near—so wonderful!

The only solution was money and Mary had saved only enough for her traveling and incidental expenses. She had several dresses but nothing like the wonderful wardrobes of the other girls. And Mary was proud.

At home her mother had been waiting for the latest news of the much-talked-of vacation. "I'm afraid I can't go to the Harringtons' this summer," Mary announced. "Tonight every one was talking about their pretty evening dresses and afternoon frocks." She voiced her disappointment as gently as she could—and she went no further, for Mrs. Armand was crying.

"Mother, please don't!" pleaded Mary. "Maybe after all I will be able to go." And bidding her mother good night she sought the seclusion of her room.

So at dawn, after a sleepless night, Mary decided to decline Mildred's invitation. Two weeks later a group of happy, laughing girls left for the shore. Mary smiled a happy farewell as the train pulled out. But when it had disappeared, a sob rose in her throat as she turned to go back to the hum-drum of the office.

For days afterward Mary was miserably unhappy. It wasn't merely missing the vacation—the could forget that—but she was looking ahead. Were clothes always going to hold her back and make her different from other girls?

THEN finally the problem in Mary's mind was solved and a wonderful change came over her. Bob Harrington, driving his touring car, noted

this change one night in July when he passed Mary on her way home from work. On one or two similar occasions during the summer he had merely lifted his hat. But this night he stopped his car beside the curb.

"Summertime in the city seems to agree with you, Miss Armand," he said. "I never saw you looking so well."

His bewildered expression of admiration made her heart glad—for now she knew her triumph over circumstances was complete!

The summer progressed. September found the girls at Seaciff anxious to get back to the city. The shore season had been a disappointment. For the first month there had been the usual dances and parties—made delightful by Bob and the friends he brought down with him. But when afterward he remained in town, pleading pressure of business, Kitty was inconsolable, and Mildred's parties, without his guests, became a little tiresome for every one.

So when the day for the trip homeward arrived the girls had no regrets. They were eager to get home and plunge into their preparations for the fall season.

Bob was at the station to meet them. Mildred had almost reached his car when she stopped suddenly—stifling a cry of astonishment.

A girl, beautifully dressed—her face aglow with a radiantly happy smile—was stepping out of Bob's machine.

It was Mary Armand.

But what a transformed and adorable Mary she was! Wearing a charmingly distinctive afternoon frock she was a fascinating picture! From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps, she was perfect!

For one long moment the girls stood bewildered by the marvelous change in the girl before them. Then conscious of their awkward staring, they rushed forward to greet her.

"Mary—you look wonderful—positively beautiful!" they exclaimed.

"You seem surprised—am I so very, very different?" asked Mary, smiling.

"Different!" exclaimed Mildred. "Why, you are another person. Where have you been?"

"Girls," replied Mary, "I've had the most wonderful summer imaginable and I can scarcely wait to tell you all about it!"

A little later at Mildred's, the girls crowded around Mary for her story.

"YOU girls will never know how much I wanted to go to Seaciff with you this summer," she began. "It meant the first chance I ever had for a really good time! And at first I thought I couldn't give it up! You may have guessed why I had to. I simply didn't have the kind of clothes you were going to take and I knew I would be unhappy every minute contrasting my plain, simple little outfit with the wonderful wardrobes of you other girls. But it was terribly hard!"

"I guess every girl wants pretty clothes—the desire to be admired is born in all of us. We are happy only when we know we are as well dressed as the people we want for friends. So for days after you had gone, I could think of nothing else! The words kept ringing in my ears—Clothes! Clothes! Clothes!"

"Then one night, as if in answer to my prayers and heart-aches, a wonderful thing happened. I had gone to my room so mother would not know how unhappy I felt. After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I opened a magazine, and my glance fell on a picture that attracted me. I began reading the article and it told the story of a girl, just like myself, who found the way to friends and happiness by learning right at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all of her own clothes and hats.

"Almost wild with hope, I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—and so much the opportunity I needed, that I wrote for more information that very night.

"Well, in just a few days a beautiful book arrived, telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which any woman or girl anywhere can easily and quickly learn at home in spare time all the secrets of the dressmaker's art. When I read how 25,000 women of all ages and in all circumstances had solved their clothes problems in this fascinating new way, I made up my mind that I, too, would do it! So I joined the Institute at once and took up dressmaking.

"When I saw my first lesson, I knew that I, too, had found the way to Happiness! Any one could learn by this easy, fascinating method.

"Right away I began to feel like a different girl—happier than I had ever been in my life! I devoted every moment I could to my lessons.



From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps, she was perfect!

And, of course, I made rapid progress—I couldn't help it. The textbooks seem to foresee and answer every possible question and the teachers take such a personal interest!

"And I realize now how fortunate it was for me that I began my lessons in the summer time. That is absolutely the best time—the logical time to learn dressmaking. The days are longer and every evening I had several hours of daylight to devote to my work. Then, too, I could work out of doors. And the sheer summer fabrics are so much easier to handle—the summer dresses are so much simpler to make—and summer materials cost less.

"When my vacation came, I accomplished wonders! It was just delightful—working on those beautiful fabrics out of doors all day long. Almost at once I began making actual garments. Why, I made a beautiful little waist after my third lesson!

"WHAT was most important, I also learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me and how to develop those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming. My course opened up a whole new world to me. When, after just a few lessons, I finished my first dress, I simply had to wear it to the office. And that night Bob met me—I'll never forget the expression of surprise on his face! I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me! Besides having more and prettier clothes than ever had before, I have made a lot of pretty new things for mother!"

"I suppose," said Kitty, "you'll soon need a wedding dress. But of course, you'll buy that."

"Well, that's an entirely separate secret," Mary answered, blushing, "but a whole section of my course was devoted to planning and making a bride's complete trousseau—and I took the last stitch in my wedding dress a week ago."

"So that's my story," finished Mary. "I'm the happiest girl alive and I owe it all to the Woman's Institute! That alone could have made possible what Bob calls my 'Midsummer Magic.' And what I did—in saving hundreds of dollars on my clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than I could have had any other way, and attracting happiness with them—any woman or girl can do!"

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THE MAN WHO SOLD HIMSELF

(Continued from page 31)

everything's doin' fine; and I never had a feller to talk to about it all that was half as enthusiasm as you are. Doggone you young Indians, an old man like me gets lonesome—lonesome, do you know it? I set up there on my porch and look way across the bench-land and remember when I herded cattle across it thirty years ago; and I think, where are the hands I herded with?

"The valley's full of people now, but not one of 'em thinks of Zach Adams as anything but an old skinflint that's got more money and land than he knows what to do with, and they're all busy tryin' to pry a piece of it off of him. There aint any one of 'em remembers Zach when he was the niftiest hand in a hundred miles at a round-up or a dance—didn't matter which. Young and poplar I was in them days—yes, dang it, and good-lookin', if I do say it myself."

JIM and Joe Marcy looked at each other in wonder.

"Shucks, now, Mist' Adams," protested Charles in that soft Southern purr of his, "it's only two days since I was out to see you. Besides, I was 'lowin' to come out again before I took the road, anyhow."

"See's you do," glared the old man. "Don't never occur to these two young sprouts here that an old man might be lonesome," he went on with a nod at Jim and Joe. "They're good boys, all right; they work hard; but they aint no heart in 'em. It takes heart in business, just the same as in love, if they could only find it out. Come out to-night, Charley, and set with me a spell."

"I sure will come out this evenin', Mist' Adams, and any spare evenin's I've got when I'm in town."

It occurred to Zachariah that this, while satisfactory, was mere iteration—that all were waiting for something else to be said, and he turned on the Marcy's to say it with a half-hidden twinkle in his eye.

"So it took you two weeks to find out that you wanted this young fellow in the business, hey? Why, darn it, I could 'a' seen that the first time I looked at him. He can have the stock and his own time to pay for it in—except about the salary. He can't have no more'n you boys get, four thousand dollars a year—not until he demonstrates a little more. If he's fair, he'll reconsider on that p'int."

Both brothers looked at Charles apprehensively, but Charles rose easily to the occasion.

"If you say it isn't fair, Mist' Adams, why, it isn't fair; that's all there is to that," he conceded with a magnificent wave of his hand as he tossed off nineteen hundred dollars a year of the salary he had modestly fixed for himself.

"That's a man's way of takin' it," beamed old Zach. "Never knew a good getter yet that wasn't a good giver. It'll come back to you, my son, if you've got the goods, and me and the boys figure that you have. And say? You're goin'

to be weavin' over the State a good deal. I wonder couldn't you find old Joe Whipple for me."

There was a subtle change in the old man's voice and expression as he brought out the name, and Charles, swift discerning of the moods of men, became instantly all gravity and sympathetic attention as he responded:

"I certain'y would try, suh, if you'd tell me who Mr. Whipple is and how to go about to look for him."

"Why, Josh is the orneriest old galoot of a Missourian that you'd meet in a million years," explained Zachariah, talking loudly as if to cover up an emotion of some kind. "Him and me prospected them hills over there for seven year straight. Many's the time we split our last bean together. Then I took to the plains and the cattle, and later I herded the cattle into the hills and left the beachland to the wheat, makin' money both ways. After that, bein' a covetous cus, I built the mill to get more out of the wheat. If I'd 'a' been as farseein' as I thought I was, I'd 'a' let the mill go and built a packin'-house instead."

"As fur Josh, he stuck to the mountains. I aint heard on him for near twenty years, but I get to thinkin' of him a heap lately. More'n likely he's broke, as usual. More'n likely, too, he knows jest where I am and jest how easy things is with me, and he's too god-darned proud to come around and ask for a chew of tobacco, even. Keep an eye out for the slab-sided old runt, will you?"

"I sure will, Mist' Adams," affirmed Charles solemnly.

A LITTLE later the two Marcy's left the office arm in arm.

"The old man's dotty about him," said Jim.

"If anybody's fooled on him, we're all fooled together," responded Joe.

And for the first week after young Charles Clemens went out on the road to sell flour, it certainly looked as if somebody was fooled. Joe Marcy sat at his desk and snarled and grumbled and fidgeted, after which he would snarl some more, grumble a little louder and grow still further restless in his chair.

"Knew there was a hatch open somewhere," he peev'd. "The fellow's a nut. I sent him out to sell, and he's refusin' to sell. Look at these!" And Joe flung a basketful of letters from the retail trade of Montana upon his brother's desk.

A puzzled frown deepened on Jim's face as he thumbed the letters over. Meantime Joe was rereading that batch of telegrams from Texas.

"There's something those fellows down there all kept from saying," he deduced after a thoughtful quarter of an hour.

"What? That he's so smooth he's slick?" scowled Jim.

"I can't make out, but by thunder, there's something they didn't tell us!" Joe slammed the bale of cryptic messages into a drawer and was still

tempting them with distaste when his attention was distracted by having another telegram to read.

"It's from him, and it's dated Spokane," he communicated to his brother at the first glance.

"Spokane? What's he doing there?"

"Search me! Listen to this!" And Joe read: "Make no new contracts. Consider plans increase capacity all possible." Refusing to sell, and increasing capacity! Now I know he's batty."

Joe was profoundly pessimistic. Jim could think of nothing to lighten the gloom.

BUT the next afternoon Charles Clemons himself provided the necessary illumination, bursting on the darkness like a star-shell. Joe's welcome was to fling before him the bundle of distress-signals from customers along the route, complaining that the new man had refused to sell them all the flour they wanted.

"But that's the way to sell," argued Charles blandly.

"The way to sell is to sell," snapped Joe, "and you're not doing it."

"Add up what they-all have asked for," proposed Charles, quite unoffended, "and see if it isn't more than you ever sold 'em before."

Joe didn't figure, but he stopped to think, and presently a ray of light broke in upon him; but it was a humbling ray that made him gaze at Charles helplessly.

"Sellin' psychology, these here high-brows call it," responded Charles in answer to that look. "But I allow it's just plain human nature. I'm not tryin' to see how much I can sell 'em. I'm askin' them to see how little they can do with. 'What was your consumption last year?' I inquire. 'So much,' they say. 'All right, we'll let you order sixty per cent of last year's consumption, and we'll apportion the balance pro rata according to the applications.' That makes them buyin' mad—don't you see?"

Joe Marcy, with the puzzled, half-humbled look, and Jim, with his mouth slightly ajar, both nodded doubtfully.

"Furthermore, I tell 'em our flour's goin' to be higher, higher than any flour on the market, fifteen cents higher by the sack, and fifty cents by the barrel."

"But we've always done pretty well to get our flour in a shade under Asbury's," protested Joe. "Nobody's goin' to pay a higher price than they can buy his for."

Charley's expression was one of polite concern for Joe Marcy's lack of an educated perceptive faculty.

"Do you allow, Mr. Marcy, that the people up in this great, opulent country go into a sto' and ask for the cheapest? No suh!" he answered himself emphatically. "They ask for the best."

"But," argued Jim Marcy with remarkable honesty, "our flour's no better than anybody's else."

"Our new-process flour," affirmed Charles suavely and impressively, "is going to be the best flour ever made west of Omaha or Minneapolis."

"But we haven't got any new process," snapped Joe, bewildered and irritated out of all patience.

"We-all are a-goin' to have, Mistah

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Mahcy," smiled Charles, more blushing than ever. "I picked up a fellow on this trip—a fellah from Belgium, one of these here scientific bugs. He workin' in a German mill before the war, and suh, what that gentleman don't know about flour aint down in the books. He's got all the secrets of the German government catalogued and card-indexed in his brain. I brought him along with me, so you-all could fix him up some sort of laboratory here in the mill and start him goin'. He'll get more out of a grain of wheat almost than God Almighty put into it."

It was somewhere during this brief speech that the two Marcy's, both open-mouthed now, exchanged glances, then every doubt over their shoulders averted, that moment leaned forward, listening on the speech of Charles Clem as upon words of glistering light.

"Mr. Marcy! How much flour have you-all ever made in one year?"

"About sixty thousand barrels."

"If you push her to the limit?"

"Eighty thousand, maybe."

"With another shift, could you make one hundred and fifty thousand?"

"Say!" gasped Joe.

"No," responded Jim, "the old mill would rattle herself to pieces at the gait. One hundred and twenty thousand is about the outside. But say, you couldn't sell one hundred and twenty thousand in the—"

"Don't figure to," cut in Charles, whose capacity for self-containment was so great that he seldom interrupted. "I can sell every pound of it to a foreign government. I've got an offer now. Fact is, gentlemen, I come across a sort of lost soul projectin' round in Spokane like he was plumb misplaced, and with a flour order on his person that sure dazzled my eyes when I looked at it."

NEXT day Charles made this assertion good by producing a gentleman who carried on his conversation by means of a pair of black, explosive eyes and some very mobile shoulders, assisted at times by a vintage breath that was redolent of all the ransacked cellars of Europe. This gentleman sat down with the Marcy brothers, produced credentials that astonished, letters of credit that astounded, and a gold filigree fountain pen with which he signed an agreement to purchase sixty thousand barrels of flour at a price which seemed to indicate that from the hour it was paid for, Jim, Joe and Charles might clip their dividend coupons as frequently and as generously as the Montana farmers are wont to cut their alfalfa in summer. Later, when Charles took the tall-hatted man for a ride round the town, Jim and Joe remained behind to pinch themselves and mull the whole thing over.

"Right there's where he sat the first time he came into the office," ruminated Joe.

"How the devil does he do it?" wailed Jim. "Just fool luck, it looks like!"

"Blamed if it is," declared Joe. "The fellow's human; he's just naturally good-hearted. He warms to people, and people warm to him. Hear how he got acquainted with this Belgian flour-mill bug?"

"No."

"Found him cryin' front of a hotel."

"Go on!"

"Yes sir—grown man cryin', and from sheer lonesomeness. Charley butts in, gets sympathetic, finds he's hungry as well as lonesome, feeds him up, lends him five dollars, and is tryin' to find out what the fellow can do so as to get him a job, when he discovers that the guy is primed to the roots of the hair with the very stuff we need to know—hating Germany so bad he's crazy to blow off her milling secrets anyway, and now so dog-grateful to Charley he wants to tell all he knows to him and to nobody else in the world. That isn't luck; it's genius."

"There's luck in it, all the same," opined Jim. "I never came across a panhandler like that in all my days of waiting for hotel busses."

"And I'll bet no hobo ever touched you for a five and got away with it, either," retorted Joe.

"I don't exactly recall any right now," admitted Jim with a dry smile.

"Why, there you are," exulted Joe. "It isn't luck; it's plain humanity. Charley bumped into this tall-hatted guy in the Spokane depot, all fussed up because he couldn't buy a railroad ticket at the Pullman window. Charley straightened things out. Pretty soon they're exchanging cards. In half an hour he's following Charley round like a lost sheep and eating out of his hand."

"Anyhow, he does it," admitted Jim, "and it looks great; but all the same I get uneasy spells. It sticks in my craw that there's something those Texas telegrams didn't say."

WHILE the two brothers talked, Charles was taking a hat-lifting farewell of his foreign friend at the railroad station; and then Mr. Clemens recalled another duty and chartered an automobile to take him out to the Y-Six ranch.

Old Zachariah was discovered upon his wind-blown veranda, enjoying his valleys and his mountains. He greeted Charles warmly and received the first bit of news he had to offer, which was about the foreign contract, with commendable restraint; but what came next provoked a burst of wild acclaim.

"No! Gosh dang it!" Zachariah exploded, leaping up, tripping over his spurs and clutching at Charles for support. "How in time did you do it?"

"Easy enough, Mist' Adams! I just give a fellow in Missoula five dollars to look through the votin' registers of the State. He found eleven Josh Whipples, but only two of 'em was born in Missouri, and only one of them was old enough to be your Josh."

"And where was the durned old galoot?" Zachariah's manner was still one of hilarious excitement.

"Why, suh, he had been keepin' a little pig-ranch down in the cottonwood bottoms, not a hundred miles from here."

"Ha-ha!" the old man laughed. "Ho-ho!" And he laughed some more. "Josh Whipple keepin' a pig-ranch! He-hee!" And Zachariah's merriment threatened to become apoplectic. At the very climax of these cachinnations, however, some-



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thing in the persistent gravity of the young Texan's face attracted attention. "Had been—did you say?" he inquired, sobering suddenly, while a serious shade of apprehension entered his voice. "Had been keepin' a pig-ranch?"

"Yes, Mist' Adams; I'm sorry to say your old friend Mr. Whipple has passed out."

"Dead?" There was a croak in Zachariah's throat. "Why, that oleen old cuss couldn't die! He was tough as rawhide. He may 'a' got paralyzed, and they buried him, but he aint dead."

Notwithstanding this vehement affirmation, however, that there was no cause for mourning, the plainsman's features wrought themselves into a suspicious pucker, while he dusted his eyes with his handkerchief and had something like an attack of hay fever.

"Didn't leave nothin', I suppose?" queried the old man presently.

"Nothin' but a daughter, suh!"

"A daughter?" Zachariah's features were systematically rearranged in order to express stern disapprobation. "Now, aint that just like that sinful old galon to go and leave a daughter layin' round somewhere. She's ugly, I'll bet a million dollars! Bet she's slab-sided like him; bet she's got a white eye; bet, by golly, one side of her nose is longer'n the other side."

"You're mistaken, Mist' Adams," chuckled Charles. "I have seen the lady, and I certain'y am some touched by her beauty."

"No?" inquired Zachariah, tones bluf and eyes disbelieving. "No!"

"She certain'y is good to look at," maintained Charles.

"How's she off?" The old man was serious again, and sympathetic.

"Got nothin'. She auctioned off the pigs to pay the debts. I found her sittin' on a trunk on the front porch, with a kind of a way-off look in her eye, wonderin' what she was goin' to do next; so I carried her right along with me. She's in the hotel in town now."

"Town or country girl?" demanded Zachariah.

"Sort of an open-air girl, I allow. Seemed to be on speakin' terms with the pigs and the horses and a couple of old cows the neighbors had bought in and were takin' away; but she had a parcel of books and some music and a sort of a pony-organ in the shack. Peared to me like she cried a little when the Swede family that bid it in loaded the organ into their wagon and drove off."

"Gosh dang it!" Zachariah was chasin' his eyes again. "Gosh dang it! Ugly or pretty, bring her out. I'll get her a whole library. I'll get her a grand piany and one of these here automatic orchestras like Herman has down at the Prairie Dog. Open-air girl, is she? Josh's daughter, hey?" The old man was chuckling weepily. "Why, dam it, she can have the pick of the whole ranch for hers. You go and bring her out, Charley—bring her out to-night. Here you, Molla! Molla!"

ZACHARIAH went hobbling along the wide porch, hallooing loudly, and presently his Scandinavian housekeeper, breathless and alarmed, pattered in.

"Molla! You fix the best room in the house for Josh Whipple's girl. She'll be here in an hour, and she'll stay as long as she wants to. She'll be your boss, when she comes—understand that! Mine, too! I been lookin' for somebody to take orders from for a long time, and this girl of Josh's'll just about fill the bill. Blue eyes, you said, Charley?"

"I didn't say, Mist' Adams," laughed Charles, "but her eyes sure are blue."

"What's her name?"

"Theodosia."

"Theodosy! What the Sam Hill kind of a name is that?"

"She says it means the gift of God."

Zachariah's features expressed irreverent amazement and then a sort of meek comprehension.

"Her mother must have give it to her," he decided. "Burn the wind, Charley! Burn it! I'm thirstin' for a look at her."

During the succeeding weeks, as Charles ran in and out of town, two things claimed his particular attention. One was the Y-Six ranch—to which he went ostensibly to visit its owner. The other part of the time was spent pottering around in the laboratory with the Belgian. There was no doubt that Charles had a sort of "feel" for flour. "See that," he said one day to the Marcy boys, bringing in a pannikin of flour into which he was stirring water. "Look at it! Kind of blue-looking. Don't you-all notice?"

Joe and Jim admitted that they did.

"That's the flour we're makin' now. Look here!" The enthusiast took another pan from the hand of his helper and instructor, the Belgian, and began to stir water into it. "Get that rich, creamy look? That's the kind we're going to make. That's our new-process flour—the Yellowstone Diamond brand."

Another day Charles and the Belgian borrowed a piece of the plant of the largest baker in town—mixing machinery, troughs and oven—and held a demonstration before a regular congress of bakers gathered from all over the valley. Jim and Joe Marcy were there, of course, and looking proud approval, for when the demonstration was over, what stood out clearly was that the Yellowstone Diamond brand, while it made a stiffer dough and required more mixing than the average flour, produced twenty-five more loaves to the barrel.

"That's why you pay mo' for our flourah and it costs you less," concluded Charles with a triumphant vocal flourish; and the long, spectacled Belgian nodded approval while the bakers crowded round with questions, with offers and with orders.

OFF at one side, and rather with an air of overlooking from a distance the entire proceedings, sat Zachariah Adams. By him was Theodosia. Her wild-rose lips were parted in an interested smile, and she watched every movement of Charles hungrily.

"Gosh!" said Zachariah when the demonstration was over. "It aint just a flivver. Them boys are goin' to make real money and keep on makin' it. Now I'm goin' to fix things so't they get what they make."

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pose, and with Theodosia still at his side he gathered the Marcys, Charles and his two dummy directors—Simmons, bookkeeper, and Bowen the head miller, into his rarely visited office at the mill.

"We are a-goin' to do some high-nancin'," he began. "The plant is capitalized at sixty thousand. Now we're a-goin' to reorganize and issue sixty thousand of preferred stock at six per cent, and I'm goin' to hog it all—every darned cent of it, your allotment and mine. Next we're a-goin' to issue one hundred thousand dollars' worth of common and split it in two ways, one quarter to each of you fine boys in exchange for your stock; and then, to sort of distribute the balance of power,—for the common stock controls the business.—I'm goin' to give that other quarter to the little girl here. With the contracts you've got on hand, your common figures to be worth par right now, and with your prospects, it'll keep you a-goin' on travelin'. The consequence is that all you hard-workin' boys have to give the old man is his little thirty-six hundred dollar year dividends on the preferred, and every dollar you can make beyond that is your own and 'Doshy's. Fair enough, what?"

Theodosia blushed and protested.

"Oh, Uncle Zach!" she gasped.

"It's more than fair!" declared Charlie and then stopped to make some computations with a pencil on his cuff. "Come on, we can stand givin' up our own stock," he chuckled a moment later with an amorous glance at the Marcy boys. "I figure we can make the new common pay fourteen per cent this year."

Those two anxious souls, apprehensive as usual of any change, lest they find themselves cheated, had by this time assimilated the idea.

"Guess we can," they nodded. "We're satisfied if Mr. Adams is."

"Plumb satisfied," boasted Mr. Adams. "But it's all conditioned on one thing. That is that the useless, worthless president of the Adams Milling Company resigns, and a real business man takes his lines. I nominate Charles Clemens, late of Texas, for president of the Adams Milling Company. You can vote, Theodosia. Want to second the motion?"

Theodosia blushed again, and more warmly than before, but whispered faintly: "I second the motion."

The Marcy boys, once more surprised and hesitant, were in a position where, if they objected, they must conceal their objections. They nodded acquiescently. Simmons and Bowen, taking their cue from the situation, mumbled in their throats.

"The ayes have it," barked the old man, thumping his fist on the table. "That vote aint so darned reg'lar, but I guess I got a lawyer uptown that can make it reg'lar. Come on, 'Doshy. We been away from the ranch too long already."

THUS did Zachariah plant the stamp of his final approval upon the business sagacities of Charles. The reorganization was carried out in due and legal form. Meantime the modest little mill had taken on its new habit of running night and day. Jim had long been ready to concede to Joe that there was no

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ates in cotton and it dabbles in cotton. In fact, suh, about anything that's been made and sold in Texas that has the color of money in it, we get into. I may be suh, that I am the president and practically the sole owner of the Texas Tradin' Company."

NINETEEN millions of dollars sit there before them! A must, a shiny, milky way of glory rose before the eyes of Joe Marcy and dazzled him like a sunburst. He ventured a glance at his brother and saw Jim sitting there completely gassed. Suddenly something like indigestion took hold of Joe.

"And may I inquire, sir, how it comes that your son should be under the necessity of coming out here and applying for a subordinate position in a company like ours and a business of which he knows nothing?"

"Because, suh, his daddy was a last-tempered idiot where his own flesh and blood was concerned. Again and again my friends and employees have come to me and said: 'Charles is the best young business man in the State of Texas to day.'

"The best?" Joe reached out an impulsive hand, and Joe was not given to impulses. "Colonel Clemens, you mean me greatly. For six months my brother and I have been feeling like a pair of dogs at seeing this young fellow come in here and put it all over us."

"Put it all over you, suh?" inquired the Texan with lifted brows.

"Colonel Clemens," broke in Jim, putting into the conversation for the first time, "six months ago your son came to us seeking employment in any capacity. We sent him out to buy wheat. To day he is president of the Adams Mill Company."

"President?" Colonel Clemens in amazement half rose from his chair. "Why, that young adventurer never even knew a grain of wheat till—" The Colonel burst into laughter.

"Tell me about it, gentlemen," he urged.

Joe and Jim collaborated on the narrative, to which the president of the T. T. Company hearkened with a profound glistening eye.

"That's Charles!" he broke out from time to time, rocking slightly in his chair. "That's Charles! Smart? That boy could see the glint of money in cracks that looked pitch dark to me; and he got profits out of things that all my life I'd been afraid to touch; but he's just as full of the milk of human kindness that people follow him about like flies. Some days I would be scared he was going to give the whole Tradin' Company away."

Jim's left eyelid got a cynic droop over it. "Yep," he opined, "Charley's a good-hearted fellow, all right; but anything he gives away in the morning, you can expect to see come floatin' home along toward night towin' a good big wad of interest behind it."

"Have you noticed that?" inquired the Colonel, his voice an exultant croak. "Aint it amazin' the way money picks up its skirts and runs after that boy? But I said,"—and the Colonel sighed,—"he and I had a difference. You see, till I was Charley this and Charley that till I was just plumb crazy with pride over the

and I made the mistake of sendin' him down to the Legislature to look after one or two little matters of mine. I don't mind confessin' to you two gentlemen away off here in Montana, that it is one of my ambitions to round out my career with a term in the United States Senate. Well, suh, the people down at Austin just took to that boy of mine till it seemed like the Legislature spent half its time runnin' round tryin' to find what that boy wanted and give it to him. First thing I knew, some fool newspaper was talkin' about runnin' him for Congress. Imagine my feelin', gentlemen, if my son got to Congress before I got to the Senate!

"Maybe I was jealous. Maybe I thought that like the young man Absalom, Charley was stealin' away the hearts of the people from his father. Anyhow, suh, I became miffed at that young man, and the next time we met, I just naturally tore into him. 'Charles,' I said, 'you have been tradin' on my name and my money and my reputation long enough. You don't know whether you're a successful man of business or not,' I allowed, 'till you get away off by yourself and try.' So I gave him seven thousand dollars. 'Get plumb away from Texas,' I said. 'Get where they never heard the name of John C. Clemens, if there is such a benighted spot on earth. Get into some business where you haven't got the example and the prestige of your daddy to guide you every step of the way. Then let me see what you can do.'

"The next mornin' I was good and sorry that I had talked thataway to Charley, but he took me serious. He was gone. 'Bout a week after, everybody in Texas was a-callin' me on the telephone to tell me about your inquiries. He was bein' a regular sport, and I decided to be. 'Give the young man a square deal,' I says, 'and no more, and be sure you don't mention the name of John C. Clemens or the Texas Trading Company nohow.'

"But I can't stand it any longer, gentlemen. Charley hadn't been gone a month before my business began to run dry in the bearin's at various spots. To-day it needs him awful, but not half as bad, suh, as my heart needs him; so here I am, gentlemen, to eat humble pie and ask my son to come back. Would you mind directin' me, suh, to the office of the president of the Adams Millin' Company?"

"The president's not in right now; he's spending the afternoon out at the Y-Six ranch, which belongs to Mr. Adams," explained Joe, and he could not forbear to add: "Charley's got a side-line out there that's taking a good deal of his time lately."

"And may I inquire, suh, the nature of this side-line—and the distance to the ranch?"

"The prettiest girl in Montana," broke in Jim. "Fourteen miles: you can make it in half an hour."

The Colonel was clearly taken aback for a moment, but his proud spirit rose to the situation.

"I shall be interested in seein' the lady," he said with a dignified bow.

"In the course of an hour the Colonel had seen the lady, and with true Texan gallantry, professed himself enchanted. In the course of another hour he ripened



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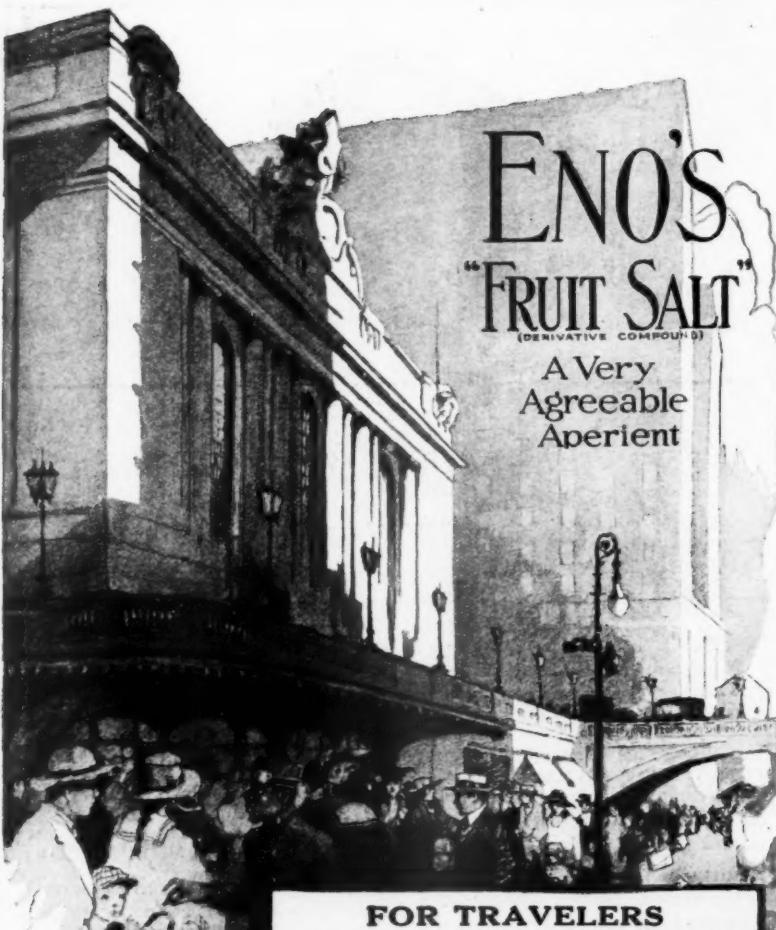
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MISCELLANEOUS

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acquaintance with Zachariah, admiring his white-faced cows and his dish-faced hogs, his alfalfa bottoms, his grain-growing bench-lands and the more rugged ranges of the cattle. Incidentally, too, in the Colonel's warm, impulsive fashion, he had folded his son to his bosom.

Having been made fully to apprehend the relations which had grown up between Charles and Zachariah, the Colonel put the situation considerably and at some length to the rare old plainsman.

"But Mr. Clemens," protested Zachariah, "you can't just ride your son plumb off the range and then come stumbin' over and claim your brand ag'in like this. Taint fair. Besides, we can't square him."

Zachariah looked at the girl and found her blushing. Then he turned his honest, piercing gaze on Charles. Charles too was blushing.

"Course, Mist' Adams," that young man spoke up, "I've done got myself mighty attached to you-all; but I don't reckon nobody—leastwise, nobody but one"—Charles faltered in his speech for once, and Theodosia blushed again—"I got the same claim on a man that his own fathuh has; and so, if my fathuh need me, Mist' Adams, 'pears like I'll have to go. But Dallas aint so far away. I can be up here every few weeks."

"But doggone it, you don't say nothing about Theodosia," protested Zachariah. "She's been used to seein' you frequent."

"I did reckon that maybe you'd be willin' to spare Theodosia, Mist' Adams," ventured Charles. "I was figurin' on takin' her to Texas with me."

"Wha-what!" Old Zachariah's eyes enlarged, according to their habit when he was amazed. "What? Why, doggone my cats! Is that what the Chinook been blowin' up? Theodosia, how about that?"

Theodosia seemed to have got past blushing now, and started out boldly.

"You've been awfully good to me, Uncle Zach, and of course I hate to leave you. But Charles—Charles—"

"Oh, don't mind me!" broke in the old man with a kind of mock complaisance. "Sure! Take her, Charley, if you want to. Looks like we've all got the habit of kind of fixing up things to accommodate you, and we got to keep on doing it."

Colonel Clemens seemed to feel that he had been too long out of the conversation. He got into it by putting an arm around Theodosia and drawing her to him. "They'll come up real often, Mist' Adams," he assured the rancher heartily.

A FEW days later the business car of the Texas Trading Company housed a honeymoon. The typewriters and telegraph instruments, the stenographers and secretaries, had been piled out upon the station platform. The chef had done his best at a wedding breakfast which had been duly eaten, and the westbound train was pulling out with the honeymoon-car on the rear. Charles and Theodosia stood on the observation platform, fluttering handkerchiefs. Uncle Zach and the Colonel waved their hats. Jim and Joe Marcy stood behind them.

"The milk of human kindness pays," said Jim.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," retorted Joe.

THE RIDER OF THE KING-LOG

(Continued from page 77)

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"

But two loose Indians did not fit in with Wallin's calculations. "You haven't any right to let your prisoners go that way!"

"We've been thinking it over, and you seem to be the only one who knows what they're guilty of," was the unabashed reply.

Wallin set his back to a tree in a position where he could command the few square rods of the clearing. "I shall do shooting if I'm forced to it," he declared.

"Yes, you'll do most anything, according to the way we've got you sized up. What you have done to our rifles was a plenty!" It was said in a tone of anger and disgust; the speaker turned promptly to Lolo and put out his hand. "Good luck to you, girl!" His back was toward Wallin. Undetected by the warden, the Canadian passed to her a knife from the sheath in his belt. "You may have better luck if you keep this handy," he murmured. "He's a bad one!"

The two Canadians moved toward their boat, Wallin watching them carefully.

OLA stepped back; she stooped slightly, set the keen hunter's blade between arm and body of Paul and drove downward; the ropes were severed. Then she dropped the knife on his knees and stepped away from him. He drew up his feet and cut the cord that fettered them. But his confinement, his fall and Wallin's blow had combined to take his strength from him. He sat there without moving. A sudden reflection that had to do with prudence was thrust suddenly into the warden's ugly mood; he was dealing with officers; there might be complications if they were not appeased sufficiently so that they would not report to headquarters. "Look here," he called. "I lost my head a little, gents. That rum hit me pretty hard. If I apologize and hand you fifty dollars to pay for those rifles, will you

heart, he would have burst those ropes which bound him.

"You heard what she said? That settles it, gents!"

"We're not letting our prisoner settle anything."

But Mr. Wallin had been looking ahead to that final clinch. He himself, before relations had become strained, had collected all the rifles and had stacked them against a tree. He leaped, gathered them in his arms, ran toward the shore, plucked out his own weapon and flung the others into the cove.

"Now who's boss?" he squalled. He came back into the edge of the firelight and patted the rifle. "Get along out of this with your prisoners!"

After considerable of a wait the Canadian officers started toward Dunos and Peter, walking close together and mumbling. A click, a rattle, and the two of them came back, one of them dangling empty handcuffs. "So long as you're crazy about collecting Indians, you're welcome to a couple more," they announced.

But two loose Indians did not fit in with Wallin's calculations. "You haven't any right to let your prisoners go that way!"

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"PICKING THE FLOWER CALLED RESPECT"

say that we have broken about even. I had more than fifty, I'd give it to you. "We'll take what we can get. We need the money."

"One of you come and get it."

Wallin, desiring to show a new and friendly spirit, set his gun against a tree and drew his wallet.

"That's right! You needn't be nervous," protested the officer, on his way from the shore. "We'll call it a truce, on both sides. It's the best we can do out of a bad scrape."

The moment the heads of the two were together over the money, Sabatis rose and lunged toward them, head low and body bent. The man at the canoe saw Paul's rush and shouted warning. At that moment the Indian leaped, and was driving into the Canadian's back, smacking him against Wallin. The two went down together, and Sabatis turned to meet the other man who came running. Paul used the officer's momentum to his own advantage; he ducked to one side, caught the plunging man by collar of jacket and slack of trousers and hurled him like a boulder from a catapult upon the two men who were struggling to rise. The three rolled down into a shallow ravine. Paul seized the rifle and tossed it to Dunn, who had rushed to take part in the fight. "Now you two can look out for yourselves! Keep 'em off!"

He did not speak to Lola. He swept her slight form into his arms and fled to the canoe which the officers had just launched. Behind them was uprooted bushes and groans and oaths. When he had placed her in the craft, he jumped upon Wallin's canoe upturned on the shore close by. He crushed the shell beyond hope of remedy; the sachem-canoe was out of commission, and he did not harm it further. Standing in the captured craft, he paddled madly, turned in wooded headland and kept on to the north.

"There was not room for all," gasped. "But they have the rifle. They can patch their canoe! It was desperation—there was no time!"

Lola had surrendered herself to him without struggle or word. She knelt in the canoe, crouching low, fighting her terror. Sabatis dipped his paddle and drove the canoe on to the north.

CHAPTER XXVI

A S brother and sister, Paul and Lola journeyed. That matter-of-fact relationship, announced unassumingly, was never questioned. There were days when the sun was blinding and the sky was boundless. There were days when gray clouds were packed close to the tops of the hills and sheer slopes of sleet rain narrowed the horizon.

At last, they looked upon the great river, a wide expanse of tumbling water swept by the cold wind. From the deck of the ferryboat, Paul pointed out to Lola the gray bulk of the twin-towered church of La Bonne Ste. Anne. It was so far away that it seemed like a low relief against the brown, steep background of the Côte de Beaupré.

Lola had hung only one picture in the gallery of her fancy: the dim smoky

the good saint high on her pedestal with the infant Christ in her arms, and over all, holy brooding silence, as if the Infant were asleep and the grandmother warned with finger on her lips. She clung to Paul's comforting hand, and like a marlins' child, tried to look everywhere at once, perplexed and distressed by the clatter and noise about her—the crowding excursionists and shouting relic-vendors. Cassocked priests, heads bent in humility, passed on their errands. The basilica's half-hundred chapels of confessionals were receiving the pilgrims who had newly arrived. Suddenly Paul began to bow the throng on his own account. He hurried Lola along. "It's Father Hedeau—my teacher, the good priest. I will ask for a word with him."

Father Hedeau's greeting furnished evidence that Paul had not exaggerated when he had said that the priest was a friend. His graciousness extended to Lola when Paul explained that she had come as a pilgrim, seeking the blessing. "She has much to tell you, Father Hedeau. She will tell it for herself."

"I will listen." Out of his understanding he guessed at the reason for her trepidation; she was looking at the throngs with timid side-glances. "But I shall be able to listen much better after the mass when there are not so many people in the church. Come in an hour—the chapel of St. Anthony, my daughter."

"Another word, Father Hedeau!" pleaded the young man. "I have told her that the Black Sisters often take into their care a girl who is alone. She will tell you why it's best she should stay with them. To be alone, in an inn, that would not be good for her."

"It would not be good. The sisters will give her shelter." He went on his way.

"Now you will be cared for," said Paul. "You will be safe. But I will wait with you until the time comes to go into the chapel."

"And then you're going away—from here?" she asked tremulously.

"You will do the nine days of prayer, as you said, eh?"

"Father Pierre—I don't just remember, but he spoke of the novena. If I am not patient and faithful, the blessing may be denied."

"At the end of the nine days I will come. We will go home that way!" He pointed to the train of cars. "The snows are due. To Quebec and then down the long railroad! And now, as for me, I have friends along the Côte. I will visit them," he lied. "I'll have a jolly time. It is gay up here with the young folks after all the harvests are in."

They went on with the others, dragging slowly from stair to stair, in silence, eyes downcast.

AT the appointed time Lola went to the chapel, under the archway which Paul had pointed out, knelt within the confessional box and gave her sorrows and her hopes into the keeping of Father Hedeau.

As for Paul and his poor fiction of joyful visits—he walked in the twilight to the outskirts of the village and found shelter in a small inn where he would be safely hidden; he gave money to pay for

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his lodging for nine days and nights. And in the night he went and walked in the shadows near the convent of the Franciscan Sisters and looked up at the dark windows.

He walked there the next night, during the two hours before midnight, when no observers were abroad. So he made his tour of vigil for the other seven nights, and on the ninth day he waited before the church door till she came forth.

Her lips were no longer pale and drooping, and her eyes were not heavy with shed tears. She put forth her hand to him and smiled. "I am glad to see you again, Paul. I thank you for coming back."

"And I am glad to find that you are happier," he muttered; he showed no signs of distress. "You have been answered, eh? You have found—you have heard—"

"I have heard wise words and I have found much to help me. Perhaps I can explain to you. I have been thinking what I would say. But now I find hard to explain."

"I do not ask you to tell me anything. It's enough for me if you're happy."

"I have written to Père and Mère. Sister Superior gave me her letter to me with mine."

"You have told them—"

"Only that I am here—that I am safe."

"It was a good plan. The letter will be there ahead of you to smooth things, now we start for home, eh?"

She shook her head. "I am going to stay here, Paul." She understood his expression, amazement mingled with protest. "No, not what you think. I am not fit for such holy service. They have asked me to stay and study so that I may know what I have never had a chance to learn. Your school—you are glad to cause you have much knowledge?"

"It is good to learn. I am glad to you. But as for me, I am not making use of what I know. I ought not to have come back to the woods."

"Paul," said Lola then, reaching out her hands to him, "before you go away, I want to tell you this—so that you may know how much help you have given me. I have found my blessing at the shrine. Look at me, Paul!" She raised appealing eyes and gave him an earnest and unwaivering gaze. "Just yet, I don't understand well enough to tell you. Where the awful hurt was, it's not there any more. When the good sisters have made me wiser and have given me words for my thoughts, I will know how to tell you. I will tell you. And every day when I think how the hurt has gone away, I will say your good kind face and remember how you brought me to find my blessing. She withdrew her hands from his, stood on tiptoe and brought down his face gently and kissed him. "Every morning, every night, a prayer for you, Paul! All the day good wishes for you. God keep you safe till then!"

She ran away.

OUT of Paul's black despair, a blessing had come to him as well as to her. In Bonne Ste. Anne! When he went forth from the church, he found Dumon and Peter munching black bread in one of the stalls of the arcade.

"So you came along? I'm sorry

days and made so much trouble for yourselves. You ought to have known that you could depend on me!" "We say Big Word to Noel the Bear." "And you have just arrived?"

"Here three days," announced Dunos acronically.

"Here three days!" repeated Paul. "Does she know you're here?"

They wagged negative heads in unison. "She has worried about you. She spoke often of you. You should have let her know."

Dunos explained that they had hidden themselves daily and watched the doors of the church; they knew her comings and her goings. They knew that she was safe behind the walls of the convent on the hill. But no, they had not presumed to speak to her!

"You are good men," said Sabatis, moisture in his eyes. "She is proud of you as her friends. But you and I can do her no more service just now. She will stay here for a time. The good sisters will fill her head with knowledge. She has written to her father, and all is right."

They showed no surprise. "Yes! So now we go," was Peter's meek comment. "Go now to trap," said Dunos. He pointed to the cloud-bank in the south. "Snow come there! Fur soon be thick."

"I shall stay in the woods for a time. I'll go with you. I suppose I'm now an outlaw, according to Wallin's say." Paul made a grimace of disgust. "Did you have any more trouble?"

"Huh! No trouble. No can make trouble. Two men tumble on him. Head split, arm near twist off, leg broke. No walk—only talk! Talk much. Them two bad skunks like him take him off to—to you call him hos-pittle."

"I hope he will have to stay in that hospital for the rest of his life," growled the young man, not realizing that the fulfillment of that wish in behalf of the enemy would bring Mr. Wallin a future of joy unalloyed.

Sabatis led the way from the yard and the Indians followed, treading in his steps, one behind the other.

CHAPTER XXVII

ORD BATEMAN'S mill," woods-metaphor for the winter skies, ground plentiful grist that year; swallowing through the deep snow, the amen, the "gashing fiddlers" who manned the crosscut saws, the swamper, the teamsters toiled in the gathering of the winter harvest.

Clare went home to Ste. Agathe before the snows came. She had made herself familiar with the layout of every operation; she had visited all the camps; she had established personal relations with the various bosses and had arranged for a system of reports by which she would be able to grasp the details of the undertakings of the X. K. Under those circumstances, she knew that she could administer more effectively from the home office. Furthermore Miss Clare Kavanaugh was humanly feminine and owned up to herself that even the zest of achievement had not won her to fond regard for heavy boots, high gaiters and heavy jackets. So she went home and

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realized a vision that had been born in her: herself in a house-frock, curled in a big chair in front of her fireplace—of course, fixed out with a good store of chocolates.

In this return to the amenities, in the rediscovery of her gentler nature, she was peculiarly gratified when Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whelden Appleton accepted her invitation to spend a part of the honeymoon at Ste. Agathe, in order to taste winter fully flavored, and to try its sports.

Tim Mulkern bossed the making of snow-banked toboggan-slide from the snow of the Kavanagh mansion into the valley; he flooded a field to give surface for an ice-rink. He made snowshoes for the expected guests, and "filled" the frames with a special net of thoughts of his own curing. He made skis and snow-papered prop-poles.

Engineer Marthorn stayed on in the woods. The frozen waters favored certain construction-work which was the outcome of the plans of the survey. He could have delegated the direction of work to subordinates, without prejudice to the Temiscouata interests, but Mr. Kenneth Marthorn was conscious of a special hankering for city amusements; on the contrary, he was wholly absorbed by something in the woods which was so amusing. Something was wrong; something was hidden; something was operating against his efforts to straighten out affairs along the upper Toban. But when he sought for actualities and explanation, he had an exasperating sense of failure; he told himself that he felt like a blind man grabbing for eels.

The lawyer and the engineer whom Donald Kezar had secured for the X. K. were amiable persons, but they seemed to have a curious lack of initiative. After one conference the lawyer went back to the city, promising to handle his part of the X. K. affairs from that end; the engineer was a preoccupied individual with a far-away look of leisure in his eyes, but with a wonderful propensity for keeping on the gallop from one point to another in the section. Kenneth, whenever he sought a conference in regard to some matter of co-operation, found Engineer C. Pitt Haines as elusive as a flea.

Second Vice-president Donaldson had settled in the Toban as general field director—and there was no far-away look in that gentleman's eye! Mr. Donaldson was not obtrusive, and he exhibited a fine, large, offhand manner of keeping his nose out of Mr. Kenneth's professional business; but the chief engineer had the continuous and uneasy impression that Mr. Donaldson was there to watch, and was watching most keenly.

Every now and then Mr. Donaldson went over Mr. Marthorn's head in the matter of commands. Most of the instances were minor ones, but they all tended toward the same thing—selfish aggrandizement of the Temiscouata without promise of co-operation to protect the rights of others on the river.

Mr. Marthorn, seeing what the resultant would amount to in the end, demurred; Mr. Donaldson politely and volubly explained that he would not presume to meddle in any really vital matter, but the other directors did, etc.

him to safeguard the company interests; there could be arrangements for compromise when the interests were protected.

Kenneth found this nigh intolerable. He began to brood and to worry. His father, the head office, must be made to understand the matter thoroughly—more thoroughly than they had grasped the situation in the conference at Sebomuk Farm. And something was decidedly wrong with his physical condition—he ought to consult a physician, he decided. Though the amusements of the city had not availed to call him forth from the woods, his increasing worry about himself and about affairs started him home at last—and he went by the way of Ste. Agathe.

BEFORE that time Donald Kezar had found good excuse for a special trip to Ste. Agathe; he was down to make a deal in beef for the X. K.'s crews. He was still in the village when Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whelden Appleton arrived, and he was made troubled and angry. Here were folks of the high-and-mighty sort—the folks she had known outside the woods. When, arrivin' in Ste. Agathe, he had hurried up to the mansion and had found Clare in the big chair before the fire, book in hand and candy close by, he had surveyed her with some wonderment and with respect. Daintiness, charm, the aloofness of a maid with money and position—he resented it all.

She was different, all of a sudden!

When Kezar had finished his business with the man from the beef-house and had no further excuse for remaining in Ste. Agathe, he went up to the mansion to receive any commands or commissions. He was not able to hide his sour rebelliousness when he was alone with her.

"What is wrong, Donald?"

"Everything is all wrong. I'll tell you one special thing that's wrong. That Marthorn sneak is going to double-cross you. I've warned you before."

"If I am deceived in regard to Mr. Marthorn, I'll take the consequences, Donald."

"I'm not going to mince matters, Clare. I'm talking for the X. K. right now! I'm doing my best to keep everything moving up there, but the men are not taking hold as they used to when your father was there on the job."

"I think I can take care of matters by my present method," she returned stiffly. But the guilty feeling that she was minding comfort rather than duty troubled her.

"I don't say but what you can attend to all the business while you are down here. But the point is, mere bosses don't get results. Clare, I'm coming out with it—I can't keep it back. Think what I could do up there if I had authority as—as—your husband. You haven't allowed me to talk love to you. But I know you don't hate me! Wont you marry me and let me love you and work for you and carry all the load?"

HER composure was not disturbed. She fronted him with grave, kindly and candid demeanor. "Donald, I'm sorry, but I cannot do that."

"But I've been hoping—"

"And I have been weak and wrong in



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letting things drift along as they have. I'll be honest with you, Donald. I was hoping in my own way. I found you kind and good. I hoped that some day I'd know that I loved you enough to be your wife."

"And you know now that you do love me?"

"As a friend—yes."

"And you have made up your mind to good and all?"

"I have. I ought to have done so before. I ask you to forgive me, but I wanted to make sure. It distresses me both. Let's never speak of it again."

Kezar had discounted that decision long before; he was not conscious that he was grieved when she told him what he had already told himself. "It's all right," he said without emotion. "I'll go back to my job." He walked out quickly, leaving her more troubled by his apparent humility than she would have been by his approaches.

The young man did not go to his grandfather and confess failure. He kept his mouth resolutely shut and started up river. He was not concerned any more with elaborate plans for "making her sick of her job." He nursed a grudge that was sole and elemental, and which was without definite plan.

He met Kenneth Marthorn on the bushed-way across the ice of the dead-water; the tote-team of the Temiscouata ticked the side of Kezar's sledge in passing. But though the young men were close together that the frosty vapor of their breaths mingled, they remained grimly silent.

Circumstances of mutual concern justified Kenneth in seeking an interview with Miss Kavanagh as soon as he arrived in Ste. Agathe. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whelden Appleton and their exuberant greeting put Kenneth's call outside the pale of mere business. He was invited by Clare to dine with them.

When he found opportunity to confide to her his uneasiness in regard to conditions on the upper Toban, he added bravely that she should put all worry away from her. "I am going directly to the home office. I have given you my pledge of co-operation, and you can depend on my promise."

"I do," she assured him earnestly. So they parted. She had found him grave, reserved.

MRS. APPLETON, having a knack for probing, had made him own up that he had been working too hard; that explanation was needed to reconcile her to his new and strange gravity.

"I never knew Kennie Marthorn to be like that before," she told Clare. "He looks and acts more than a thousand years old. I suppose that marriage thing was a dreadful setback to his pride."

Miss Kavanagh offered no comment.

"I suppose you know that he really wasn't married, after all!"

Clare turned quick, sharp and disconcerting gaze on her friend.

"That is to say," explained the news-monger, "the woman was a silly creature who was already married. Bob found out about her. Here's who she is and all about it!"

When the story was finished, Clare's

as they have. Donald. I was found you had some day to be you. That you do your mind to be done so he left me, but I distresses us it again. A decision long as that he was what he had all right! He went back to my parent, leaving her current humilty. By his to his grand. He kept it started up and any more taking her sick grudge that which was

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terest; to judge from her few words on the subject, seemed concerned merely with the fact that Mr. Bob had been sufficiently concerned to journey all the way to Omaha.

"Oh, that's the way Bob goes at anything when he's bound and determined. Yes, he went right out there, and after a time he found a chance to talk with her, for she remembered him. You've got to 'fess up that Kennie has been just splendid, after she made such a fool out of him. And I don't believe he cared much about her, deep down. That woman told Bob she didn't believe Kenneth was really in love with her. He wouldn't elope or help her get a divorce or anything."

"That woman must be a fool," commented Clare, and switched the conversation to another topic.

KENNETH'S welcome home was all that a son could desire; it was warm. But the interview of the Temiscouata's chief engineer with the Temiscouata's president was distinctly unsatisfactory; it was hot.

The engineer was bluntly referred back to Mr. Donaldson, who was in charge of the field details.

"Let's see—I believe that it was your suggestion that I'd better get away from all details," said the president acridly. "I have done so. I refuse absolutely to interfere with Mr. Donaldson. He is on the ground, and he knows what he is doing!"

"The sum total of his plans means doing up the X. K."

"I am not informed on that point. I only know that our interests must be taken care of."

"I was given the right to act. I have promised the X. K. co-operation and compromise."

"You had no right to give promises to business competitors."

"I did have, in this instance. I have given my promise. I'll see to it that the promise is kept."

"I'll have no more of your folly! Not another word!" shouted Colonel Marthorn.

Kenneth went out of the presence, white under his tan and trembling in his weakness.

He decided that he would hurry back to the north country. A fight, man-sized, seemed to be waiting for him up there. Yes, there was something wrong in the upper Toban.

But there was something wrong with him, too. He went to his club and sent for his physician. Three days later he was in a hospital. Typhoid finds easy prey when the body is worn by fatigue and the brain is harassed by worries.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CONSIDERING the fact that Engineer C. Pitt Haines bobbed around so industriously in the upper Toban, it was inevitable that he would come into frequent contact with Donaldson—and the contact did not produce any belligerent sparks. It may have been that the far-away look in Mr. Haine's eyes was a sort of long-distance, prophetic vision, and that he could see the Temiscouata with its mills and its money

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growing greater all the time while the X. K., bossed by a girl, dwindled and died. At any rate, it was not long before Engineer Haines had a much better understanding with the Temiscouata field-rector than he had with the field-boss of the X. K.

As a matter of fact, Donald Kean had not opened up his heart to the engineer except in a rather vague and unsatisfactory way; he had handed to Haines a packet of money, and had hinted that the engineer need not get too busy on any plans suggested by Marthorn.

Mr. Donaldson was a great deal more outspoken after he had sounded Haines and had found out that Kezar, too, was far from enthusiastic in regard to the Marthorn kind of co-operation. Mr. Donaldson had his own brand of co-operation, and very soon he had Mr. Haines operating.

Then he got in the way of Donald Kezar; and the two of them lied to each other and mutually knew that they were lying in order to gloss treachery, so that it would not appear too hateful; but the result was more cooperation of the Donaldson brand.

And then Clare found herself wondering what was happening to the X. K. Men, independent operators, mill-owners, stumpage-buyers, kept coming to her, protesting, alarmed, suspicious, fumbling their contracts and wagging their heads when she assured them that she did not intend to sell out the X. K. interests. But the other propaganda was continued vigorously; men did not seem to be convinced that the X. K. would not be swallowed up. They wanted to cast their lot with the forces that were in chief control of the Toban interests. They were slackening up their activity until they were assured of something definite.

The X. K. seemed to be slackening up, too. Good men were hired away by Donaldson. They believed the stories he told them. He was a firm advocate of the tongue instead of the fist. He was the vigorous personality behind the propaganda which was causing Clare so much anxiety. Whenever he invented a new story, he noted its course and the effect with the delight of a successful marksman watching a target.

Many X. K. horses pawed the hard floor restlessly and ate oats in idleness because teamsters were cajoled by Donaldson. Men seemed to have come to the conclusion that there was room for only one big concern on the river, and that the Great Temiscouata, with its roots firm-fixed in Wall Street, would own all, must own all.

TIM MULKERN had a certain popularity of his own when it came to matters of the woods. By questioning the men who straggled into Ste. Agathe from up the river, he secured information that was rather vague, but it was discrediting. Of Clare's new anxiety he had no proof. After the departure of the Apgletons, she made preparations to go up country to do what she could in the way of straightening out the X. K.'s affairs.

Then Tim Mulkern awoke. He took Rosie with him, and he went to Clare with his proffer of service. Clare accepted him gratefully; her good sense made her

actions of her own limitations; Mulkern could delve more effectually than she. But Tim Mulkern, after he had been long enough in the upper Toban to get his feet placed, did not confine himself to collecting information. In disgust he gave up trying to fix the blame; he found lies and general slipperiness. He went to work to remedy matters as best he could, and having been John Xavier Kavanagh's principal understudy for many years, he did not bother with any complicated system of readjustment, but proceeded quite after the Kavanagh two-fisted methods—and he began to get results. When Donald Kezar got in the way of this obstreperous invader of authority and demanded an explanation, he got none; Mulkern bluntly told Mr. Kezar to go to a place where snowstorms are said never to happen.

After a time, noting that the Temisca was about in the way of amplifying its hold-dams and in other construction work, Mr. Mulkern—in no way a timid person—went to Donaldson. "I don't know what the law is going to say after the law has all been fixed up, but let me tell you something, Mr. Donaldson. The X. K. drive was on this river before any of your popple jackstraws was ever wet in the Toban. That drive has always had free way to the sorting-boom. If now ye propose to put aught in its honest path, what ye put there will—" The dynamite-boss set end of thumb against forefinger, and flipped the thumb. And then Mr. Mulkern went on with his own affairs; and sometimes, so aptly and thoroughly had he understudied "old X. K." men jumped and looked scared when they heard the Mulkern voice.

Field-director of the Temiscouata and field-boss of the X. K. had several conferences. "He's butting in on what's no business of his, Mr. Donaldson," said Kear. "If it wasn't for killing a couple of good horses, I'd sluice him down the smibing-slope some fine day when he's out there damning the crew."

much anger, and he was very distressed. "Brutal, brutal, Kezar! Mustn't talk that way! We're business men, not buccaneers! In business we must never do anything that's against the law. . . . By the way, I have been making inquiries during the past few weeks. I am told by a couple of our foresters that they overheard talk in St. Agathe to the effect that Mulkern's wife is rather light in her ways and that he is jealous."

"She's young, and he's jealous—but I don't think he has any reason to be suspicious."

"I'm sorry for that—but we'll not despair. In the meantime, we'll do nothing whatever but what's strictly according to law."

And then Mr. Donaldson sat down with his thoughts. He was in no especial hurry, he put plenty of time on his new plan of propaganda. He enjoyed himself, always, in building a story—mentally whittling a deadly shaft and feathering it with slander and tipping it with poison. This time, he did not note the fact that he was making a boomerang instead of an arrow.

It was necessary to get Mulkern out of



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the woods without force—to get him and keep him out, before the spring trail started. Mr. Donaldson had absolute faith in his system. There was no bare violence about it which could harm the business name of the Great Temiscouata. It was merely a matter of killing a man's faith, hopes, peace, devotion—only to ruin of a little home!

It is natural that men who hit the trail should bring along the current gossip of down-country. Gossip is welcome in the woods.

Weeks passed before Tim Mulkern tried to guess why men looked at him as they did—side-glances, eyebrows like quizzical grin. Rumor, fluffy as snow flakes in the March thaw of a few days, was a long time in hardening into something like hard and fast declaration. Many men had come from down-river; many men had whispered, before Mulkern guessed at what it all meant. The bulk of the gossip was that Tim's wife had gone wrong.

Mulkern realized that faith in him and trust in her were leaving him. He couldn't hear the words they mumbled but he felt as if the words were biting his back. Still he kept on with his task, unable to deal her the insult in his thoughts, of believing that these men were talking about his wife. And then fury another sort was suddenly inspired in him.

The Great Temiscouata set off in a blast in the outlet of the upper Ebeemah.

IT was explained that this was not for the purpose of using the outlet for the drive; on account of the sharp pitches the outlet had never been considered available. Men had built sluices on the steep descents, but in high water the logs jumped out of the sluices and were scattered and hung up.

Mulkern sought out Donaldson and asked some profane questions; the X. man refused to be satisfied with the explanation that the Temiscouata needed more water for its storage-basin and that the blanket charter enabled it to take the water from Ebeemah. "It may be fine for you, but it will be hell for us. It do go!"

"The court has removed the injunction. We are within our rights," retorted the field-director.

"I don't know what's an injunction. I didn't mind when it was put on; if it has been taken off, then there's one more foot thing out of the way. But it's about removing the ledge that God Almighty put there that I'm talking about! That ledge holds our water for the drive for the lower outlet."

"We shall go on."

"Before I came here, I packed my old sack in the depot camp. Store your water, say ye? By the war club of old Brian Boru, I'll make sieves of your dams!"

"And wind up in State's prison!"

"No sir! Not when the wise law-boys know why it was done."

Mr. Donaldson blinked. It was evident that the possibility of having the matter of provocation and reprisals opened up in court was not an alluring prospect.

"So, let it stand like that," suggested Mulkern fiercely. "Go on with your hunting."

— to get him out of the spring. The outlet was stilled.

UT the tongues of the upper Toban were not stilled. And there came a day when Mulkern reached the point where he could endure the malice of the men no longer. He hid in a dark bunk in the sleeping-camp at the Sicklehook and waited till the men came back from their supper. There were noise and chatter, and at last he heard some of the words which before had been mumblings behind his back.

He leaped out among them. In his fury as they swung a dynamite-stick with its luminous stripings of red. "Damn your souls! You've been having it over behind my back long enough. Now out with it! Out with it, you sneaking pups! Out with it!" Mulkern screamed his command.

The voices were stilled.

"Out with it, I say! It's about my wife. If you're lying about her, against the stove this goes! If ye're not lying, I'm saving it for somebody else."

Their single impulse was to save themselves by the method this wild man had advised. With starting eyes they goggled at him and his sack. With white lips, one after another, they told him. At that moment they were cowards without a redeeming trait. They swore that they were giving facts, not lies. Such was the desperate fervor of their self-exculpation that at last they knew that they had beaten conviction through his maniacal rage.

He drove his arm through the loop of the sack and swung the burden upon his shoulder. He strode out of the camp.

"He's hitting the trail for home;" gasped an onlooker.

They went back to the deacon-seats and sat and stared at the floor in silence; their countenances were like those of men awaiting sentence for murder.

CHAPTER XXIX

KENNETH MARTHORN was almost unmanageable during the delirium of his illness; he raved about a pledge that had been given and a duty that he must perform, and his haste to leave the hospital brought on a relapse which delayed his return a long time. It was late in the winter, and the March winds were hushing their shrieks to spring-welcoming cooings, when he stepped foot once more in Ste. Agathe.

After he had toiled up the snowy hill to the Kavanagh mansion, he was considerably disconcerted during the first part of his interview with Clare. The depth of her solicitude astonished him. She looked honestly frightened when she saw his pallor and his weakness. He had much trouble in convincing her that he was really able to be about. Then she gave him sympathy with Celtic impulsiveness—with so much warmth that he was embarrassed. Later, during their talk, those eyes were misty; Clare told him as best she was able about the mysterious and malefic influences that were sapping the strength of the X. K.

Kenneth made notes with engineer's business about details, and when he



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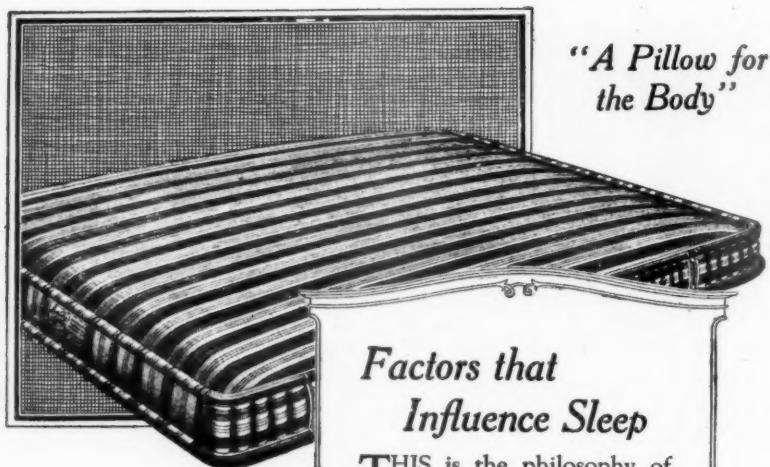
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left her to return to the tavern, he thought on the matter; he asked permission to come back to her the next day for further conference.

The next day, at Kenneth's suggestion, Clare wired her lawyer for a statement of the legal aspects of the X. K. and ordered him to follow, in person, a telegram of reply. He wired her this view to certain new legislation regarding the affairs on the Toban—acts already passed or being then considered in committee, to become law after the lapse of time—he had considered it to discontinue all litigation; his duty court would not allow him to come in at that time, he added. But he did reassure Clare by stating that he had watched the acts and resolved which to do with legislation for the Toban that he had been safeguarding the interests of the X. K.

Kenneth drew her attention to them with considerable violence of language. It looked to him as if those interests had been betrayed, and he told her so.

"Donald told me he was the best man I could hire."

"Perhaps Mr. Kezar knows more about picking woods-horses than about selecting efficient lawyers. This man doesn't seem right. But I have a college friend in a law who can be trusted. Suppose I wire him to hustle on the trail and investigate?"

"I'll be grateful if you can get him to act for me."

KENNETH, again at his work, found that a great many of his mordant bodings were leaving him.

Whenever he climbed the snowy hill, he saw Clare at the window, waiting for him. In their conferences she confidingly bent her head beside his when he explained the details of his blue-prints.

They were in that position one afternoon when Romeo Shank burst in upon them. He did not knock. He did not wait to be announced by Elisiane. He did not pull off his shaggy fur cap. His mouth was open, his tongue lolled, as he was panting like an exhausted dog. "Hell has broke loose!" he squawked. He clapped his mitten hands together with swift blows. "Hell has broke loose!" he said over and over.

"Get a stop-line across that tongue yours, man. Don't you realize where you are?" expostulated Kenneth angrily.

"They've torched on Tim Mulkern. Then Shank poured out his information in broken sentences. Tim Mulkern had believed lies about his wife. Tim Mulkern had come tearing into Ste. Agathe. Tim Mulkern was gulping down tin dippers of rum in One-legged Clausen's kitchen—the village blind tiger. And when he was drunk enough, Tim Mulkern would blow himself and Rosie and their little home to everlasting damnation!

"But Tim will listen to me," said Clare.

"He'll listen to nobody else, certainly," shouted the fire-warden. "It's a last boy I've run to fetch you. He won't have you."

She started to get her cap and her coat, but Kenneth followed her and set his hands on her arms. "Listen, Clare." In

... of apprehension, he did not note that his tongue spoke the name his heart held. "You must listen! The man is dead. You mustn't go."

"But he is mild and good underneath. Can make him understand."

"At most any other time—yes. But this is no job for a girl. I won't allow you to go. And there's no time for more talk. Stay here! I command you to stay here. Come, Shank! Let's run for it!"

He did not stay for coat or cap, but slipped away with the fire-warden at his heels.

In Clausen's kitchen Tim Mulkern, his dreadful sack strapped on his back, was shouting threats. The three frightened men who had been loafing in the place were packed against the wall. "I want rum; I want nerve. I'm getting it. And then for it! The front door of hell will be open when we get there, for they'll hear us when we start out from here," he shouted.

Into this scene came Marthorn, plunging through the doorway. "What's the matter with you, Mulkern?" he demanded fiercely.

"Hold off there, you Temiscouata sneak! I've got an extra stick of canned thunder for you. You deserve it. Tell your dirty gang to blow the upper Ebeehah outlet, will yeh?"

"You're lying, Mulkern. Our folks have done no such thing. That would be against my strict orders."

"Orders—orders!" sneered the dynamite-boss. "You're the liar! I tell you that your hounds have blown the outlet. But what the blazes do I care now? One more dipper of rum, and then I'll show the—"

Marthorn broke in furiously on Mulkern's declarations of what he would do to the woman who, he thought, had betrayed him.

"My God, Mulkern, I should think such words would choke you! I know your wife and—"

"Shut up! I believe my friends. They have told me." He lurched toward the jug on the table.

"It's no use to talk to him," quavered Clausen, holding his crutches crossed in front of himself as if he hoped to make a barricade. "I won't let him be talked to here. He's liable to get mad and blow up my house."

In that crisis Kenneth realized that more appeal from a Temiscouata man would inflame rather than quiet the maniac. The news that the outlet had been blown—sure peril for the X. K. drive—roused mighty anger in the chief engineer. It struck a deadly blow at all his promises to Clare; it left him in the position of a traitor. At that moment his mental state nearly matched that of the cursing creature who was pouring rum from the jug, wavering on unsteady feet.

It was no time for any fine touches of mediation. Mulkern's attention was on the jug and the dipper. Kenneth, weakened by illness, knew that he was no match for Mulkern. A struggle would force the hazard of the horrid burden the man bore.

Marthorn yanked one of the stout ash crutches from Clausen, swung and struck



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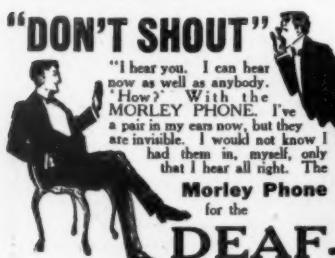
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Mulkern a wicked blow on the head, blow that "plucked" dully, like an arrow through wood. While the victim was crumpled down toward the floor, Kenneth leaped him and pushed him forward onto his face. The awful sack did not touch the floor. Mulkern was limp and still, the young man gingerly unstrapped his pack and lifted it off.

"Friends told him, 'hey?'" squealed Shank. "I know how the friends got what they got! I know how those stories were started toward up-river! It's more of your Temiscouata work, Marthorn. It is, I say! But I never thought Tim Mulkern would believe their lies about the truest little wife that ever lived. And now you've killed him, boy?"

But Mulkern answered that question as he began to writhe.

"I can tell him how the stories got him. I can make him believe what you say," insisted Mr. Shank.

"If that's so, you'd better get rope him and make him sit here and listen to you," advised Kenneth. "Here, you can get busy!"

KENNETH left Mulkern, trussed and still stupid from drink and the blow, and hurried back to Clare, for he knew with what anguish she would be waiting for news.

When he had given her brief assurance that Mulkern had been taken care of, he stood before her and told her the old news. "So that's how the Great Temiscouata has helped me keep my solemn word to you! I'm going back to Mulkern and wait till he's in shape to talk. I want to verify what he said so far as I can. Then I shall have something to say to you."

He felt too much unnerved for further talk with her then. He went and sat at Clausen's kitchen and watched the slow progress of Mulkern back to sensibility.

Mr. Shank had a great deal of precise information and a ready flow of speech, but hours went by before, by dint of iteration and reiteration, Mulkern appeared to be awake to the truth. But he showed no more of his fiery temper. He was dazed and comprehended only by degrees. "So that's what the Temiscouata tried to do to me," he muttered over and over while Shank talked.

Once he turned to Marthorn. "It was you that hit me, was it? Why didn't you make a better job of it? I don't deserve to live."

After that they took the ropes off the man. He was quiet and stared at the floor.

"I don't know as you're willing to give me any information, Mulkern," said Kenneth, unable to put aside his own affairs any longer. "I'm sorry that I had to do it!"

"If ye're sorry because ye saved my Rosie, then ye're no part of a man."

"Mulkern, I swear before Heaven that I have been doing my best to square things on this river. I promised Miss Kavanagh to see that the X. K. got its rights. But look at me! I have been in the hospital for weeks. I don't know what has been going on up here. Will you tell me what you know?"

Mulkern told, listlessly, without visible

motion. From the blarney the blarney declarative facts. "Her men the way be w... they aint le... act her field... ing about... section I d... have the po... MULKE... denly we... Shank's... rayer; it... Temiscouata... significance in... business no... tried to d... business, a... You'd... counseled I... word by m... explain to... ness of wh... "My wi... Mulkern... the taste... hell-words... her when... my knees... have busin... the word... times, and... in his den... were silen... to him."

"Tim a... attic-dust... again right... Kenneth... he aint th... more to him."

Clausen... form of... Mulkern... pulled off... grabbed... rushed o... at the hi... "But y... pleaded... are going... Mulkern... off the b... sleigh, sh... headed to...

A man... abyss wa... edge; a... the inno... that had... had ratt...

The m... business... shamed... husband... ness wh... him, as... resolve... was on...

The g... great... comin...

on the head. Like an animal he was crumpled and still unstrapped. Kenneth leaped forward out of the trap and still, not touching the friends of those who had never thought of their business, he was at ever level with him, having

questioned what stories got to believe what get raps and listen to, you me trussed up and care, for he would be assured of care, the other eat Temiscouata, my soul o' Mulkern. I was as I can to say it. or further and sat in the slow-ability, of precious speech of item appeared he showed. He was degrees tried to and over. "It was you didn't you deserve off the at the to give and Keaffain had to be my in that square. Miss got its know all you

noticed. He still seemed to be suffering from the blow. Kenneth, listening to the curse declarations, knew that the man was telling facts.

"Her men are with the colleen! They'll always be with her," declared Mr. Shank. The poor devils mean all right, but when they aint led right, they don't know how to act right. Don Kezar is supposed to be her field-boss. But if I know anything about woods operations,—and I reckon I do,—he's selling her out. And the Temiscouata is beating her out. God save the poor colleen!"

MULKERN leaped to his feet so suddenly that those with him in the kitchen were startled. He echoed a part of Shank's last words, but it was not a prayer; it was anathema against the Temiscouata, and there was hideous significance in his manner. "It's my own business now. It's because of what they tried to do to me with a lie! It's my business, and I'll 'tend to it."

"You'd best go home now, Mulkern," counseled Kenneth. "Miss Kavanagh sent word by me that she will go with you to explain to your wife all about the wickedness of what they tried to do."

"My wife! My good little wife!" cried Mulkern. "Think ye I'd go to her with the taste of rum and the sting o' those hell-words still in my mouth? I'll go to her when I can go right. I'll crawl on my knees to her then. But not now! I have business to 'tend to." He repeated the words about his "business" many times, and there was a growing wildness in his demeanor. The men in the room were silent, not knowing just what to say to him.

"I'm afraid that tunk stirred up his attic-dust so much that it won't settle again right away," confided Mr. Shank to Kenneth in a whisper. "But thank God, he isn't threatening poor little Rosie any more."

Clausen had applied first aid in the form of a vinegar-soaked bandage for Mulkern's head. The dynamite-boss pulled off the cloth and flung it away. He grabbed his cap and his fur coat and rushed out. His blanketed horses were at the hitch-rail.

"But you ought to go to your wife," pleaded Kenneth, following him. "You are going, aren't you?"

Mulkern made no answer. He stripped off the blankets, tumbled into his jumper-sleigh, slashed his whip and was off. He headed toward the north country.

A man who had been looking into an abyss was hurrying back dizzily from the edge; a lie had driven him to seek to slay the innocent woman he loved; the blow that had saved him from being a murderer had rattled his wits.

The man who was riding north did have business. It concerned men who had shamed a good woman and had given a husband a murderer's heart. It was business which had put affection away from him, as something which might weaken his resolve. Mr. Donaldson's boomerang was on the return trip.

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THE SAFE AND SANE

(Continued from page 86)

back to Sophrony's front steps, I was headin' a procession that strung out for an eighth of a mile. And there I found Ansel, who'd got loose from the barbed wire somehow or 'nother, in the middle of another gang, all hollerin' at once.

"Did you find him, Sol? Did you catch him?" roars Ansel. "You didn't! Come on then, in the name of the law!"

He bust through the gang and started off up the road. Him and his tribe was out of sight the next minute, though they wa'n't out of hearin', by a good deal.

I was goin' to follow, but before I got started, up comes Gaius Paine and Cap'n Ebenezer and a whole lot more.

"Which way did he go? Which way did he go?" pants Gaius.

"Oh—oh—oh! Who—who—who—" stutters Ebenezer.

"How do I know which way he went?" I says. "Let go of me! What's the matter with all you idiots?"

THEY didn't stop to tell me. Gaius sprung out into the road.

"Feller-citizens," says he, "as ex-constable of this town, I order you to help keep the peace. Fall in!"

They fell in, and next I knew, off they went, but down the road, not up. For a second I was so mad I couldn't think. But then the thought struck me. "What will they do to that poor loon if they catch him?" And up the road I went, full tilt.

That next half-hour is so mixed up in my memory that I can't tell you much about it. I remember climbin' fences and scratchin' through bushes. All round me in the dark was men and boys hollerin', and guns firin', and racket enough to wake the dead. Back in the village a million dogs was barkin', and some idiot was ringin' the schoolhouse bell. Every once in a while somebody would sing out, "Here he is! Here he is!" and we'd all go tearin' in that direction. But it never was him. Once 'twas Aunt Polly Ellis, who had got the notion the town was on fire and was headin' there with a lantern and a tin pail.

I got sick and disgusted after a while and turned back and set sail for the boardin'-house. The main road was pretty deserted, but every house was lit up from top to bottom, and there was bunches of women in the yards hangin' onto each other and cryin'. When they

saw me, they screamed first, and then wanted to know if the murderer had been caught.

"Murderer!" says I. "Rubbish! there aint any murderer."

There was, too. I ought to know there was. 'Twas all my fault. I'd got the murderer there in the first place. And now he'd killed Sophrony Gott with the kindlin' hatchet and had knocked Adoniram's brains out with a clam-hoe and was off butcherin' the rest of the town.

"Rubbish!" says I, disgusted. "Sophrony aint murdered. And as for Adoniram, he never had any brains to knock out."

Didn't make no difference. If Sophrony and Adoniram wa'n't dead, where was they? Not a soul had seen 'em since the alarm was sounded. Abbie Cahoon declared they would all be murdered in their beds.

"You wont," says I, "for you aint in your bed." And I hurried off and left 'em. Course I knew what they said was all nonsense, but 'twas kind of queer about the Gotts. I'd heard Sophrony scream when I first came out of the house, but I hadn't seen her nor Adoniram neither. And I'd seen every other critter in East Trumet at least a dozen times that night.

AS I come abreast of the boardin'-house I heard a tremendous hurrahin' and yellin' comin' up the road ahead of me. It got louder and louder, and then here comes about twenty men and boys all marchin' together. Cap'n Ebenezer Bassett was at the head of 'em, and in the middle I could hear Gaius Paine's voice orderin' somebody to come on peaceable and not make any fuss.

Ebenezer was the first to see me. He wheezed, vainglorious:

"We—we—got him, me an' Gaius got him. We—we—we'll show this town who's the right man for constable. I—I—guess this'll settle Anse Olsen's hash."

Then Gaius Paine shoved forward.

"Yes sir," says he. "Here he is. Now, Sol Pratt, don't you interfere. I may be beat election-day, by fraud and repeatin', but when it comes to my duty—Here! You needn't talk. And—and whatever you say'll be used against you, anyhow."

He didn't say this last to me, but to a big, broad-shouldered stranger he was holdin' by the arm.

"Is this the man you've got?" says I.

"Yes sir, 'tis. He put up considerable fight, but when he see I meant business, he knuckled under. Now, Sol Pratt, don't you—"

But the broad-shouldered feller him-self interrupted.

"Say," he says, talkin' to me, "is your name Solomon Pratt?"

"It is," says I.

"Thank the powers for that! Are you crazy? The rest of this gang are."

"Who are you?" says I.

"My name is Higgins."

"Higgins!" says I. "Higgins! Are you Mike Bodley's keeper?"

He grinned. "I don't know any Mike Bodley," he says. "I was sent here by Mr. Van Brunt of New York as companion to Major Scott Bodley. Have you seen him? Where is he?"

"Major Bodley?" says I. "Mike Bodley? Hey! Well, by time, 'Major' in that telegram, not 'Mike'!"

That was it, of course. Another bad mistake of the Baker boy's!

"But—but the island?" says I.

"Island? What island? Major Bodley had a Government position at Governor's Island in New York harbor for twenty years. Is that the island you mean?"

I let this soak in.

"Then—then he aint crazy?"

"Crazy! No. He has had a nervous breakdown, which affected—"

But Gaius and Ebenezer started in then, and 'twas minutes afore I could get them quiet. Then the Higgins man told me what had happened. Seems he intended comin' down along with Bodley all the way, but at Ostable Junction his patient had ordered him to get off the train for some cigars. Higgins went, and the train went and left him. He'd followed in a auto; that had broke down two miles from town and he'd started to walk the rest of the way. Next thing I knew," he ends up, "this Old Man of the Sea and this gang of Matteawan Indians had hold of me. But where is the Major?"

That was what I couldn't tell him. He was out of his room when I looked into it—that's all I knew myself; but I told him what Anse Olsen had seen.

"Where is his room?" he says. "Let's look at it."

Up the stairs we went, the two of us. My lamp was still burnin' on the bureau where I'd left it. We looked into Mike's—no, I mean the Major's room. It was empty, of course.

"Humph!" says Higgins. "He does seem to be gone, doesn't he? He couldn't have gone far, in his condition. Here's another room. Anybody in here?"

'Twas the room with the feather bed, the room we wanted Bodley to have, but he wouldn't. Higgins took the lamp, opened the door and looked in.

"Humph!" says he again. "Look here!"

I looked, and there, on the feather bed, with the clothes tucked up under his chin and sleepin' like a baby, was Major Mike himself.

I didn't say nothin'; I couldn't. Higgins shut the door careful. Then I spoke up.

"For mercy sakes!" says I. "He must have got tired of the cornhusks and gone in there on his own hook. He's been there all the time. But how could he be? How could he sleep like that? There's been racket enough to wake the dead."

Higgins laughed. "Nothin' would wake him," he says. "He's stone deaf. His ears broke down along with his nerves. He can't hear anything."

I caught my breath. "Deef, hey?" says I. "Then that explains—But why

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didn't he say so? Why didn't he tell me he couldn't hear?"

"Oh—" with another laugh,—"that's what he won't tell anybody. He's mighty sensitive. He's got a pair of patent ear-drums that he uses when he wants to talk with anybody, but he doesn't wear 'em any other time; they get on his nerves, he says. I have to lug 'em around in a box in my pocket. I've got 'em now."

FORE he could say more—yes, Afore I could get over my paralysis a findin' out about the drums, there burst out the most tremendous row in the road below.

"Jerushy!" says I. "Somethin's happened. I better go see what 'tis. May be they located another murderer."

But they hadn't. 'Twas just Olsen and his crowd. I hushed them up best I could, and told 'em what I'd learned. Everybody looked foolish and mad, but Ansel and Gaius was maddest of all.

"But I did see somebody get out of that window," sputters Olsen. "I tell you I see 'im with my own eyes. If it wasn't the jailbird, who was it?"

Just then Higgins showed up in the doorway.

"If you're lookin' for a lunatic," he says, "there's one shut up in this house. She's bangin' the door and yellin' blue murder."

The crowd yelled too, and started pilin' into the house, Gaius at the head of 'em. About half was inside and on their way upstairs when from the back yard there come the noise of somethin' wooden splinterin', then a splash and a howl.

"He-ip!" screams somebody. "Help! I'm drownin'!"

The rest of the crowd rushed in the direction of the howls. I went with 'em. Under the window of the kitchen, not the dinin'-room one that was open, but an-

other, was a cistern pretty nigh full of rain-water. The top was all broken to pieces, and from underneath, down in the cistern, there sounded a most awful splashin' and yellin'. I got there just in time to see Olsen and two or three others haul a man out of that cistern, a man dressed up in clothes that looked as if they'd come out of the rag-bag, and with his face all painted with burnt cork. 'Twas Adoniram Gott.

Well, Adoniram stood there and puffed and dripped, and the rest of us stood and stared at him. Olsen spoke first.

"Ad. Gott," says he, "what in thunder are you doin' in that cistern?"

Adoniram blew some of the water out of his mouth and made answer.

"You—you numskull," he sputtered, "do—do you s'pose I jumped in on purpose? I—I stood up on the top so's to see if I couldn't open the window and get in, and—and the rotten thing burst underneath me. That's all there is to it. Let go of me, Anse Olsen!"

Ansel let go of him, but I caught hold of him instead. I was beginnin' to see a light.

"Hold on!" says I. "You wanted to get in that window, you say? Why didn't you go in the door?"

"S'pose I wanted Sophrony to catch me? I'd have got in the window I got out of, only there was such a gang around, I couldn't."

"So 'twas you got out of that dinin'-room window, hey?—Be still, Ansel! I'm doin' the talkin'. —What did you get out for?"

"So's I could go up to the Center and be in the Horrible parade, same as I promised to be, of course. And I would have been, too, only everywheres was full of crowds with guns and dogs and everything. All dressed up for the parade I was, and a passel of dogs got after me and chased me clear back home. I had

to hide in the henhouse, or they'd eat me alive. I— Oh, my soul, *Sophrony!*"

'Twas Sophrony, sure enough. She and Gaius come pushin' their way through the mob.

"Hum!" she says, slow. "So you're here, hey? Sneakin' out of this house in the middle of the night, after I told you you couldn't go! And lockin' me up in the bedroom for hours and hours! Wanted to be a Horrible, did-you! You march your boots upstairs. I'll give you all the horrors you want for one Fourth of July. Now, march!"

NEXT mornin' the Higgins man got me out on the piazza and begun to ask questions.

"I know you didn't get the letter," he says. "And I know you didn't know that Major was Mrs. Van Brunt's uncle, and that Mr. Van Brunt wants you to find him a nice, quiet place, away from everybody, where you and I can take care of him and help his nerves to get to sleep and his hearin' to wake up. So much I understand. But what I don't understand is last night's performance, not more than a hundredth part of it, anyway. What made all these fellows act the way they did? What's the explanation—the whole explanation?"

I grinned.

"They was havin' a safe and sane Fourth," says I.

"A safe and sane— Oh, what are you givin' us?"

"I'm givin' you the truth. You want an explanation? All right, I'll give one. This is East Trumet."

"East Trumet? That's the name of the place. That isn't an explanation."

"That's because you've just got here," I told him. "After you've lived here a week, you'll understand fine. This is East Trumet; that's explanation enough for anything."

THE \$40,000 WINK

(Continued from page 36)

"did you make no error at all in this exchange?"

"None," said she with a splendid finality. "My blood was like ice. I made no mistake. I had ample time in those few seconds of opportunity. I am not a woman who fails."

"Then there is only one conclusion," I said. "Miss Dora de Vonner also has been a clever woman. She too has had a duplicate made of the Boroni."

"You mean—"

"I regret it," I answered. "I must tell you. This stone you have brought me is not an emerald—not the Boroni emerald; it is only an imitation and a duplicate of the Boroni emerald."

These words of mine were like burning drops of gasoline thrown into a pile of incendiary. Mrs. Cray turned a color red and purple until it was almost black. She trundled up and down, seeing none of my chairs and stumbling over them. She choked. She was a fury. She was inside out. I wondered what New York society would have said. I wondered if it would have recognized the real Mrs. Cray whom it had never really known.

"Get me a glass of water," she said at last.

She gulped it down and spread all that was left in the glass over her forehead and temples. And then she threw her arms above her head, and without another word, off she went.

LESS than twenty-four hours had gone before the emerald began to stir up its comedies and tragedies again.

I was just getting up from my lunch when my telephone rang. You know the panting eagerness in the voice of an excited child? Well, here it was—the voice of youth and expectation and unspoiled enthusiasm, the voice of Nancy Taliford.

She rattled on, so I could never repeat what she said, but there was in it the house-on-fire note, and I understood that she was going to telephone Mrs. Cray and Halsey to meet her here at my residence as soon as possible, and that there was something in the wind of desperate importance and haste.

Mrs. Cray and Halsey came before she did.

"What has happened, Mr. Newt?"

asked Jessup's widow. "Nancy sent us the strangest message!"

"I swear I am innocent," I said, "—or at least I am as innocent as I was this morning after I had stepped out of my bath."

Mrs. Cray frowned upon me, and by turning away to avoid her glower, I had a chance to see Halsey Cray for the first time in several years. If he were to be a son of mine, I would want him to have a stronger chin. I wondered why two such characters as Jessup and Emma Cray had not given it to him. But do not misunderstand me; he is a clean-appearing, wholesome boy. I made up my mind that if he were still a young fool, he would outgrow it.

"We'll have to wait for Nancy, Mother," he said, slapping his gloves against his trouser-legs. "She's the one who has the news—whatever it is."

"Perhaps her father has heard," said Mrs. Cray, as if she were inventing self-tortures.

Halsey shook his head.

"Mother has told you, Mr. Newt?" said he. And I answered:

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Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

"She consulted me about it—professionally."

"Your opinion of me—well, I—" he began to say.

Fortunately he was interrupted. I had no desire to hear him admit that he had played the fool. He never said more, because we heard the feet—the light, fast feet—running up the steps. And my housekeeper let Nancy Taliford into the house and into this room.

See that door? She came in and stood there. A pretty picture—young, flushed, panting—small, but so perfectly made that smallness was nothing.

"Here I am," she said.

Halsey held out his hand to her, and she went toward him. There could be no doubt that they really loved each other.

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Cray. "Tell us—tell us at once."

"I've been to see *her*," said the girl.

"Nancy!" said both of the others.

"I supposed you would stop me if I told you beforehand. I supposed you would be shocked. And you are shocked, aren't you—only I don't care one bit."

"You went to see—that woman," said Mrs. Cray.

"Oh, look here, Mother!" her son complained. "Honestly, that's a bit rough. The girl is a dancer, and all that, but there's nothing against her. I'm as much sickened with her as anybody, but she's—"

Nancy spoke up then, as if she were ready to state an opinion even if she were hanged for it. She said: "I think she is nice."

"Nice!" said Mrs. Cray.

"Yes—nice," Nancy answered. "I think I know a little about people, and I think I know a little about life. And it has been my experience that there is a good side to *everybody*. I thought she had it. Of course she did! That was what attracted Halsey—her nice side. And I was to blame for his being attracted, anyway. And I say she is nice."

MRS. CRAY turned her palms out to show that her usual grip on the world had been loosened now.

"Well, what happened, Nan?" asked Halsey. "I'm sorry you went. The idea! I'll never forgive myself—getting into a mess like this and having you go to get me out."

The Taliford girl reached up and pressed her finger-tips over his lips.

"Hush! Not a word of that kind, Halsey," she said. "I'll tell you what happened. I went to her, and I told her who I was—that is, I told her—about us. I was just simply frank about it. And what do you suppose?"

"What?" said Mrs. Cray in an undertaker's voice.

"Why, she took both my hands after a while and said how glad she was. She said she wished she could see life again as I saw it. She said you were not so—so awfully bad, Halsey. She said I—"

"I wouldn't go into details, Nancy," said Mrs. Cray, glancing toward me.

"I don't mind Mr. Newt," the girl answered, seeing the meaning of the glance. "I don't see why he should not hear. You told him everything when you went to see Miss de Vonner."

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At that I saw Jessup's widow hunch herself around in her chair.

"Well, go on," said Halsey.

"Yes, of course," Nancy answered. There wasn't much else. I told her, Halsey, that your father had left a written memorandum saying he wanted the emerald to have the emerald to wear at her wedding."

She got very red.

"So I came away," she said.

"And that's all!" Mrs. Cray groaned.

"I can't remember everything," said Nancy. "She spoke of the idea that people had that she cared for money. She said a pleasant memory was worth more than thousands of dollars—which thought was a little extreme, something said on the moment."

"And you came away?" said Mrs. Cray.

"Why, of course."

"Without the Boroni?"

"Oh, no, not without the Boroni," answered Nancy. "Just before I left, she got up and sent down for a package in the hotel safe, and opened it and gave it to me. She said she wanted me to have it—of course."

The breath exploded from Mrs. Cray's lips. I heard it.

"So just to be sure—I did what you said," said the girl, looking at Jessup's widow. "I've brought it—you'll laugh—up in a big corner of my handkerchief so that Mr. Newt can tell us that it is all right."

She plucked open a knot in the linen, and handed the deep green stone to me.

"It is real, isn't it?" she said. "Please say so, Mr. Newt, because we have all had enough trouble. And it all began with me. Say it's the real one."

I had been bending over it, looking and looking, but at last I straightened up and looked at her.

"The Boroni is finally here," I said.

Mrs. Cray gave one cry. Somehow it reminded me of the cry of an animal that has its claws in its prey.

"What will you do with this?" I asked, looking down at the green thing which had matched the green eyes of Dora de Vonner. "Isn't there some risk in carrying it about?"

"Put it in your safe, Mr. Newt," said Nancy. "When the time comes, Halsey will come and get it—for me."

Mrs. Cray got up and shook out her dress. I saw in a moment that she had readjusted herself. Her mask was on again. She was the old calm, ambitious, smug widow of Jessup.

"Listen—that is thunder, my dear," she said to Nancy. "The first thunderstorm of the year. We must go and get into our car, or the rain will be upon us."

"Go ahead, Mother—go ahead, Nancy. I want to say a word to Mr. Newt," said the son. "Go ahead."

WHY did you tell them that it was the real Boroni emerald?" he demanded when they had gone.

"I did not. I couldn't find it possible to tell Miss Taliford," I said. "I did not say that it was the real Boroni. If you will remember, I only said that the real Boroni was here."

He gasped like a young fish on a hot Then:



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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"And how did you know?"
“Know what?” I asked.
“That I had the real Boroni in my pocket,” said he, holding it out to me. “How did you know?”

“You have that?” I said, surprised.
“Of course I have. You knew it. You said the real Boroni was in my room. Well, I'll tell you how it is about. I was a fool; but not a complete fool. I did quarrel with Nancy, and broke me all up. Then I met Dora, and she was devilishly comforting. I knew a difference between 'em, but a man does care sometimes.”

“So she asked you for the Red Book emerald.”

“No,” said he. “I told her it was in my eyes. I said I would give it to her. You know how easy it is to say that. I don't believe it was ever very clear whether it was a loan or a gift. Miss de Vonner is an adventuress, I suppose. Who would blame her? But Nancy is right. Dora's rather decent at her best.”

“Still, when I got to thinking about loaning the Boroni to Dora, I got a bit offish. I thought of Mother's indifference of the Boroni, which she keeps at home. I couldn't take that to keep, because she'd miss it. Then I thought of a good idea. And I took Mother's indifference, and I had another made from it, and put Mother's back and gave the new one—or loaned it, whichever it was—to Miss de Vonner.”

“And this?” said I, pointing to a stone in his hand.

HE smiled, and I thought as I looked at his smile how young he was.

“Well, Mr. Newt, somehow Mother got word that I had given the Boroni away, and Nancy got word of it, and knew about Miss de Vonner. And then I just got fascinated. I wanted to see how they would act. I wanted to see how I stood—really.”

“Well, go on,” I said.
“Yes sir. It was just as I told you. And of course if Mother had gone to the safe-deposit vault and found the Boroni,—the real one,—why, then the storm would have been over before I wanted it over. I thought to myself, 'You've been a fool, but nothing worse can happen now, and you may as well find out how everybody will act.' So I went to the Trust Company vaults and took the Boroni out and locked it in my desk at home. And now I've found out how everybody will act. And I suppose you'll think I'm an awful chump.”

“I've got to give that some study,” I said.

“Well, here is the Boroni,” he said. “Keep it for me until the day comes.”

“Don't you want a receipt for this?”

“No. I must hurry. Gee, look at it again!”

He went—a fairly nice young fool, I thought.

ENEWT, the appraiser of precious stones, got up as if to indicate that he had finished.

“Don't you want to see what's in the box?” he said, fitting a key into the lock of the little mahogany case he had taken out and put down on the table before he began to spin his yarn.

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**THE
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Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of us ladies' or men's finger size you are to send your finger size.

Harold Lachnit Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 8116, Chicago

"Let's look at this one first," he said, unrolling a piece of tissue paper, out of which came a beautiful green stone cut into facets at the narrow end of its pear-shaped form and rounded at its large end. "That's Imitation Number One. That's the imitation made for Mrs. Cray at her request and swapped by her to Dora de Vonner, who gave it to Nancy, who brought it to me."

He unrolled another and put it down on the table-top. No ordinary eyes could tell it from the first.

"That is Number Two Imitation," he asserted, touching it gently with a forefinger. "That's the imitation made for Halsey at his request. That's the one he gave Dora de Vonner—or loaned to her. And that's the one Mrs. Cray captured and brought to me."

He laughed.

"But finally here is the great one," he said, taking out the third and last. "Look at it. That is the stone Mrs. Cray brought to me when she wanted the first imitation made of it. That is the one Halsey Cray took out of the safe-deposit vault and kept in his desk and finally brought here—the one Jessup Cray wanted given to the bride of his son."

"They all look alike."

"Of course. It takes a practiced eye to see differences between imitation and imitation or even between imitation and the real," he replied. "Are you through looking? All right, I'll put them back."

He moved softly, in carpet-slippers, so that the only sound he made was when he closed the drawer in the safe.

"I thought you'd be interested to know that the first person who thought that

Mrs. Cray would get along happily with an imitation was her husband," he said as he returned to his chair. "I can remember his words. He said: 'It wouldn't make any difference to her a bit. She would never need to tell. And she never has understood the Boroni anyway. I want my son's wife to be the Boroni, Newt. Call it a whim. I'd feel better satisfied to know the Boroni was safe till my son chooses a wife.'

"You mean, then—"

"Of course I do," said E. Newt, screwing up his face as he does occasionally. "I mean that Jessup Cray was the last to have a duplicate made. And he gave me the Boroni to keep, and made me promise to say nothing until his son was going to be married. 'I'll just leave a word with the Trust Company and your receipt,' he told me.

Newt opened his hand and rolled another green stone onto the table.

"Look at it," he said. "It is motionless, and yet—there! Did you see?"

The deep, wonderful colorings which had been in the others were in this one too. But suddenly, although the stone had not moved, it appeared to brighten for a moment, and then as slowly a shadow came across it. It was like the slow closing of an eyelid over an opened intelligent, sophisticated eye.

"The Boroni sees the world," old Newt asserted. "It has looked at humans and their affairs for several centuries and probably will long after its next owner—Nancy Cray—has gone. But occasionally it is amused. Then it expresses itself. It expresses itself, my dear sir, in that forty-thousand-dollar wink."

YUM-YUM-GRANUM

(Continued from page 66)

"How does your husband like Yum-Yum-Granum by this time?" he asked with unnatural curiosity.

"Mike? Devil a tasthe has he ever had av ut. But av ye want an impression of opinion that wud raise blisters, go to Mr. Gabriel Showalter on Exminster Crescent, but don't say I tould ye. It's Mrs. Showalter I wash for, and she gev me the cyards when I picked them up from where Mr. Showalter had left them—wid his heel-marks."

"I see," said Jerry. "Well, I wont trouble Mr. Showalter, Mrs. Cassidy. I think I can make a fair guess at his views. Much obliged to you. Good evening."

HE was late getting home, for the first time. Marietta had been a prey to frantic forebodings for at least half an hour, and the relief of seeing him come around the corner, conveyed by his own two legs instead of an ambulance, made her cry, and she wasn't a teary young woman by any means. Jerry found her huddled on the lounge with the lachrymal glands working freely.

"But great Scott, darling of my heart's devotion, I'm not so awfully late," he remonstrated.

"W-what m-made you l-late at all?" demanded Marietta; and Jerry, being new

to the game, was caught unprepared with an excuse.

"Business," he answered unconvincingly, after a suspicious hesitation.

"What business?"

"I thought you knew that I was in the advertising business, Marietta machine Careless of me never to have told you Yes, I'm working for a well-known advertising concern at a salary far below my merits. Yes ma'am."

"Was it advertising business that kept you to-night?" Marietta asked him, and Jerry was able to say that it was, and in an entirely convincing manner.

After the belated dinner Jerry explained. "You see, dear, while I am paid so much—or so little—for so many hours' work, occasions are bound to arise when there is a press of business, or something, and a young and ambitious man like me will on such occasions stay later and do a little extra work, trusting that his zeal will be appreciated by his employers. Get me, precious?"

"Oh, Jerry!" cried Marietta. "Do you mean that you are going to be late again?"

"It might happen, peaches and cream," Jerry replied. "But I'll telephone next time."

Here Marietta's pouting mouth ceased to pout, and Jerry had to remark strictly to himself—that he had to



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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Tobacco Co.

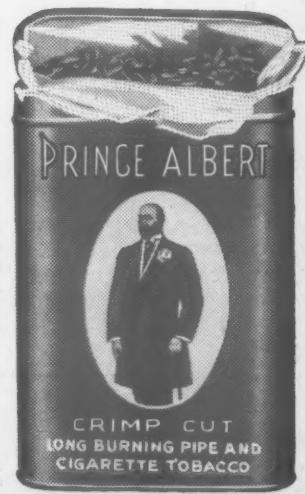
Say, you'll have a streak of smokeluck that'll put pep-in-your-smokemotor, all right, if you'll ring-in with a jimmy pipe or cigarette papers and nail some Prince Albert for packing!

Just between ourselves, you never will wise-up to high-spot-smoke-joy until you can call a pipe or a home made cigarette by its first name, then, to hit the peak-of-pleasure you land square on that two-fisted-man-tobacco, Prince Albert!

Well, sir, you'll be so all-fired happy you'll want to get a photograph of yourself breezing up the pike with your smokethrottle wide open! Quality makes Prince Albert so different, so appealing. And, P. A. can't bite or parch. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

Right now while summer's young you get out your old jimmy pipe or the "papers" and land on some P. A. for what ails your particular smokeappetite!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidores—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



"Holler 'nuff!"

They hadn't a thing in the world against each other—unless it was that Tom Sawyer thought the other boy altogether too well dressed. They had never even seen each other until a few minutes before—and here they were tied in a knot.

Do you remember the time when the mere sight of another boy has made you mad—and what mighty good friends you might be with that boy a few minutes later?

It is the undying spirit of youth—of boyhood—the precious, subtle something that has passed away with the years and that comes back to you with a laugh—a choke in the throat—every time you open a page of

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OCCUPATION.....

To get the black, half leather binding, change terms to \$1.50 within 5 days, and \$4 a month for 12 months.

The Red Book Magazine

before seen it in a firm, hard line. How very soon these young things learn!

"Something else might happen too, Jerry dear," she said coolly, "—just about simultaneously, I should say."

Jerry didn't ask for particulars. He gathered, in a general way, that the simultaneous something else would be of an unpleasant nature, and he didn't want Marietta to commit herself. He did venture to suppose that she wouldn't like him to bring his extra work home and grind on it for an hour or two of an evening,—if necessary, of course,—and Marietta replied that she thought that would be the better plan. "I'd know just where you were, and I wouldn't worry, darling," she explained. "I could sit quietly and watch you while you ground. Perhaps I could hold a spare fountain pen, like Dora."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to concentrate," said Jerry. "But I may try it. I've got to find some way to jolt the boss enough to make him loosen up. We need the money."

"What for, dear?" asked Marietta.

"To get the things we want."

"But I'm sure we've got everything, lovekins. We've got each other."

"You blessed infant!" Jerry laughed. "All the same, girlie, you know you want a pearl necklace, and—er—a little electric—"

"Toaster?" laughed Marietta, and then they both laughed together. But Marietta had a long, silent thoughtful spell very soon after that, and the next morning, after Jerry had gone, she resumed her meditations.

"I just know that he was going to say that I wanted a piano. When did I ever mention pearl necklaces? The dear boy! Well, I'm not going to have him worrying about that!"

So she went to the darn old piano, and—

And the best she could do was the Chopin funeral march—as well as she could—and "The Death of Ase," in a manner sufficiently melancholy; and before she had quite finished that, she had to get up suddenly and go to straightening and picking up things—with great energy. But when she came to the last night's paper, she naturally stopped and looked at the want-ads.

WANTED: Yum-Yum-Granum letter-coupon A. Will pay \$20. A profit of \$10.85 to you if you bought the package. Address RECKLESS 49381.

The answer clerk in the newspaper office made the obvious remark that "Reckless" was right. But he had no letter for Jerry. "Somebody's holding out for a raise," he suggested.

"I'll wear her out," Jerry declared.

"How do you know that he's a her?" asked the clerk.

"I know," replied Jerry gruffly.

He took theater-tickets home with him that night, and so Marietta didn't offer to play to him, as she had intended. The next night she did play a little—just a little—but when she stopped, she saw that Jerry hadn't noticed.

"How do you like that?"

"Eh? Oh!" He came out of his fit of abstraction in a hurry. "What did

you— It was grand! What was I darling?"

Marietta looked at him sadly. "My dear," said Jerry, "it's your fault. My spirit was borne aloft—waited on waves of mounting melody, and I simply couldn't get back to earth in time to hear what you said."

"All right for you, young man," Marietta told him with a very brave assumption of gayety. "Well, will you play cards?"

"No, please," Jerry begged. "I want some more music."

BUT they played cards. And the next night there was a family dinner at Aunt Sophonisba's, and the night after that a few of the younger married ones descended upon them; and when, at last, Marietta thought that they were going to go back to the old happy evenings together, if only— Well, Jerry brought work home.

And he concentrated. He concentrated to such an extent that Marietta, after going to her mirror and arranging her hair in ringlets, came back and sat at his feet on the floor with a bunch of three pens—all she could find in the house—in one of her little fists.

Of course Jerry had to look at her then, and of course he had to laugh and embrace her, but after that, he relapsed and began to frown at his tablet and drum on the arm of his chair, as his habit was when concentrating. Naturally, Marietta was hurt; any woman would have been. And when Jerry finally got his idea worked out and set down in form, he found that his little penholder had left him and gone to bed.

He threw the tablet from him—and was relieved when it landed noiselessly.

"It does certainly seem as if this was bound to jinx the whole works every possible way!" he exclaimed.

He got up and recovered the tablet. Reading what he had written, he grumbled. "Not half-bad stuff, though," he decided as he tore off the penciled leaves and put them in his pocket. Then, penitently, his thoughts returned to his abused wife. "Poor little Marietta! I ought to have had more sense. But how could I keep my mind on her and what I was doing?"

He brought home no more work—only the thoughts of it, and frequent abstracted moods. Possibly his unsuccessful campaign of advertising for *Audited* something to do with his moods.

"I did have a notion to get into the game myself, a month or two ago," said the advertising clerk one eventful morning. "I'm glad now that I didn't. It's making an old man of you. Why don't you quit?"

"When I quit, I'll quit winner," said Jerry grimly. "I've a bunch that somebody's sending me that letter right now. I'll get it to-morrow, you'll see."

"That outfit's a skin," said the clerk.

"I think it's a high-class concern manufacturing a very superior product," said Jerry. "I may have to change my mind, but I hope not."

ODD about those humches. This one of Jerry's, for instance. That morning Marietta had been feeling pre-

Wanted At \$1,000 a Month!



Can You Fill This Job?

A official of one of the largest concerns of its kind in the United States recently asked us to put him in touch with men capable of earning \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. His letter is typical of many others we receive stating that it is impossible to find men qualified for big jobs.

WE are being called upon constantly to recommend applicants who have been examined and coached by us in special and general executive work.

OUR success in training men and women, capable of qualifying for important executive positions, has given us a nation-wide reputation among large business concerns for developing employees for positions paying \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year and up. Our service has the written endorsement of many of America's leading corporation officials, bankers and business executives.

THE practical value of this service has been tested by men holding responsible positions in practically every large corporation in this country, including 345 employees of Armour and Company; 866 of the Standard Oil Company; 802 of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; 306 of the United States Steel Corporations; 188 of the Ford Motor Company; 264 of Swift and Company, etc.

AMONG the numerous companies employing 50 or 100 or more men whose advancement we have aided are the following: Western Electric Company, International Harvester Company, B. F. Goodrich Company, and many others, including all the large railroad companies in the United States—more than 1,200 with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

HIGH-GRADE positions are always seeking applicants of superior intelligence and training. By our methods we can place employees in subordinate positions and develop the inherent ability to direct re-

sponsible work, but who need only the proper vocational guidance and special training that we supply to make them high-priced men. For instance, we developed a \$20 a week ledger clerk into a \$7,200 a year Auditor; a \$70 a month shipping clerk into the Traffic Manager of a big rail and steamship line; a \$300 a month accountant into a \$70,000 a year executive; a small town station agent into a successful lawyer and district attorney; a bookkeeper into a bank executive, etc.

ADVANCEMENT is not a difficult problem for men who prepare themselves for promotion thru LaSalle training. A few hundred hours of spare time coaching by mail, under the personal direction of LaSalle experts, has been sufficient to increase the earning power of thousands of men from 100% to 600%.

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IF YOU are really ambitious to place yourself in a position of higher execu-

tive responsibilities in line with your natural qualifications, and without sacrificing the best part of your life in waiting for bigger opportunities, write us fully and freely as to the kind of position it is your ambition to fill. We will advise you promptly how our training and service may be of advantage in solving your personal problem of advancement. We have an organization of more than 800 people; financial resources in excess of \$2,500,000, and representatives in all the leading cities of America. Our sole business is to help men to better positions.

IT WILL cost you nothing to investigate this opportunity, and you may find out some surprising possibilities about yourself and your future that are unknown to you now. Mark and mail the coupon below, indicating the kind of position for which you would like to qualify. We will send full particulars, also a free copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a book that has been an inspiration to more than 100,000 ambitious men. Send for your copy now.

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Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.

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Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions, Tellers, Cashiers, Trust Officers, Financial Managers, etc.

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Training for admission to Bar and Executive Business positions requiring legally trained men. Degree of LL. B. conferred.

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Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, Traffic Experts, etc.

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Training for positions as Business Correspondents, Business Literature and Copy Writers.

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Training for the art of forceful, effective speech—Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, etc.

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Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.

EXPERT BOOKKEEPING:

Training for position of Head Bookkeeper.

Name..... Address..... Present Position.....



blue. Jerry hadn't been like himself at all. Something had come between them. They were no longer two souls with but a single thought; each had thoughts—no end of them—that each concealed. They were constantly checking themselves in utterance, stepping warily to avoid forbidden ground. Their mirth was hollow, forced, and even kindness was careful. And it all began with that wretched, miserable, cheating Yum-Yum-Granum. No, it began with that old tinny, roaring, marred piano. If it hadn't been for that piano—if it wasn't for that piano!

And with such thoughts Marietta went a-marketing, and what should she see in the grocery and market but a new consignment of Yum-Yum-Granum stacked up on a counter. And what did Marietta do but order two packages!

Well, you have known people to swear never again to touch a card or chip. And then after perhaps years of never touching, the clicking of chips, the fluttering of cards, the rustle of greenbacks—and there you are! That was the way it was with Marietta.

And when those packages were delivered, she could hardly wait to tear them open; and when, with trembling fingers and a fast-beating heart, she took the coupon out of the first package and found it was a *W*, well, she just felt sick!

Should she send the other package back? Of course she didn't. And what do you think she said when she found she had drawn an *A*?

"Isn't that *too* disgusting! Why couldn't there have been an *N* in the other one!"

Still—still—Then the advertisement of RECKLESS flashed on her mind. Why, of course! She had offered twenty dollars for the letter *N*, had RECKLESS. Marietta's eyes danced. That would make everything right; it would absolutely justify Yum-Yum-Granum. Twenty dollars—If the advertisement was still running. Could RECKLESS have got her *A*? Marietta scurried into the living-room and found the paper. Yes, the advertisement was still there. Goody, goody, goody! She had won twenty dollars!

And that, you see, almost made Jerry's hunch come true. The reason that it slipped a little was that Marietta took a second thought. Wasn't it possible that if she went out and bought, say, a dollar's worth of packages—She could risk a dollar, having made twenty. *N* was all she needed—if the old coupons were still in the cupboard. Had she thrown them out? She had intended to.

IDA M. EVANS SAYS—

EVER since man came out of his caves and took up his habitat around skyscrapers, sub-basements, summer resorts, boards of trade, Greenwich villages and Barbary and Gold coasts, four are the questions ever being mooted in his intent head:

"Did egg come first, or chick?

"From sinking ship should you first rescue wife or mother?

"Do the bulls or the bears come out ahead in the long financial run?

"Which is the better—the respect of your fellow-beings, or their love?"

Of course you'll want to read the rest of her clever story "PICKING THE FLOWER CALLED RESPECT," in the next, the August, issue of—

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

No, they were there in the tin, just as she had left them. Here was the *O*, and here—*Why!*

She stared, amazed, at the letter *N*. Could it be that she was mistaken? Her hands darted among the cards, separating them. Here was *I*, and here—yes, here was *P!* *Why*, she had them all! Whee-ee-ee-eee!

PIANO!

WHAT would Jerry say? No, she wouldn't tell him. She would surprise him when the piano came. That would be about a week—or ten days, coming from Michigan by freight, as she supposed it would.

She made a whirlwind rush for her own little writing-desk. (Bought with their own money.)

At three o'clock, P. M. of the second day after this happened—and they had been trying days for Marietta, because Jerry had been as cross as two sticks and as nervous as a witch, last night particularly—at three P. M., then, Marietta happened to look out of the window, and there was a piano-van backed up to the curb, and on its side was the name of the firm owning the miserable, roaring, tinny old thing that she and Jerry paid four dollars a month for. Before she could even begin to speculate, there was a thump at the back door, and she opened it to two burly men, one of whom said: "We've come for the piano, mum—Breve & Crotch."

"There must be some mistake," said Marietta. "I didn't order the piano taken away. I don't want it taken away—yet."

"Name's Bloss, aint it, mum? Then it's all right. J. A. Bloss—here it is." And he showed her the book.

"But it isn't all right," Marietta protested. "I wont let you take it."

The man took off his cap, rubbed his head and smiled sheepishly.

"How would it be if the lady telephoned the office?" his mate suggested.

"I'll do that," said Marietta. "Please wait a moment." She went to the telephone and called the "house" and she told the right person quite candidly what she thought of the proceeding. The rent had been paid regularly, and there was no excuse whatever. "I meant to send the piano back, anyway," she added, "because I have a new one."

"Perhaps that's why Mr. Bloss called and ordered the piano taken away this afternoon," said the person. "Oh, yes ma'am. Mr. Bloss himself. There couldn't be any mistake. But if you want to keep it—"

"It—it doesn't matter," Marietta stam-

mered. "I remember now that Mr. Bloss did—" She checked herself just in time to save her soul from the stain of *it*. "It's all right as it is," she concluded, "and please excuse me for troubling you."

What on earth did Jerry—*He* was in a whirl, and there was no time to think it into stability. She ran out on the porch.

"It's all right," she told the men. "You may come in and get it."

Even as she spoke, there was a clattering of heavily shod feet on the porch stairs, and a third man appeared, followed by a fourth. Both were of the same massive construction as the first two.

"We've brought your piano, ma'am," said the first of the new arrivals.

"My piano?"

"Bloss is the name, ma'am. And this is the right flat?"

He produced a book. Also a document in the nature of a receipt, headed "SOLIDATED CEREAL CORPORATION," and a smaller type "Yum-Yum-Granum." At the sight of it, the whirl in Marietta's head took a new impetus. She stared at the receipt and then noticed that it was dated from the Chicago branch, and that the piano was a well-known Chicago make. Why, of course! They didn't have to send it from Michigan, after all, and here it was, just in time. But how did Jerry know—*Whirr-rr-rr!*

But the men were all waiting; so, with a tremendous effort, Marietta rose to the present emergency. "Please come in," she said, addressing the assembled. "This is a little unexpected, but perhaps you can help each other, and it will be easier."

SHE led the way to the old tinny room. "There it is," she said, and the others can go in its place. You will have to take it down the front way, but the landing—" She emitted a startled yell of fear as her hand touched the knob of the door, and simultaneously a robust thump sounded on the panel outside. Recovering herself, she opened the door. A red-faced giant girl with a leather apron and carrying a book under his arm confronted her, grinning amiably.

"I've brought your piano, lady," he explained. "Bloss is the name, aint it? I rung downstairs, but I couldn't make no one hear."

"Oh, yes," said Marietta. "Your—the other gentlemen came up the back way. They told me. Come in."

The man stared at her. "Where you from, brother?" inquired one of the Yum-Yum-Granum piano men.

"Bowker & Platt's," rumbled the giant.

"You've got it wrong, brother. We're bringing the lady her piano—Mercer's."

"Wrong nothing! Aint this Apartment 4, and aint the name Bloss? Well, then, Aint this right, lady?"

Marietta looked at the book that had been extended. It seemed all right, but—

"Wait," she begged, and flew to the telephone and called Jerry's office.

Jerry wasn't in.

"When will he be in?" she asked, sparingly, as chuckles, basso profundo, proceeded from the living-room.

"It's Mrs. Bloss, and it's very important."

"He has left for the day, Mrs. Bloss."



"Here's an Extra \$50, Grace —I'm making real money now!"

"Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day came. I've been promoted with an increase of \$50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says my spare time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street, Grace, thanks to you and the I. C. S.!"

Today more than ever before, money is what counts. The cost of living is mounting month by month. You can't get along on what you have been making. Somehow, you've simply got to increase your earnings.

Fortunately for you hundreds of thousands of other men have proved there is an unfailing way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing well and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

You can get the training that will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best, whatever it may be. You can get it without sacrificing a day or a dollar from your present occupation. You can get it at home, in spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools.

It is the *business* of the I. C. S. to prepare men in just your circumstances for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 28 years. They have helped two million other men and women. They are training over 100,000 now. Every day many students write to tell of advancements and increased salaries already won.

You have the same chance they had. What are you going to do with it? Can you afford to let a single priceless hour pass without at least finding out what the I. C. S. can do for you? Here is all we ask—with out cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 3444, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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<input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work	<input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman
<input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER	<input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING
<input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman	<input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice	<input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER
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The very best Pick-Me-Up in the World for a tired man is a hot cup of good Coffee. You can make it instantly — just as quickly as you can pour on the water — if you use G. Washington's Coffee — and then, too, you know it is pure, genuine Coffee you're getting. Try it for iced-coffee — dissolves in cold water.

**"Made in
the cup
at the table"**



G Washington's COFFEE

IMPORTANT NEWS! On page 107 of this issue you will find an announcement of the deepest interest. Be sure to read it



STEGER

The most valuable piano in the world

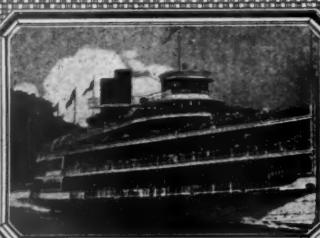
The Steger Piano is built with loving care by craftsmen whose ideals are expressed in its outward artistry and whose rare skill finds voice in the Steger tone of unique quality.

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SERVICE DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAY
Majestic Palisades and great, green Highlands, Catskill Mountains and rolling countryside—an ever-varying panorama of scenic delight on the Day Line trip between New York and Albany.

Ideal Route to Vacation Resorts.

The steamers are big, fast and cool with comfortable chairs, fine music and good restaurant. Direct rail connections to the Catskills, Berkshires, Adirondacks, Saratoga, Lake George, etc. All through rail tickets between New York and Albany accepted.

Attractive one day outings, New York to Bear Mountain, West Point, Newburgh and Poughkeepsie

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses Street Pier, New York

I think he must be on the way now."

Mrs. Bloss thanked him and ran to her temples and tried to think. The chuckles had subsided into an awfully pleasant silence. Then came the noise of a light, quick step ascending the stairs at a time, and a well-known stirring voice that said: "Hello, Jerry! What's all this? Wait a second and be back for the answer." And Jerry! Oh, Jerry, I was never so glad to see you!"

"Thanks," grinned Jerry, determined to close the door between them and the edified crowd. "Well, dear, do you like— But it isn't up you, It seems I'm just in time. Three imposing vans out in front, every window in the building filled with turned faces and a mob-scene staged in our living-room."

"It's pianos, Jerry darling! They're bringing pianos here, and I can't them. Do find out what it means."

"Well, I ordered one piano," said Jerry slowly. "A little surprise for you. You'll like it, but—"

"But we've got a piano, dear, and I have. I didn't tell you, but—"

It all came in an incoherent burst—that she had got her coupons, had that she didn't know about and—why did you—"

"I get you," said Jerry briskly. Explanations later, but now, heart's desire, you've got to decide which piano you want. It's evident that we've got too many. The one I got you is Miserere—likewise a bear."

"I don't care what it is," said Marietta. "I want *my* piano."

"Meaning?"

"The Yum-Yum-Granum, of course. It's a Chickstein upright, and that ought to be good enough. And the fumed oak just matches—I think it will, Jerry!"

A hoarse, suggestive cough from the living-room.

"Good!" said Jerry, releasing her. "We'll go down and look at them both to make sure, and if you don't want the Miserere, we can send it back. Can't I know the man. We'll settle this in time."

And he did. It was beautiful to see how he handled those Titans and how good-natured they turned to, and how the Chickstein being approved, he hustled the tinny roarer down and the Chickstein up, without so much as chipping a flake of plaster. Well, they didn't have any reason to complain of the way Jerry showed his appreciation.

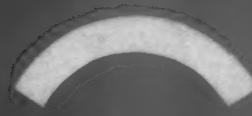
At last Jerry and Marietta were together, standing, embraced and admiring, before the new acquisition, and if ever you saw a picture! Marietta especially! But they only stood there a few moments.

"Now I must finish telling you about it," said Marietta. "Behave, Jerry. You see, I hadn't any idea that I had N, but when I looked in the box— were you smiling at like that?"

"Nothing," replied Jerry. "When you looked in the box, you found it, just what I had put it. I paid ten dollars for it."

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

"Gee! I'm in luck"



A cigarette of the finest TURKISH
and DOMESTIC tobaccos-blended.
And the blend can't be copied.

they "Satisfy"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

Has
Charm-
Gives
Charm



THIS almost invisible face powder marks the highest achievement of the house of Henry Tetlow since its beginning seventy years ago.

Many, many women say Pussywillow is the perfect powder. Soft, smooth, fragrant, pure, and it stays on until you want it off. Ask your dealer for

Tetlow's Pussywillow Face Powder

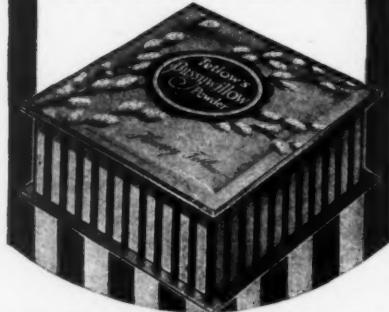
Made in White, Flesh, Pink, Cream and Brunette. 50 cents a box.

Free Sample On Request
or miniature box sent for a dime.

(State shade wanted)

Pussywillow Powder Tablets in White and Flesh. Pussywillow Rouge in Dark, Medium and Rose. Both in purse-size box with puff, 50c each. Ask your dealer for them.

HENRY TETLOW CO., Est. 1849
Makers of Pussywillow Dry Shampoo
165 Henry Tetlow Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.



You will find an interesting announcement on page 122 of this magazine.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come from the author of himself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2 postpaid
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN PUB. CO., 789 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

N to a lady who answered my advertisement. But I couldn't get the A."

"Jerry!"

"Yes'm."

"Jerry, are you—were you ANXIOUS?"

"I were. I'm not now."

"Were—are you RECKLESS?"

"I are—at least—"

"Jerry, before I found the N, I was going to sell you the A for twenty dollars. Jerome Adler Blass!"

"Go on," said Jerry, kissing her.

"That's all. Now tell me how you could be so dear and silly and extravagant as to *think* of buying me a piano. Just because—" Marietta's eyes filled.

"Here, hold on there, lady. Back up! I wasn't extravagant—because I got a new job, and I'm comparatively rich. I can't tell you what the new job is, because it's a forbidden subject. There's a little sore spot—there—you know."

"No, Jerry, darling. No sore spot there now. Never going to be."

"Then I'll tell you," said Jerry. "I'm the new advertising manager for Yum-Yum-Granum."

"BEEN working for it ever since the—er—occasion," he resumed after a few moments. "Jimmied my way in to the president of the company. Told him he was all wrong—antagonizing the male consumer and disgusting the female ditto, who couldn't get the combination she wanted. Told him what you had done with Yum-Yum and suggested that a moderate stress should be laid on its wide scope of utility. Queer old bird! He asked, sort of sarcastic, if I thought I could boost it for bill-stickers' paste or emergency laundry starch. I told him—forgive me, darling, but I mentioned the poultice, and I could see that the old boy was—impressed, although he kept his old mouth shut grim as a bear-trap. His eyes gave him away. Then he asked me what I had done, and I was able to tell him about my Pomona Pure Provender series and the Choo-choo Gum, but he wasn't encouraging, and when I offered to send him in a few of my teeming and scintillating ideas, he just nodded and pressed

his buzzer to signify that our interview had terminated. Then I began to lay in some stuff that I worked out at old times and—"

"So that was what you were working on when I was so mean to you, Jerry, boy! Go on, dearest. I'll never be mean again, though."

"It wasn't you; it was I. And I'm never going to be ugly again. You'll see. Well, yesterday I got word that Mr. Yum wanted to see me, and I went over and thrashed some things out with him. So he didn't commit himself. But this morning his secretary called me up to tell me that I was hired. I begin work for them next week—by arrangement. The office is quite decent about it. And the salary is—how much do you suppose?"

He told her. She uttered her most triumphant "Whee-ee-ee-ee!" when she had recovered her breath.

"So I made a bee-line for my piano, and— What are we doing here? We haven't tried it yet."

They unlocked the lid and then a back, disclosing the immaculate row of shining ivory keys. Marietta's fingers poised a moment above them and then descended with a response of full, sonorous chords and birdlike runs. Perfectly heavenly! Again her fingers hovered as she looked up at Jerry with a smile infinitely happy—and inviting; then she came down again, and the living room rang with the rollicking strains (voice and piano) of "Solomon Levi."

OH, there was just one thing more. Just before they went to bed on that night of nights, Jerry said: "Marietta, I guess you'll think I'm kidding you or somepin, but for weeks I've had a consuming desire, a craving unpeased, a yearning, a honing, a hankering—I may be inconsistent; it may seem depraved, abnormal, even degenerate and diseased, this ardent, passionate, insistent longing, but inexplicable as it is, morbid as it may seem, I'd like—I'd like—"

"Yum-Yum-Granum for breakfast?" said Marietta. "Of course, darling—I'd like some too."

THE ONE ROAD OUT

(Continued from page 46)

now. "Then you were in the army? Not— But I never dreamed of that!"

"Yes, shell-shock. What else could you think ailed me? I got mine in the Argonne. Gassed too. That's why I've hid off in the cañon all these weeks, like Lonesome Luke himself."

Faint red came into her cheeks. Her soft lips parted. "Tell me."

"Nothing much to tell. Shell-shock—well, it gets you where you live. You think—all sorts of darn fool things. For instance, I took a notion that I'd fallen down on my job. I was detailed as special messenger, see? And I'd put through a lot of weird stunts, getting orders through under heavy fire, and I reckon I felt I was carrying the service single-handed. Then, right in the thick of our hottest morning's work, I was scooting for headquarters, and Fritz got me. My last thought, as the bike slid out from un-

der me, was: 'You didn't get those orders through!'"

The girl said nothing. But she caught his hand and held it close.

"The queer part was that my dispatches got through, after all. I was only fifty yards from headquarters when the shell struck. The brancardier who picked me up carried my messages to the colonel right away. And soon's I could listen, they told me so. First the nurse, then an adjutant, then the C. O. himself. But I didn't believe 'em. I thought they were letting me down easy."

He halted—not for weariness. His heart was beating high in his breast. A chuckle of pitying amusement had run through his whole story. What a pitiful dub he'd been, that man of yesterday—the man who had held in, up the cañon, afraid to speak to his own kind, afraid to be known or seen! Afraid



"There is no other drink like Hires"

You will find many a drink labelled rootbeer—but there is only one Hires. No other drink has the same combination of ingredients. There are seventeen reasons for Hires goodness. Sixteen of them are the ingredients, and the seventeenth is the delightful combination they make. Yet you pay no more than for an artificially flavored substitute.

There's no secret in what gives Hires its snap and sparkle, its deliciousness and purity. Pure cane sugar—juices of roots, barks, herbs and berries that seem to have caught the very freshness of the woods and morning dew,

to release it in Hires. Sassafras, sarsaparilla, spikenard, birch bark, pipsissewa and ginger. Don't they fairly conjure up a wholesome craving for a foaming glass of Hires—the thirst extinguisher?

From the canefields of the sunny southland, from Central and South America and even from across the sea, come the carefully-selected ingredients of Hires. An instance of Hires standards is the fact that we use only the genuine juices of the vanilla bean. We could save \$100,000.00 every year by using an artificial flavor for vanilla. But then we would not be justified in recommending Hires to you and urging you to always ask for "Hires."

Hires

Say "Hires" at every good soda fountain. Hires is also carbonated by licensed bottlers—for sale in bottles so you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

Magazine

CHASE
Leatherwove
*Tis like the hide in most respects
In some respects tis better*

Made by Sanford Mills



The Ideal Upholstery Fabric

For Motor Cars and Furniture—a high quality material, scientifically made and having practically every merit of hide—far more economical—rich appearing—duraole.

Chase Leatherwove is extraordinary in toughness—weatherproof—fast colors—easily cleansed with soap and water—many patterns.

Specify Chase Leatherwove for your new car or furniture. If reupholstering it is the logical material. Ask your upholsterer for samples; write us if he cannot supply and full details will be sent.

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NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Leaders in Manufacturing Since 1847

Don't accept
substitutes

Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

Coca-Cola is a perfect answer to thirst that no imitation can satisfy.

Coca-Cola *quality*, recorded in the public taste, is what holds it above imitations.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.



Sold Everywhere

family—Holman knew the name well: pride a-plenty but no money. At eighteen he had married a struggling young physician in a Virginia town—they had been married for eight years. He had offered himself to his country and had died in the first training-camp to which he had been assigned. She had worked in a Government office in Washington; both had done their bit. "All I had in the world was a piece of property here, which wasn't all paid for," she said. "I came out here to try to save it, for it was in the hands of people who meant to steal it from me if they could. If I made the last payment, I could save it; so I did what I did. I needed five hundred dollars so badly!"

"Why didn't Harding help you?" Holman asked.

She was not offended. "Mr. Harding has helped me; he recommended me for a position—I go to work to-morrow." Then, with her chin in her hand and her great eyes on him, she talked for some time, gravely, humorously, intelligently, and with a certain graceful dignity. From the bottom of his heart, Holman envied Harding his good sense; this was a genuine and a lovable woman.

But he owed it to Harding to help his cause along, so when she rose to go, he said意味深长地: "You ought to like Harding pretty well, you know. Take a man's word for it—he's a fine sort."

Her immense eyes widened. Then a

smile dawned in them. "Don't you know? Mr. Harding loves Nurse Bright to distraction."

"Oh!" Holman said blankly.

"She nursed him through the flu this winter, and he found how fine and dear she is. Way down in her heart, I think she cares for him. I know she loves his baby. I think he'll win out."

Holman had flushed warmly. "Would you do me a final favor—take off your hat?" he asked.

For a moment he thought that he was going to be punished. Then, without a word, she removed it and stood before him, crimson but smiling. In very truth it was a crown of glory, four inches of it, thick and waving and shining. It gave her color and youth—and allure.

Holman looked his thoughts, and she laughed a little, the capturing instinct alive in her. But she hastened to restore their equilibrium. "I still have the source of supply," she said practically.

"That's true," he tried to say as unemotionally as she. "You will come to me after this, won't you—even if you have a position?" he asked.

"Possibly—in the evenings—I can." And she hurried off.

In a sitting-room not far away Harding was telling Nurse Bright about his interview with Holman. Incidentally he had brought his little girl with him, and she had gone to sleep in Nurse Bright's arms. "If he falls in love with Mrs. Lamont next, it's your doing," he concluded.

"Pouf!" said Nurse Bright. "Those two people would have found each other even if the earth had stretched between them!"

IT was midsummer before Holman took Mrs. Holman to that spot which lovers love, the island which is not an island, though lapped on all sides by the Pacific; where there is no winter and no summer, and the water almost kisses the hotel steps. They had arrived that evening. Mrs. Holman's maid had helped her mistress into a filmy garment, and over it a Japanese creation of sea-green with red-gold maple-leaves lighting it into flame. Then, conscious of the waiting man, she left.

Holman came in, a little pale. He stood for a moment looking at her, the supremely lovable and beautiful woman. He had worked hard to win her, how hard only he himself knew; he had had the incident of hasty misjudgment to efface, the walls of pride and independence to scale, a severe training given him in what constitutes the genuine woman, before her love conquered her. She had been buffeted; it was his tenderness and his honesty more than his passion that had captured her, the thing in him which others had abused.

He went to her now, and true to the strongest thing in him, his capacity for reverence, he knelt to her first. Then he rose to her lips, her crown of glory in the circle of his arm.

THE STARS INCLINE

(Continued from page 41)

less than five minutes before, Ruth had seen her bend her head to meet the lips of the singer—credible and horrible.

"Yes, I am tired—of singing," said Aglipogue after a pause. He rose and lifted one of Gloria's lovely hands and kissed it. Simultaneously George appeared at the door with the Prince's hat and stick. It seemed to Ruth that under his air of great deference and humility George was sneering at the Prince. Gloria, seemingly only half roused from her trance or reverie, rose also in farewell and seemed to struggle to concentrate on her departing guest.

"To-morrow," he said, bending again over her hand.

"Yes, to-morrow."

HE went out without again speaking to Ruth, who waited breathless until she heard the closing of the outer door. Gloria watched him disappear, and then lifted her arms high above her head, stretching her superb body up to its full length like a great Persian cat just waking from a nap.

"What are you doing up at this hour, Ruth?" She spoke as if seeing Ruth for the first time.

"I went to the theater with Terry, you know, and then we went to supper afterward, and I came in fifteen minutes ago. I'm not a bit tired."

"I am, horribly, of everything."

"It's only Prince Aglipogue, who's been boring you. No wonder you're tired of him! If he'd only sing behind a curtain that one didn't have to look at him,

he would be quite lovely," said Ruth. Gloria sank back to her chair by the piano and rested her chin on her folded hands, her elbows on her knees.

"You don't like Aggie, do you?"

"I don't exactly dislike him," said Ruth. "He's all right as a singer or a pianist or a painter, but as a man he is singularly uninteresting, isn't he?"

"He is horribly stupid. I—" Suddenly Gloria's expression changed and she was on her feet again, walking restlessly up and down the room. "I'm going to marry him. He's going to South America on a concert tour, and I'll go with him. I'm so tired of everything; I want to get away."

Involuntarily Ruth had also risen, bewildered at the sudden change in Gloria's manner. Through the open doorway she could see George standing in the dimly lighted hall beyond, his red gleaming eyes fixed on Gloria's moving figure. She thought she understood, at least in part, the reason for the sudden change, and she forced herself to move across the room so that she stood between George in the hall, and Gloria. She could almost feel his malignant gaze on her back as she stood in the doorway, but she did not falter.

"If you do that, Gloria, it will mean that you can't work in Terry's play. It will mean giving up everything—your career and your income. Does Prince Aglipogue know that?"

Gloria paused in her restless walk and looked at her from beneath troubled brows.

"I don't care about the career; I'm tired of the stage, but what difference will the income make? It's such a little one, you know."

"Still, it may make a difference with Aglipogue, and if you give up your career and your income, you will be dependent on him. That should make a difference to you."

"What a practical child you are! But let's not talk about it to-night. I'm awfully tired. We were going to announce our engagement Christmas Eve, but there's no harm in your knowing."

"Gloria, you can't—you can't marry him. He's fat and selfish and horrid!" In her excitement she forgot George, and moved to Gloria's side. "You don't know what you're doing."

Gloria's eyes looked across at her, over her head, and the trancelike look came back into them.

"When you are as old as I, you will

"THE MAN WITH THREE NAMES"

HAROLD MACGRATH'S
NEWEST AND
BEST NOVEL

Begins in the next, the
August, issue of—

The Red Book Magazine



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know that physical appearance doesn’t matter much. I don’t know why I’m marrying Aggie, but it seems to be happening. So many things happen—I need a change; I want to travel in a new country. Besides, it’s all fixed—it’s too late now—too late.”

She threw off Ruth’s detaining hands and swept past her through the hall and up the stairway. . . . Ruth determined to see Pendragon again and tell him everything. Perhaps he could help her.

CHAPTER X

WHEN Ruth telephoned Professor Pendragon’s hotel, she found that he had not left any address and would not be expected back before the first of the year. Her next thought was of Nels Zord. He might know; but much to her surprise she did not see Nels at the League, and sought out Dorothy instead. Dorothy’s eyes were red, and her cheeks swollen as if from recent weeping. It was luncheon-time, and they were walking toward their restaurant together.

“I don’t know where Nels is,” said Dorothy. Her voice was almost a sob.

“Haven’t you seen him to-day?”

“I never see him any more—haven’t you seen? He’s too busy with that Alice Winn girl. Oh, you know her, Ruth, the insipid creature with the carefully nurtured Southern accent, who always has some high-brow Russian or Swedish book under her arm, and begins reading it every time she thinks a man is looking.”

“I think I know the one you mean. But what about her? And why is Nels busy with her, and why have you been crying? You have been crying.”

“I suppose I have; it’s most unmanly of me, but I must do something. All men, you know, are irresistibly attracted to the weakest, cheapest sort of women. They all prefer sham to reality, and they are all snobs at heart.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know much about men,” admitted Ruth.

“Well, I’m telling you about them now. You might as well know. And the better a man is, the more he likes imitation women; Nels is just as bad as any of them, and that’s why he’s fallen so hard for Alice Winn. I ought not to care—I don’t care—I’m just plain angry.”

Tears were overflowing the eyes of the “just plain angry” girl, and Ruth feared a public exhibition. They had reached the restaurant, and she feared the curious eyes inside.

“Let’s not eat here to-day, Dorothy. You need a change; why not take the afternoon off. We could go to your studio. I’ve never been there, you know. Couldn’t we have lunch there?”

“We could buy it at the ‘delly’ round the corner,” said Dorothy, her round face clearing a bit.

“And let’s buy some flowers first; if Nels shows up, we can pretend a man sent them.”

“That’s woman-stuff; I don’t think I ought, but—”

“Just for this once,” persisted Ruth, leading the way into the nearest flower shop.

“I don’t like to have you spend money

on me. I don’t like to have any. I can’t pay for myself.”

“That’s selfish, and vain. That’s why Nels is with Alice.”

“I suppose so. You know they’re stupid—men. They believe everything you tell them. I’ve told Nels he’s a practical worker I am, and how important I am, and he believes me, even trying to prove it; and he believes him that she is an impractical dreamer, and he believes that too, if he’d only think for just a minute, know that she is a mercenary schemer.”

“Do you like these pink ones?”

“Oh, and those unusual pale roses—the combination is wonderful, the scent.”

She buried her nose in the flowers in an ecstasy of delight that made her get that Ruth was paying for them.

“Now we’ll ride down on the bus. Ruth. ‘And then we’ll shop at the

Their purchases, though guided by practical Dorothy, were rather like a college-girl’s spread. Dorothy lived in an upper room of an old-fashioned house on the south side of the square.

“You see it isn’t really a studio,” Dorothy explained apologetically, “it has north light, and the sloping roof and that bit of skylight makes it quite satisfactory; and then, too, I face the Square and can always see the fountain and the Washington Arch, and I like it. And Nels’ studio is right next this one.”

In a short space of time there was a real fire burning in the tiny grate, throwing a ruddy glow on the burnished brass of the samovar; in the small room the roses shed a heavy sweet perfume, and the two girls chatted cozily over the teacups.

Presently, when Dorothy seemed to have put her grief into the background, Ruth began to feel restless.

“I think I’ll have to run along,” she said.

“Oh, and we were having such a good time! I was beginning to be quite cheered up. Wait a minute—that’s him.”

Regardless of grammar, Ruth knew that the masculine pronoun could refer to only one person. Down three flights of stairs she could hear a tuneful but valiant whistle.

“I wonder why he’s coming home so soon?” continued Dorothy. “I’ll shut the door tight, so he won’t see us. I’m not going to make it easy for him to come back.”

THE whistle had mounted three flights now, and paused a moment before their door. Dorothy began talking unconcernedly. They heard Nels enter his own studio. The whistle was resumed, and they could hear him moving restlessly about. A match was struck, then another—then silence, then footsteps and a knock at the door.

“Come in,” called Dorothy, and the door opened, disclosing a rather shame-faced Nels—who, however, was determined to appear as if nothing had happened.

“Looks like a party,” he said.

“It is a party,” said Ruth.

“I hope I’m not intruding—I thought Dorothy was alone.”

“We were chattering

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Summer—and Djer-Kiss

Madame est de mon avis, je
sai; quand je lui dis qu'elle
obtient un cachet Parisien, un
charme distinctivement Français,
en usant mes Spécialités de
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when I tell her that she attains a
touch of Paris, a charm distinct-
ively French, as she uses my
Spécialités de Djer-Kiss.

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enough for anyone to hear us," said Dorothy. "Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Thanks. I suppose that means that I can come in and sit down and share your gossip, and everything," said Nels. He looked about him as if in unfamiliar surroundings.

"This is certainly cheery," he said, taking the cup Dorothy offered him. "And roses!" He looked inquisitorily at Ruth.

"No, I'm not the lucky girl—some admirer of Dorothy's."

There was an embarrassed pause.

"Whoever he is, he's not a poor artist," said Nels. "I know the price of roses in December." Whereupon he blushed more redly in remembrance.

"I thought you were going to spend the entire day at the Metropolitan," said Dorothy, beginning to enjoy the situation.

"So did I," said Nels, and then with a sudden burst of resolution: "I don't mind telling you all about it. I've been an awful fool, and if you've decided to play with some one else, I don't blame you. We walked to the Met this morning; Alice lives way uptown, and I thought it would be a pleasant hike. But when we got there, she was quite worn out, and then some fellow she knows came along with a car and offered to take her home, and she went—said the walk had made her too tired to work. Of course he offered to pick me up too, but I preferred to walk, and I did—all the way from the Metropolitan to Washington Square. Now you know the entire story of the affair and can laugh to your hearts' content."

But neither of the girls laughed. Nels had evidently learned his lesson, and they were in no mood to increase his discomfiture.

"I wanted to see you to ask if you know where Professor Pendragon went when he left town," said Ruth. "He said some place in the country, but I've forgotten where."

"Yes; I got a note from him only this morning. He's visiting a friend of his in the Berkshires. North Adams is the post office, but I've forgotten the name of the house—one of those big country places with a fancy name. Wait and I'll get the note from my room."

"He believed that about the roses, and now that he's sane again, my conscience hurts," whispered Dorothy when he had left them.

"Let it hurt a bit; I wouldn't tell him," whispered Ruth.

"Here it is," said Nels, returning. "Per-cival Pendragon, care of Mr. John Peyton-Russell, Fir Tree Lodge, North Adams, Massachusetts. Some address, but anyway, it will reach him."

"Peyton-Russell—he's at the Peyton-Russells?"

"You know them?"

"Yes—that is, I know Mrs. Peyton-Russell a bit; she's a friend of my aunt's, and we're going there for Christmas—going to-morrow."

"Really! That's splendid, for you can save me writing a note. I hate writing letters. You see, Pendragon has been trying to interest this Peyton-Russell in my work. He's one of these men who's spent two thirds of a lifetime making

money, and now he doesn't know exactly what to do with it. He's only been married about two years. I know Pendragon hadn't met his wife, but Mr. Peyton-Russell depends on Pendragon to tell him when things are good; and when Professor Pendragon bought one of my pictures, Mr. Peyton-Russell thought he ought to buy one too. If you'd just tell Professor Pendragon that I don't care what he pays for the picture he has,—I let him borrow one to see whether he grew tired of it after it was hung,—you'll save me a lot of trouble."

"Of course. Did you say Professor Pendragon hasn't met Mrs. Peyton-Russell?"

"He hadn't; but I suppose he has now that he's a guest in her house."

"Did he say how he was getting on, in his last letter?"

"Yes: just the same—no better and no worse. But he didn't say anything about coming back at once."

Ruth was more anxious than ever to get away now, and neither Nels nor Dorothy made any great effort to keep her. Nels was looking at the roses with sad eyes, and Dorothy was looking at him with eyes that made Ruth fear the secret of the flowers would not be kept long. Dorothy was too generous and honest to want to keep up even so tiny a deception.

The one stupendous fact that stood out in her brain as she walked homeward was that Gloria and Pendragon would meet. What would happen? George would be there, too, and Prince Aglipogue.

CHAPTER XI

IT had been planned that they would all take the morning train together for North Adams—Gloria and Ruth, Terry and Prince Aglipogue and George; but Gloria, despite her motion-picture experience, proved unequal to the early rising.

"It's no use," she explained to Ruth, who went to her room to wake her. "I simply can't get up this early in the morning. You go on and meet Aggie and Terry at the station, and tell them I'm coming up on the sleeper to-night. Tell George to go along too, just as he planned. He's got his ticket and will take care of your luggage and the others', and everything will go just as we planned it except that I'll show up to-morrow morning."

What the trip would have been had Gloria not decided to wait for the night train, Ruth could not guess. What it was, was most unexpected. George was the first person to show sulky displeasure at Gloria's decision. For a moment Ruth thought he was actually going to knock on Gloria's door and remonstrate with her, but even George dared not do that; so instead he preceded Ruth to the station, heavily laden with boxes and bags. He was there when she arrived, as also was Terry, who laughed without any apparent regret at Gloria's revolt.

"Here comes Prince Aglipogue," said Ruth presently.

The Prince was approaching, his great bulk thrusting aside the lesser human

atoms in the station. Ruth was anxious to see that his curious traveling bag was finished by a top hat, and wondered whether he would wear it in the train and in the sleigh from North Adams. Over the collar of his fur-lined overcoat his huge face rose, placid and self-satisfied, until he spied the waiting group via Gloria not among them.

"Has she not yet come?" he asked. "The time of the train is immediate; we will miss it."

"Gloria has decided to take the evening train," said Terry.

"Then I also will wait."

"No, she especially asked that we go ahead just as planned. Here's George to take care of everything," said Ruth.

"Did she send to me no personal message?"

"No—just that." Ruth took pleasure in watching his face, like a cloud-decked moon in its annoyance. "We were about to go ahead and explain to Mrs. Peyton-Russell that Gloria will arrive in the morning."

JUST then the gate was opened, and Prince Aglipogue, still frowning, followed them reluctantly through it, in front of George and the two porters, who were helping him carry traveling bags.

When they were all comfortably seated in their seats, Ruth began to fear that it would be rather an unpleasant journey, for Prince Aglipogue, unlike himself, was determined that the others should be too, if he could make them so. Only the amused light in Terry's eyes gave her courage.

Aglipogue began with a monologue about rotten trains, stupid country houses, beastly cold and the improbability of Gloria's coming at all, and finally worked himself up into a state of agitation bordering on tears which would have made Ruth laugh, had she not been afraid. Finally he lurched off in search of George to inquire about his luggage.

"Do you think she really is going to marry Aglipogue?" asked Terry after Ruth had told him about Pendragon's presence at the Peyton-Russells'.

"Of course she is, unless you or some one stops her; I don't see how you can stand by quietly and see it done."

"It's no affair—Here he comes now."

Their conversation thus broken off by the reappearance of Prince Aglipogue, they turned to the scenery outside, while their heavy companion, turning his back upon them as much as possible, pretended to read a magazine. The snow, which had been falling in thin flakes in New York, was coming down in great, feathery "blobs" as Terry descriptively called them.

"If the snow continues like this, I'm afraid we'll be late," said Terry.

"It won't matter much. We're to be there at two o'clock, and we couldn't be delayed more than a few hours at most, could we?"

"You are pleased to be cheerful," said the Prince. Evidently he had not been so deeply engaged with his magazine as he pretended. "If I am forced on this train to remain a moment longer than is necessary, I shall perish."

"They do get snow-bound, sometimes, you know," said Terry cheerfully.

They work
naturally
and form
no habit~



They work
naturally
and form
no habit~



They work
naturally
and form
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won't be so bad if we're near some town. We can just get off and spend the night in an hotel."

At this the Prince only glared.

"That would be an adventure. I think I'd rather like it," said Ruth.

As if he could bear no more, the Prince again departed.

Presently Ruth remembered the gift Terry had promised her.

"Oh, you've forgotten! I was afraid you would."

"No, I haven't. You mean the revolver? But I thought it was to be a Christmas gift."

"It was—only I'd like to have it now, if you don't mind."

"What are you afraid of—train-robbers? This isn't a Western movie, in spite of the wild nature of our journey."

"I know—but please let me have it. You don't know what a comfort it would be just to look at it."

"All right. Just to show you how much I thought of it, I didn't pack it at all. It's here in my overcoat."

An eager porter anticipated his movement to reach up to the rack on which the coat had been put, and brought it down for him; he reached inside the pocket and brought out a box, which he put in her hands.

For a moment she did not open it, though he waited, smiling.

"It's rather an odd gift to offer a woman," he said as she hesitated. She opened the box now. Inside she found a leather case—pale blue leather, more fit to contain jewels than a weapon of defense—and inside that the tiniest revolver she had ever seen, an exquisite thing with gold mountings.

"Will—will it really shoot?" she gasped. "And it must have been horribly expensive. You shouldn't have done it."

HER pleasure was so apparent in her face that her words, which she felt were ill chosen, did not really matter.

"Of course it will shoot; and it's loaded now—so please do be careful. Here, I'll show you how it works. See, you open it this way, and here's the way to empty the shells out—you see there are six. This revolves so that when you've shot one, the next one moves into place all ready. It's quite as deadly as a big one, I assure you. Do you think you'll feel quite safe with this?"

"It isn't myself I want to protect," she answered. Just then, she saw Prince Aglipogue returning, and some instinct prompted her to take the gun from his hands, put it back in its case and conceal it behind her. She need not have concealed it, for Prince Aglipogue was in no mood to observe details. His face had turned a sickly green. His three chins seemed to be trembling with fright.

"That Hindu of Gloria's—he's in the baggage-car with a snake, a snake as big as—" He threw out his fat arms as if he could think of no word to describe the size of the snake. His voice was a thin whisper. "You must the conductor tell; it is not allowed. They do not know the trunk's contents. I tell you I am speaking truth. A snake—as big as the engine! Will you do nothing?" He grasped Terry's shoulder and shook him.

"It's all right. We know all about it.

Miss Mayfield knew he was bringing it. He uses it in his vaudeville stunts."

"I tell you I will not go on—to travel with a snake—it is horrible."

"He's always had it," soothed Terry. "It was in the house on Gramercy Square and never came out and bit anyone. I guess you're safe."

"If I had known—" Aglipogue shuddered through all his fat frame, and rolled his eyes upward.

"How is he taking it?" asked Terry. "It's bad enough to travel with a pet dog, but what one does with a pet snake I don't know, and I've been curious."

Prince Aglipogue, frightened into friendliness, broke into a torrent of words from which they gathered that George had the snake in a trunk the sides of which were warmed by electricity, that the train officials had no idea of the contents of the trunk, that George had gained access to the baggage-car, though it was against the rules, and that the Prince, being still worried about his luggage though he had seen it safely aboard, had claimed the right to follow him there and had found George kneeling beside the opened trunk, from which the snake, artificially warmed to activity, was rearing a head which the Prince protested was as large as that of a cow.

"It's a harmless variety," Terry assured him.

TERRY paused and looked at his watch.

Down the aisle Ruth heard a man asking how late they were, but could not catch the answer.

"Let's have something to eat," he proposed. "Even if we're on time, we won't want to wait luncheon until our arrival. A twelve-mile drive through this doesn't sound very alluring, and we may die of starvation on the way."

Terry's glance included both Ruth and Prince Aglipogue.

"Food I cannot face after what I have witnessed," said the Prince.

Terry and Ruth walked out together. Because it was the holiday season, the train was crowded, and they were compelled to wait in line before they could get a table.

"Isn't it wonderful and Christmasy?" she asked. "Especially as I've already got one gift; see—I brought it with me. I'd like to look at it again, only I'm afraid if any of the other passengers saw it, they might think me a train-robber."

"Yes—you look so much like one! But perhaps it would be just as well not to look at it now. I'm glad you like it."

"It's beautiful, and somehow I feel safer—I mean safer and happier about Gloria—now that I have it."

"It's a curious gift for a girl; but I couldn't exactly imagine giving you—"

"Table for two?" interrupted the steward. Ruth wondered what it was that Terry couldn't imagine giving her.

Luncheon was like a party. Terry seemed to be making as much effort to amuse her as he would have made for Gloria, or perhaps he was so charming that he couldn't help being charming all the time, she reflected. He had the most wonderful eyes in the world and the kindest, strongest mouth—but she must stop looking at them. Still, just for today she might pretend that he was her

lover and that they were engaged and—why not pretend that they were actually married and on their wedding journey? The thought made her gasp.

"Is something wrong? I'll call the waiter."

"No, nothing! I was just thinking something."

"Something nice, I hope."

"Yes, no—I don't know." It was horrible to blush like that. If she were older, and poised and sophisticated! Perhaps then she wouldn't have to pretend. But she would pretend, no matter how bold and unladylike it might be. In her reckless mood she surprised herself by saying things like Gloria sometimes. She lingered as long as she dared because it was such a good way of killing time, and when they had finished, she made Terry go back to the smoker.

RUTH found that Aglipogue had controlled his nervous shock to the extent of having a very substantial lunch brought to him, which he seemed to be enjoying as much as if snakes had never been created, but he showed no more disposition to be sociable than before, for which Ruth was grateful. Terry came back looking rather sober.

"Would you be very much frightened if we didn't reach North Adams to-night at all?" he asked.

"No, not frightened—but why?"

"It looks as though we couldn't go much farther. We may have to stop. You can see how slowly we're moving now. If they can get to the next station, we can all stop at a hotel, but if not, we may have to sit up all night."

Prince Aglipogue had heard Terry's first words and had lumbered off to secure first-hand information. All the other men in the coach seemed to be doing the same thing. The snow had brought on a premature darkness, and the lights were on so that now they could see nothing outside. One could almost feel the struggles of the engine, which seemed to grow greater and greater as the speed of the train grew less. Finally it stopped altogether with a sound of grinding wheels.

Terry went back to see how George was faring, and reported him still in the baggage-car, sleeping on the trunk which doubtless contained "the daughter of Shiva."

People settled down to waiting; some of them read, and others slept, among them Prince Aglipogue, who snored unrebuked. Ruth heard a man inviting Terry to a poker-game in the smoking-car and was relieved when he refused. It would have been lonely without him. She tried to read, but the car was growing steadily colder. Terry insisted that she put on her cloak, but even that didn't help much, for she was stiff with inaction. She tried to read and finally curled up in the chair to sleep. Her last conscious thought was a protest when she felt rather than saw Terry wrapping his overcoat around her.

Will Pendragon meet George at the Peyton-Russells'? Will George make Gloria marry the Prince? These questions will be answered in the next issue.

August, Red Book Magazine.

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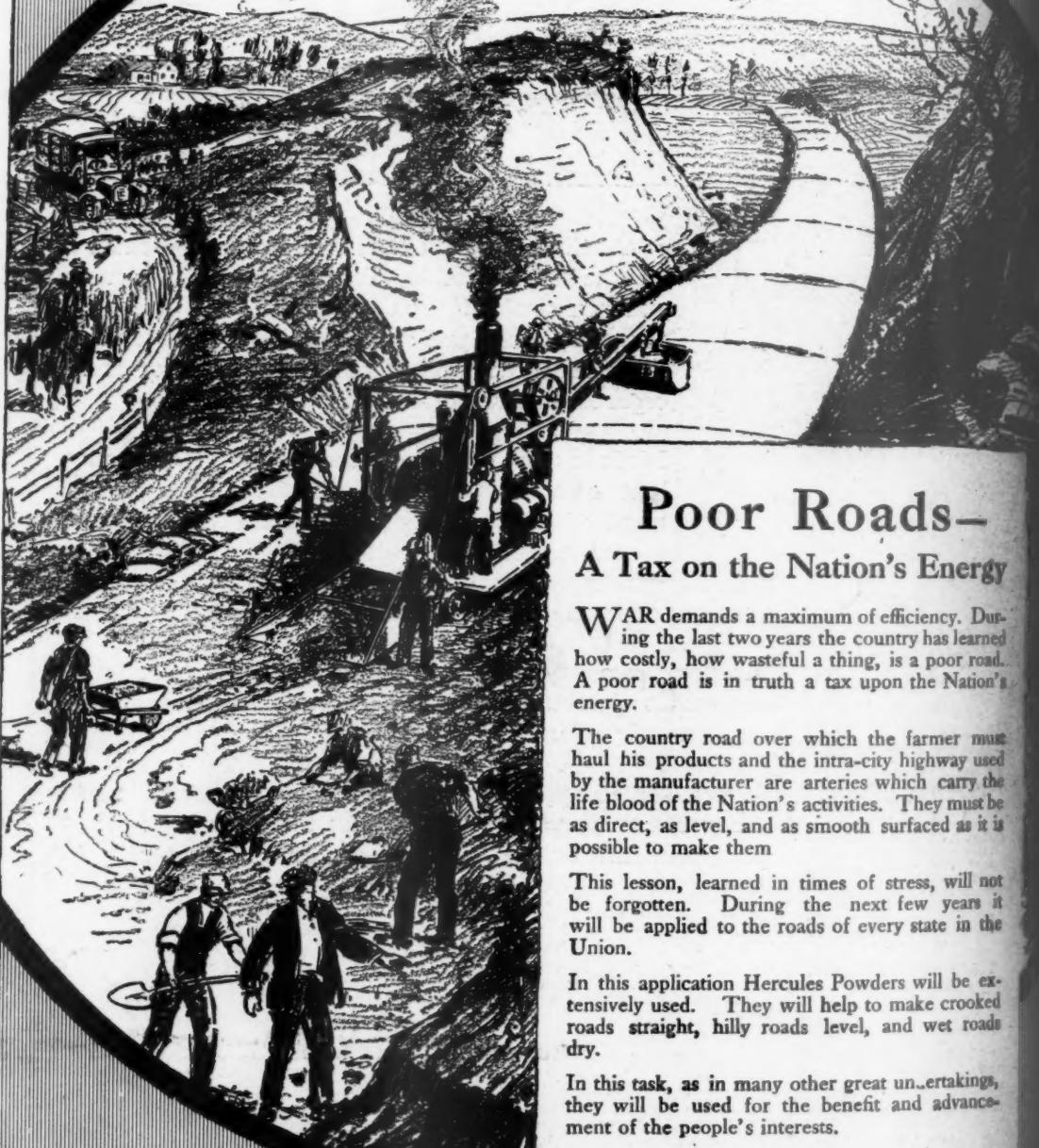
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Wilmington, Del.





Weighing the Stars by Photography

NIIGHT by night the camera, a silent sentinel, watches the heavens with never-failing eye. Across two hundred and forty thousand miles of space the Moon yields up its secrets—shadowy, dry ocean beds, vast craters of long-dead volcanoes, walled plains, mighty mountains. In the far reaches of the Milky Way, a comet flashes—and the photographic plate records its brief appearance.

For today the camera takes the astronomer's place at the eyepiece of the telescope—supplants the forgetful human eye, and works unwinking and unwearied through the long night watches. And because the eye of the camera does not forget, great libraries of photographic plates are built

up, year by year—a current history of the heavens. In dark room or computing room the scientist measures and compares them, estimates the ages of stars millions of miles away, determines their distance, even tells us what they are made of and how many pounds they weigh!

So important is photography's contribution to astronomy that the Eastman Kodak Company maintains in its laboratories a skilled astronomer, not as a means of profit, but to collaborate with workers in observatories everywhere; and thus in harmony with Eastman traditions of service, photography is kept constantly abreast of the demands of science.



Every golden granule of
Grape-Nuts

contains the sturdy nourishment
of wheat and barley — nothing
left out that could build strength
and health.

“There’s a Reason”

